

# Okanagan History

*58th Report of the Okanagan Historical Society*







*Herb Allen*

# **OKANAGAN HISTORY**

**Fifty-eighth Report  
of the**

## **Okanagan Historical Society**

**Founded September 4, 1925**

**Cover**

**The Kelowna Regatta**

**Looking North from the Aquatic Centre  
circa late 1940s**

**Photo courtesy of Gordon Finch**

**©1994**

**ISSN-0830-0739**

**ISBN-0-921241-61-5**

**Printed In Canada, Ehmann Printing Ltd., Kelowna, B.C.**

**Recycled Paper**

# **FIFTY-EIGHTH REPORT OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**EDITOR**

Robert Cowan

## **EDITORIAL COMMITTEE**

Jean Webber, Oliver and Osoyoos

Betty Bork, Penticton

Hume Powley, Kelowna

Lucy McCormick, Vernon

Lorna Carter, Armstrong and Enderby

Yvonne McDonald, Salmon Arm

Michael Burn, Similkameen

## **Membership**

The recipient of this Fifty-eighth Report is entitled to register his or her membership in the Fifty-ninth Report which will be issued November 1, 1995. For Membership Registration and Membership Certificate forms see the insert in this book.

## **Purchasing Reports**

Reports of the Okanagan Historical Society are available from the Treasurer of the Parent Body (Box 313, Vernon, B.C. V1T 6M3), from Branches of the O.H.S. and from most museums and book stores in the Okanagan Valley. For availability and prices of back numbers see the order form on the insert.

## **Editorial Inquiries**

For editorial inquiries concerning material in the Reports or for inclusions in future Reports, please contact the Editor at Box 76, Enderby, B.C. VOE 1VO.

# **Officers and Directors of the Parent Body**

## **1994-1995**

### **PRESIDENT**

Jessie Ann Gamble

### **FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT**

David MacDonald

### **SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT**

Denis MacInnis

### **SECRETARY**

Helen Inglis

### **TREASURER**

Libby Tassie

### **PAST PRESIDENT**

Robert de Pfyffer

### **BRANCH DIRECTORS TO PARENT BODY**

Oliver-Osoyoos: Carleton MacNaughton,  
Bernard Webber

Penticton: Mollie Broderick, Olive Evans

Kelowna: Hume Powley, Gifford Thomson

Vernon: Doug Kermode

Armstrong-Enderby: Bob Cowan

Salmon Arm: Hubert Peterson, Hjalmar Peterson

Similkameen: Richard Coleman

### **DIRECTORS-AT-LARGE**

Denis MacInnis (Pandosy Mission)

Peter Tassie (Historical Trails)

### **GUY BAGNALL FUND**

Don Weatherill, Frank Pells, Ron Robey,

Dorothy Zoellner, Bernard Webber



# Contents

---

## Historical Papers

A Short History of the Kelowna Regatta <i>by Glen Mikkelsen</i> .....	6
A History of the <i>Stephanie</i> <i>by Julia Armstrong</i> .....	16
The Salmon Arm Sonnet Contest <i>by Les Ellenor</i> .....	22
A History of Armstrong Legion Branch #35 <i>by William Whitehead</i> .....	25
Sun-Rype's Expanding Product Line <i>by Laura Drahozal</i> .....	30

## Documents

Arthur D. Hardie's 1933 Letter – <i>Introduction by Dorothy Amor</i> .....	34
Florence Willis' 1919 Letter: With Saddle and Pack-Horse on the Sky Line Trail – <i>Introduction by Michael Burn</i> .....	41
Children Venturers: An Address to the Royal Empire Society of Bristol, England, <i>by Mary Mackie</i> – <i>Introduction by Richard Mackie</i> .....	46

## Reminiscences

A Preparation for Life <i>by Derek Pethick</i> .....	54
Spring Hunger Feed <i>by Edna Dignan</i> .....	64
When Babies Arrive at Kilpoola <i>by Edna Slater</i> .....	66
Valecairn Farm <i>by Beryl Wamboldt</i> .....	69
Banking in the 1940s <i>by Hilda Cochrane</i> .....	77
The Olinger Sawmill <i>by John and Mary Olinger</i> .....	80

## Okanagan Falls

Okanagan Falls Centennial, 1893-1993 from <i>The South Okanagan Review</i> .....	82
Okanagan Falls Heritage and Museum Society <i>by Elizabeth Pryce</i> .....	86
Southern Interior Stockmen's Association, 1943-93 <i>by Morrie Thomas</i> .....	90
Laurence and Isabella Vader <i>by Elizabeth Pryce</i> .....	94
The United Church at Okanagan Falls <i>by Margie Christie Lindsay</i> .....	99
The Women's Institute at Okanagan Falls <i>by Irene Mallory</i> .....	103

## Biographies

William and Jessie Middleton <i>by R.M. Middleton</i> .....	106
The Knowles Family <i>by Bill Knowles</i> .....	111
The Blagbornes of Summerland <i>by Marion E. Hewson</i> .....	117
The Bairds of Enderby <i>by Rosa Baird</i> .....	126
The Fisher Family <i>by Mary (Fisher) Piddocke</i> .....	134
The Joe Family of Vernon <i>by Lucy McCormick</i> .....	136

## Tributes

Stuart Fleming <i>by Theresia Hurst</i> .....	138
Jack Dyck <i>by Jim Foord</i> .....	144
Lily McKechnie <i>by Craig McKechnie</i> .....	146

William David Blackburn <i>by Mary E. Blackburn</i> .....	149
Victor Nancollas <i>by Yvonne McDonald</i> .....	151
Doreen Mary Tait <i>by Jack Tait</i> .....	153
Mary Sutherland <i>by Ken Harding</i> .....	155
William J.D. Short <i>by Marilyn Newman</i> .....	157
George Salt <i>by Gordon Dale</i> .....	160
Dr. Cecil David Newby <i>by Dr. R.B. Emslie</i> .....	164
<b>Student Essay</b>	
Introduction .....	166
The Cedar Pole Industry: Kamloops Forest District <i>by Myrla (nee Lantz) Kilburn</i> .....	166
<b>Book Reviews</b>	
A Shadow Passes <i>Reviewed by Bernard Webber</i> .....	172
Vernon: A Geological Guide. <i>Reviewed by Robert Cowan</i> .....	173
Shuswap Chronicles, Vol. 4. <i>Reviewed by Yvonne McDonald</i> .....	174
A History of the Salmon Arm Golf Course <i>Reviewed by Shirley Cumberland</i> .....	176
Glenrosa, 1892-1969 <i>Reviewed by Dorothy Zoellner</i> .....	177
<b>Obituaries</b>	
We Shall Miss Them .....	178
<b>Errata</b> .....	187
<b>O.H.S. Business</b>	
Minutes of the 59th Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society.....	189
President's Report.....	190
Secretary's Report.....	191
Editor's Report.....	191
Auditor's Report .....	192
Finance Committee Report.....	193
Armstrong/Enderby Branch Report .....	194
Kelowna Branch Report .....	194
Oliver/Osoyoos Branch Report.....	195
Penticton Branch Report .....	195
Salmon Arm Branch Report .....	195
Similkameen Branch Report.....	196
Vernon Branch Report .....	197
Historical Trails Committee Report .....	197
Father Pandosy Mission Committee Report .....	198
Century Farms Report.....	198
O.H.S. Local Branch Officers, 1994-95 .....	199
Okanagan Historical Society Membership List: 1994 .....	200

# Historical Papers

---

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THE KELOWNA REGATTA

by Glen Mikkelsen

Sunshine, bathing suits, frantic boating competitions and entertainment were all features of the now-defunct Kelowna Regatta. The Kelowna Regatta grew from being a localized water festival, to an event that promised "something for everyone." The story of the Regatta is one of optimism, success, and embarrassing violence. Its history reflects the development of Kelowna's recreation, as well as the community's failure to respond successfully to the Regatta's growth.

The idea of a regatta originated in the United Kingdom. During the nineteenth century, regattas were commonly held throughout Britain, featuring sailing and rowing competitions. In fact, one of Canada's earliest sporting successes was Edward (Ned) Hanlan, a sculler who won Canadian, American, and British championships. He also won seven all-comers matches, which were the equivalent of world championships. He is generally regarded as Canada's first national sporting hero!<sup>(1)</sup>

Regattas were organized in the Upper Canada communities of Toronto, Brockville, Moncton, and Cobourg. So, it was no surprise, considering Kelowna's proximity to water and the number of English settlers that a regatta was organized.

The Kelowna Regatta traces its beginnings to the annual Kelowna Fall Fair, which began in 1886. As the fair grew, boating competitions were held in conjunction with the festivities. At the 1903 Fall Fair, two silver cups were offered as prizes, and in 1905, the first gasoline-powered motor boat competitions were held.

One of the spectators to the boating festivities was George Rose, owner and editor of *The Kelowna Daily Courier and Okanagan Orchardist*. Upon seeing these races, Rose wrote an editorial promoting the idea of a summer festival, focusing on boat and water events: "Something that all residents can back and honour, in the tradition of courage and honour our pioneer fathers had in opening this Valley."<sup>(2)</sup> His idea took hold, and in August 1906, the first Regatta was held.

---

**Glen Mikkelsen** grew up in Calgary. A graduate of the University of Calgary, he came to Kelowna in September 1992 as Exhibitions Co-Ordinator at the Kelowna Museum.



The one-day 1906 Regatta took place at City Park, and attracted around five hundred spectators. Twenty-three competitors entered the day's swimming, diving, sailing, rowing, and gas launch competitions.<sup>(3)</sup> The day was a success. People liked the Regatta concept, and an annual event was established.



*The First Kelowna Regatta in 1906. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*

The year 1909 witnessed the formation of the Kelowna Aquatic Association, a non-profit organization dedicated to the development of the Regatta. George Rose was elected president. He oversaw the building of a new grandstand. Four hundred shares were sold at \$25.00 apiece, raising \$10,000, and this capital was used to construct a pavilion to seat eight hundred spectators.<sup>(4)</sup> The contract was awarded to T.J. Clarke, who built it for \$1,450.00.

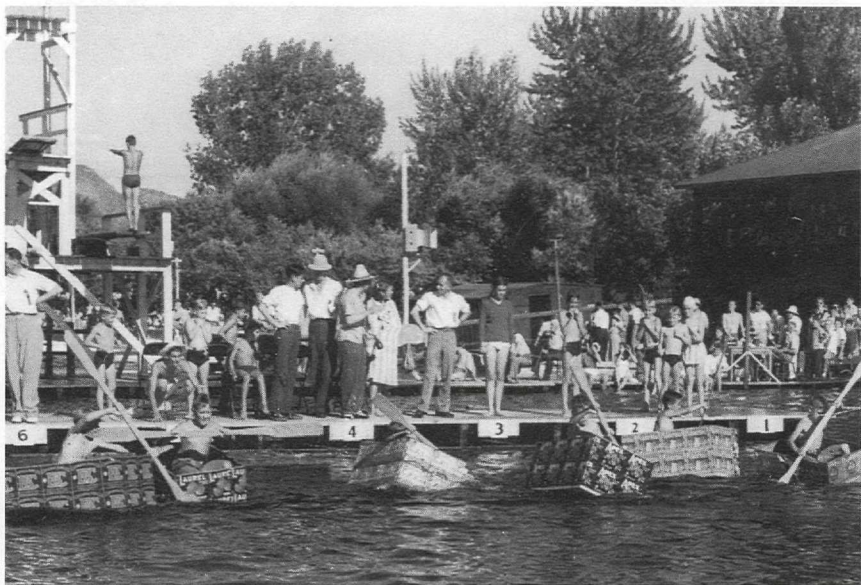
The Regatta became a two day affair in 1910, and was becoming established as a summertime community event. The two day International Regatta of 1912, saw a handful of Washingtonians join British Columbians in the water carnival. To support the festivities, fund raising dances were held throughout the year to raise capital. The Regatta managed to continue through World War I, although it was scaled down to a one day affair. After the war, the Regatta was again expanded to a two day affair.

The 1920s were growing years for the Regatta. In 1920, a thirty-four foot expansion was made to the grandstand, and the Gyro Club organized the first midway.<sup>(5)</sup> The Regatta continued to feature water sports, which included war canoe races and outboard motor races. There was even the 50 yard "Undressing Swimming Race," where competitors wore a coat, shirt, trousers, socks and laced shoes, which had to be taken off between the start and finish of the race.

The Regatta of the 1930s saw a beauty pageant introduced. In 1931, the first Regatta Queen, Nellie Dore, was crowned. The title changed to Lady-of-the-Lake in 1934. As the pageant grew, the winners were crowned in front of the grandstand, on a floating stage. On one occasion, an enormous pink clamshell opened to reveal the newly crowned Queen. In later years, local civic businesses and service clubs sponsored the local young women, enhancing the community involvement.

The Depression era Regattas were a source of joviality, and an opportunity to overlook economic hardships. Refocusing people's attention onto community pride, the Regattas were "...a chance to match skills with local friends and regular competitors from Vernon and Penticton. Others recall the importance of showing up to cheer on family and friends as a point of loyalty when racing was not for personal glory, but when the reputation of the community was at stake."<sup>(6)</sup>

One event that truly embodied the Kelowna Regatta was the Apple Box Race. Competitors, sponsored by local packing houses, raced large wooden apple boxes a distance of fifty feet (50 yards in later years) across water. The boxes were 4 feet by 3 feet by 3 feet high, constructed of tongue and joint slats. The joints were tar sealed, but had a knack of cracking after sitting in the hot Kelowna sun. The oarsmen faced not only the challenge from their competitors, but also the challenge of outracing the water which filled their crates.<sup>(7)</sup>



*Boys Apple Box Race circa 1950s. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*

In 1947, the first Regatta parade was held. Its success prompted the Kiwanis Club to sponsor it for the next ten years. The 1948 parade featured six marching bands! In 1957, the Jaycees took responsibility for the parade, entic-

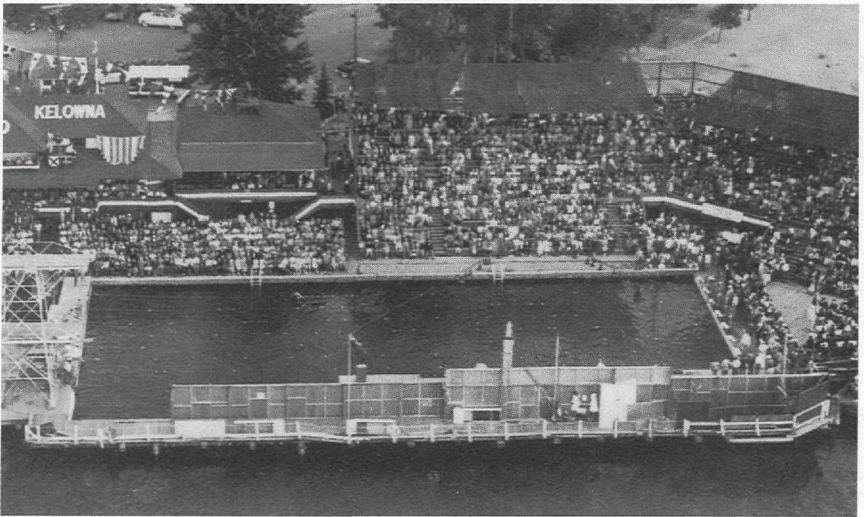


ing floats and bands from across Western Canada and the American Northwest. In later years, often one hundred entries were accepted.

Several reasons were responsible for the Regatta's continued growth and success. One of these was R.F. (Dick) Parkinson, who, beginning in 1931, was with the Regatta organization for over thirty-five years. He was instrumental in promoting the beauty queen pageant. He set the standard of wearing the yachting style cap, and more importantly, marketed Kelowna and the Regatta beyond the B.C. Interior. He helped initiate the idea of "Honour Cities," in which a city, e.g. Edmonton, would be honoured at the Regatta. This innovation encouraged civic cooperation, fostering closer ties with more distant communities. Mr. Parkinson later became Mayor of Kelowna and is remembered as "Mr. Regatta."

Other events which influenced the success of the Regatta were: the opening of the Hope-Princeton Highway in 1948, the completion of the Kelowna Airport in 1960, and the construction of the Rogers Pass route in 1962. These travel routes opened the Okanagan to summer tourism, and made the Regatta more accessible.

Kelowna did not suffer from a local citizen being elected as the Premier of British Columbia. In 1952, W.A.C. Bennett became Premier, and his influence (eg. the construction of the Okanagan Lake Bridge), certainly assisted the growth and prosperity of Kelowna.



*The Kelowna Aquatic Complex in the early 1950s. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*

The 1950s saw the Regatta become more than just a local festival. This expansion reflected the changes occurring in Kelowna. In 1954, the City Park Aquatic facilities were remodelled, creating the new Ogopogo Stadium and Pool, capable of seating 5,000. This new facility hosted sporting activities, as well as dances and water musicals. During this period, the Regatta also hosted



the Canadian Northwest Championships in rowing, diving, swimming, and speed boat races.

The 1960s were the heyday of the Regatta, and it lived up to its popularized theme of "bigger and better."<sup>(8)</sup> The Aquatic Association was renamed the Kelowna Regatta Association since the Regatta now offered such a wide variety of entertainment. The tradition of the Kiwanis Pancake Breakfast was organized, and the supersonic air shows made their debut.

At its inception, the air show was an exciting part of the Regatta. The first air show in 1914 featured a Curtiss biplane that arrived in a crate, and was assembled on Hot Sands Beach (planes were not yet capable of long-distance flights). The American pilot, Weldon Cooke, had difficulty getting his plane airborne, but eventually did manage one pass over the grandstand at a height of two hundred feet. He was rumoured to have been paid \$2,000 for his efforts.<sup>(9)</sup>

Airplanes continued to be a feature of the Regatta. There were also "wing-walkers" and stunt performers. The 1960s saw the precision flying teams become popular. Through the years, the Regatta featured the RCAF Golden Hawks, the Red Knight pilots, the Centennaire pilots (an aerobatic team organized for British Columbia's Centennial), and, of course, the Snowbirds.

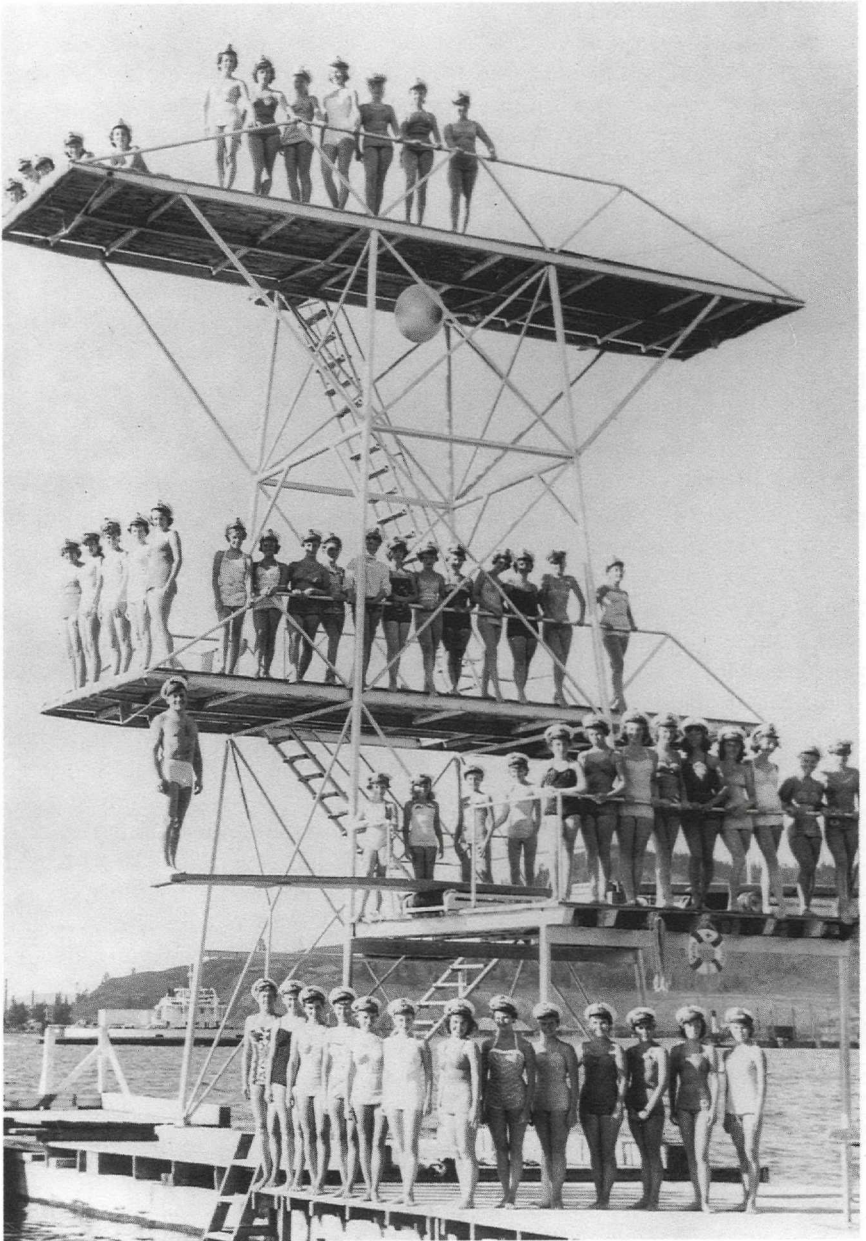
Perhaps the most memorable air show was the Blue Angels team in 1969. These Mach 2 jets, capable of speeds in excess of 1600 mph, were billed as the safest, fastest, and highest flying fighter bombers. Smashingly, during their performance, a pilot nudged his engine thruster, creating a "sonic boom," and shattered \$800,000 worth of windows in the downtown area. No serious injuries resulted, except for some minor cuts.

However, that same year, a skydiving team performing at the Regatta encountered tragedy. Upon jumping out of the plane, one member of the team could not open his parachute, and landed in a Kelowna downtown alleyway.<sup>(10)</sup> Nevertheless, the air show was an exciting part of the Regatta for many years, and many of the world's best pilots flew over Okanagan Lake.

"Canada's Greatest Water Show" received perhaps its greatest blow on July 13, 1969. A fire, likely started by two youngsters smoking cigarettes in the lower part of the pavilion destroyed Ogoopogo Stadium and the Regatta headquarters.<sup>(11)</sup> Despite the tragedy, the Regatta carried on that year, but the loss of this central hub at City Park, was a blow the Regatta did not recover from easily. The loss of a central focus to the Regatta, combined with the growing number of out of the Okanagan Valley tourists, contributed to its decline as a local community celebration.

The 1970s and 80s would see the growth of the Regatta away from a regional festival, into a spectacular tool to attract tourists.

The City of Kelowna, rather than replacing the Ogoopogo Stadium, decided to construct a larger, multi-purpose facility, that could be used year-round. Parkinson Recreation Centre opened in 1973, and benefitted the Kelowna community. It symbolized that the role of the Regatta was changing.



*Beauties on the Athans Tower in the 1950s. Note the Kelowna-Westbank Ferry in the background. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*



The 1970s saw the Regatta enlarged to five days from four. Temporary seating was organized in City Park at the undamaged Ogopogo Pool. This venue hosted such entertainers as the Irish Rovers and Glenn Yarborough. The Regatta also now included: soccer tournaments, lumberjack competitions, and wrist-wrestling championships. These events drew diverse spectators, but put less emphasis on water competitions.

The Regatta committee also continued to use general festival themes, such as "Salute to the Pacific," or "Fun in the Sun," and took the step of naming individual days, e.g. "Children's Day, Pioneer Day, Visitors' Day, Agricultural Day, and Citizens' Day." Clearly the Regatta was attempting to find "something for everyone," but was losing its focus on water sports that had created it.

Another change in the Regatta near the end of the 1970s was the venue for the Regatta celebration. The stage and boardwalk around the Ogopogo Pool had become safety hazards, and residents were concerned over the physical damage to City Park. So, the Aquatic Exhibition Park was established just north of downtown, and was designed to hold the midway and the Regatta events. The first Regatta held there was a success, featuring sailing, swimming, boating, parasailing, and the Grandstand Review.

The Regatta continued to grow, but it had now lost the physical focus it had at City Park. An example of the changes in the Regatta were the swimsuit competitions which took place in the 1980s. Young women clad in their swimsuits, paraded across City Park's Jubilee Bowl, much to the delight and catcalls of the mostly male audiences. It was successful, but only to a select audience. This example illustrates the type of event the organization was willing to promote. Such events contributed to the decline of the Regatta as a family outing.

In the 1986 Regatta Program, N.A. Wise writes: "This year, as in so many years gone by, fireworks will signal the close of the 1986 Regatta festivities... And in the crowd will be next year's organizers, already mulling over "bigger and better" ideas of fun and excitement. After eighty years, could we ask for anything more?"<sup>(12)</sup>

After the glass and debris was cleaned up, and the \$250,000 damages added up, Kelowna residents could ask for more.

The Regatta of 1986 ended in violence, as the first Kelowna Regatta riot took place. At 9:00 p.m., on Saturday, July 26, 1986, the feeling was "...something is going to happen."<sup>(13)</sup> Young people drinking and cruising up and down Bernard Avenue, seemed to sense it. At about 1:00 a.m. Sunday, police decided to close traffic at the foot of Bernard Avenue. This action concentrated people around the Sails sculpture area, near the lake. At first people began to throw beer bottles against concrete, and then started aiming at police and their cars. The energy and violence of the mob quickly grew, and people started to smash the windows of local businesses and loot stores.<sup>(14)</sup>

During the riot, some of the youths were interviewed by a local reporter. The youths claimed that their two greatest fears were: 1) their parents would find out they were involved, and 2) the Regatta would be cancelled forever.<sup>(15)</sup>



Police officers from Vernon and Penticton were rushed to downtown Kelowna. Riot gear, tear gas, and water cannons were used to disperse the crowd. Eventually, Mayor Dale Hammill read the Riot Act, and after a quarter of million dollars worth of damages, and the arrests of 105 people (68 from outside Kelowna), the riot came to an end.<sup>(16)</sup>

Store owners were left cleaning up broken beer bottles and litter, and washing down their store fronts since young people used the windows as urinals. Ann Lynch, co-owner of Benshona Custom Rods and Tackle was in shock a day later: "I still don't believe it. It's almost like it didn't happen. It's scary. You wonder why. I guess we'll never know."<sup>(17)</sup>

Betty Curell of the Downtown Business Association said, "We definitely don't agree with the mayor that our problems are caused by visitors. Locals set the example and the out-of-towners figure they, too, can participate. When in Rome do as the Romans do."<sup>(18)</sup>

Mayor Dale Hammill, in response to this civic disturbance, said he hoped that when judges dealt with the accused, penalties would be severe enough to "...damn well make sure..." that when a riot occurs, people should "...get out of town...We will be toughening up to the point where people will not be worried about coming to the community."<sup>(19)</sup>

Unfortunately for Kelowna, and the Regatta, the Mayor did not get his point across.

The 1987 Regatta went ahead as scheduled, combining the same type of activities as the previous year's; however, organizers did not plan for young people travelling to Kelowna only to riot. Signs were reportedly seen in telephone booths and washrooms in Vancouver and Revelstoke, urging people to come to Kelowna for the "action."<sup>(20)</sup>

*The Daily Courier*, on Monday July 27, 1987, headlined, "It Happened Again." In hindsight, it appeared the police, the community, and the youth expected another riot. Kelowna RCMP Superintendent Graham George said, "The riot couldn't have been prevented if an army had been brought in." It was reported that people were even selling rocks and sticks from car trunks!<sup>(21)</sup>

For a second time, the riot started along Bernard Avenue, with people chanting, "Let's riot, let's riot." This time however, rioters were more content with simply making a mess and smashing windows than looting property. Again the Riot Act was read, this time by the new mayor, Jim Stuart, and eventually 148 people were arrested, 61 from Kelowna.<sup>(22)</sup>

Except for the riot, the 1987 Regatta had been a success with a record 33,000 people visiting the fairgrounds. Nevertheless, despite the record crowds, people of all ages felt there was nothing for youth to do since most events were geared for adults and kids. Even Ward Davis, Regatta President, admitted there was nothing for the youth age group. Mr. Davis also lamented, "...from a Regatta standpoint, I don't think there's much else we can do. It would be a shame if a radical segment of the population put an end to an 81-year tradition which has survived two world wars."<sup>(23)</sup>

Nevertheless, in re-evaluating the Regatta and the damages of the two riots, the organizing committee decided that Kelowna could not afford another summer night of violence, and the Regatta was cancelled. Thus ended an Okanagan tradition and a community legacy.



*The old diving board, Kelowna Aquatic, 1930s.*

The year 1988 saw the first “Regretta.” Some long-time Kelowna residents, who had continued with their annual Saturday morning Regatta breakfasts, spontaneously came together for a Regretta Parade.<sup>(24)</sup> It was tongue-in-cheek, but illustrated how many of the Kelowna residents were disappointed in losing their summer celebration.

The demise of the Regatta exemplifies that the festival had outgrown Kelowna, and had separated itself from the local community. It no longer represented the character of Kelowna, but had become a summer “party” for tourists, and one the residents could not control.

In explaining what happened to the Regatta, the example of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede can be used. The Stampede has prospered, and promoted growth. It has diversified from a rodeo and agricultural fair to an annual international celebration that has fostered trade fairs, equestrian meets, and stock car races. Breakfasts and parties are held during Stampede Week, but all these events would lack a theme and focus if it were not for the rodeo and chuckwagon racing.

The success of the Stampede lies in the rodeo taking place. The “cow-boy” events are central to the appeal and romance of this festival. If the rodeo was to be cancelled, the Stampede would be just another fair, with a midway and parties. It would deteriorate, lose its charm, and soon be an unsuccessful enterprise.

The example of the Stampede illustrates what happened to the Regatta. As in its promise of "something for everyone," the Kelowna Regatta tried to be all things to all people. It became too diversified, electing not to concentrate on water activities, which had initially made the Regatta successful.

As Kelowna grows and prospers, there is an opportunity for a new summer festival to develop, and there are movements afoot to bring back the Regatta. In 1993, under the directorship of Kelly Blair, the Kelowna Family Regatta was organized. As its name implies, this two-day Regatta focused on the family and distanced itself from the past violence. A parade was organized and a competitive swim across the lake was featured. These and other events were held to bring back the Regatta spirit. It was the first step toward reviving the old Regatta.

If the new Regatta is going to grow, it must first regain the trust and support of the community. It must also reflect the heritage of the earliest Regattas.

## NOTES

1. *The Canadian Encyclopedia*. Hurtig Publishers. Edmonton, 1978. p. 189.
2. Wise, N.A. "The Kelowna Regatta - A Special Part of Kelowna History," *Kelowna Regatta Program*. July 1980. p. 13.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*
5. Wise, N.A. "Vintage Memories: Regatta Celebrates Eighty Years," *Kelowna Regatta Program*, July 1986. p. 51.
6. *Ibid.* p. 52.
7. *Ibid.*
8. Wise, N.A. July 1980. p. 42.
9. Wise, N.A. July 1986. p. 51.
10. Surtees, Ursula. *Kelowna The Orchard City*. Windsor Publications. Canada, 1989. p. 60.
11. *Ibid.* p. 58.
12. Wise, N.A. July 1986. p. 54.
13. *The Daily Courier*. Kelowna. July 28, 1986. p. 1.
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.* p. 3.
16. *Ibid.* p. 1.
17. *Ibid.* p. 3.
18. *Ibid.*
19. *The Daily Courier*. July 29, 1986. p. 1.
20. *The Daily Courier*. July 27, 1987. p. 3.
21. *Ibid.* p. 1.
22. *Ibid.*
23. *Ibid.* p. 3.
24. *Conversation with Kelly Blair*. March 1993.



---

## HISTORY OF THE *STEPHANIE*

by Julia Armstrong

The year was 1947. There was no fanfare, nor was there a crowd of onlookers. The launching of the tug boat *Stephanie* was about to take place in Sicamous.

Frank Smith must have felt very proud and excited as he prepared his new little tug for the icy waters of Shuswap Lake. He felt his father's presence strongly that day. His father was J.J. Smith who had been captain on many of the steamships which had plied the Shuswap, including the *Andover*, *Maud Annis*, and the *Whitesmith*. Captain Smith's accidental drowning brought his son, Frank, back from the MacKenzie area where he had been working on ships plying the Great Slave Lake.

If Frank had made the launching of the *Stephanie* more public, at least a few of the interested people from the community would have been there. One of these men would have been Mr. Eino Mackie, who was very keen about boats on the Shuswap, and was later to work with Frank on the *Stephanie*. His sons, Gordon and Norman would have been there too.



The *Stephanie* just after launching in 1947. Notice the lack of railings and running lifts. Photo courtesy of Kermil Smith.

Frank had decided to carry on with his father's work, hauling people and supplies to remote areas of the Shuswap. To improve this service, Frank decided he needed a good boat which could serve as a tug and supply a measure of comfort to passengers. With these ideas in mind, Frank contacted a ship designer who was a naval architect in Seattle. He came up with a unique plan for a tug which had a length of 34 feet, a beam of 11 feet and 18.6 registered tonnage. There were not too many tugs of that size which had a passenger designation. Frank then found a place in New Westminster to build the tug; John Manley did the construction.

Transporting the tug from New Westminster to Sicamous proved to be rather interesting. As stated in the *Salmon Arm Observer* for March, 1947: "Too large to be taken through the tunnels in the Fraser Canyon, the vessel was hauled over the Kettle Valley line from Hope to Penticton. At Penticton, it was taken by barge to Vernon and then made the remainder of the long journey between Vernon and Sicamous by rail."

---

Julia Armstrong is a teacher in the Shuswap who, after numerous trips on the *Stephanie* to get to her teaching position in the remote settlement of Seymour Arm, developed an interest in the history of this unique tug.

The *Stephanie's* first trip was in the early spring of 1947 to get a logger's wife from Anstey Arm. She was about due to have a baby. She made the trip without benefit of any floors but some windows had been installed. Eino Mackie was down in the engine room running the controls for backwards and forwards, while Frank Smith steered at the front. With this method of operating the boat, they brought the lady to Salmon Arm so she could have her baby. The event was noted in the *Salmon Arm Observer* of April 1947: "The *Stephanie* went into the water on Wednesday, March 14 at 3:00 p.m. An hour later she was on her first trip up the lake, breaking 15 miles of ice. Reaching Anstey Arm, Captain Smith picked up the woman for her trip to the hospital and then returned to Sicamous, arriving at 5:00 a.m."

On another early trip, Alf Daniels, a pioneer from the Seymour Arm area, rode on one of its first trips up to Seymour Arm. He said there was a kind of bench down in the main cabin, but nothing was really finished. As a young fellow, Gordon Mackie remembered "...all kinds of shavings all over the floor of the tug. There was a fellow who travelled with Frank and was working on the carpentry work. One funny thing was that this fellow, who had a Scot's accent, was always coming up and saying 'Frank, I cannot find my hammer.' The hammer would be lost somewhere amongst the shavings and sawdust all over the floor. Frank would go down and sort him all out and get him started again. It was a very slow process, and I understand it took two or three years before they finally got the interior of it all finished."

When the *Stephanie* first started to make its trips up the lake there were quite a few "gyppo" loggers, one or two fellows working together with a horse. They did not haul from a great distance, just down skid trails right to the water. A lot of the traffic in those early days was hay and horses.

A rapid change started in the logging industry with more mechanization, which influenced the loads the *Stephanie* hauled. Soon bulldozers, skidders and fuel were dominating the space on the barge deck. The trend moved from the small operator toward logging camps with several men. Camps at Lee Creek, Cape Horn (or Ruckell Point) and Albas were the main ones, mostly operated by Federated Co-Op of Canoe. Hauling building materials and fuel to these camps kept the *Stephanie* busy.

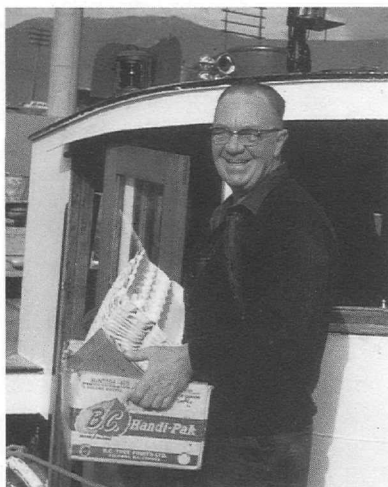
The camp at Albas, later switched



Captain Frank M. Smith aboard the *Stephanie*.  
Photo courtesy of Kermit Smith.



over to the camp at Two Mile, was a large camp, completely isolated, only accessible by water. The *Stephanie* took in the fuel and virtually everything the camp needed. One day a week or once every two weeks, fuel trucks would be brought in from Canoe to fill up the big tanks at Two Mile. A lot of equipment and men were moved as well.



Captain Jimmy Beswick on board the *Stephanie* circa 1964. Photo courtesy of Edri Beswick.

In 1966, Gordon Mackie and his brother Norman bought the *Stephanie* and took over its operation. Jimmy Beswick was the skipper at this time. Others who had worked aboard the tug prior to 1966 included Charlie Foster and Frank Smith's son, Kermit. Jimmy Beswick stayed on, and worked with the Mackie brothers until 1974, when he passed away.

A major catastrophe in August of 1967 changed the face of the Shuswap forever. This was the Mag Fire, so named because of its origins in the Magna Bay area. It lasted from August 17 to the Labour Day weekend. During this time, the *Stephanie* did nothing else but haul supplies. The Forest Service commandeered the tug completely and hauled

men and equipment up to the big camp at Albas, a smaller camp at Two Mile, a tent camp at Woods Landing, and one more at Ruckell Point.

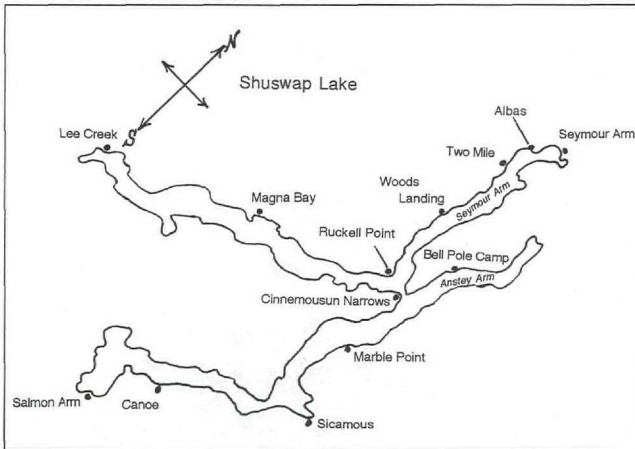
The barge service had not been up to Seymour Arm for about two weeks or more, and as there was no other access to the community than by water, they were starting to get low on supplies. So, eventually, the *Stephanie* set out for Seymour Arm, and that day there was a terrific wind storm.

After completing the run, the *Stephanie* was called in to rescue some of the men at Two Mile Camp. Once the fire started to get away from them, the men ran the equipment around to Albas where the water was more shallow and drove the equipment into the water to save it. There was an old wooden barge at the camp, so the *Stephanie* and its barge hooked up with the old wooden barge. Supplies, equipment and men were loaded up, and finally everyone had to get out. The wind was really blowing hard. In the meantime, the Forestry radioed down for the other tug in Sicamous.

At last, the other tug appeared through the smoke. Gordon Mackie said, "It was like the cavalry arriving in the nick of time. We had one hundred and ten men on the barges and the boats and also six trucks. We had to go in behind Green Point because of the wind. Then it started to pour rain, and everyone was trying to get into a truck or under a truck. I had thirty some men jammed everywhere in the *Stephanie*. We finally got into Sicamous about midnight. These guys we had with us had not had anything to eat since breakfast.



When we got to Sicamous, the Forest Service had brought the mobile kitchen from Vernon. They had the ladies in town cooking, and they had lights strung all over and big tables. They got everyone fed and watered and bedded down. At daybreak, we left Sicamous again with a select crew to get a guard back on the fire at Two Mile. We picked up three D-7 cats at Albas, and took them back to the camp. We stayed there while they constructed a fire break up the hill above the camp. Lots of smoke, we couldn't see anything. After twenty-four hours, we were able to go back home after moving some equipment around. The smoke was so bad we went up the lake on the right hand side, or eastern side, and down on the other so as to avoid a collision with the large RCMP boat which was also on the lake at that time. The Mag Fire turned out to be the biggest fire that year and the scars are still with us. Quite an exciting time while that fire was on."



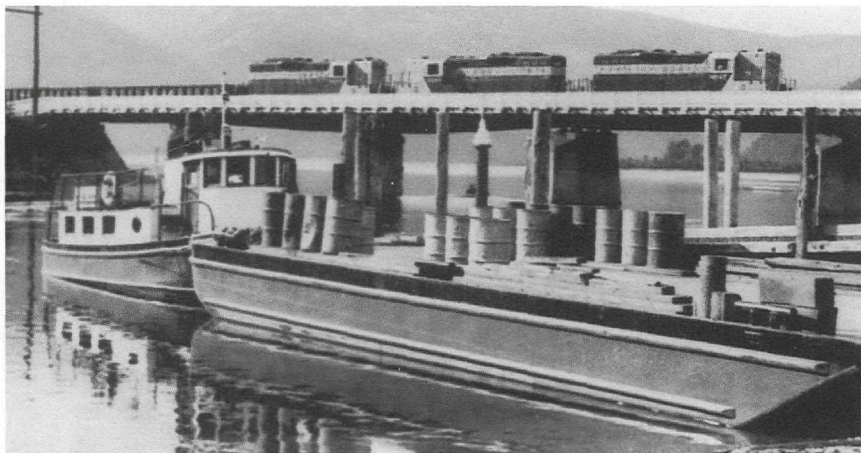
Map of Shuswap Lake indicating some of the locations that the *Stephanie* regularly called on.

As time went on, the *Stephanie's* cargo changed. She started hauling lumber and construction supplies. In the 1970s, the government opened a region from Sicamous to the Narrows to lease lots. A number of people obtained these lease lots and began building. The *Stephanie* carried in a lot of lumber. In those days, it was carried in and dropped off by hand. Everywhere the tug travelled, Gordon Mackie would hope to have a good passenger along who could help with the unloading of lumber or whatever else. No loaders or forklifts then!

One time in the early 1970s, Bill Noss had a number of lots up in Anstey Arm, close by the Bell Pole Camp. He was building quite a large place, and he had a few relatives building cabins close by. Gordon Mackie remembered "...going in with 50,000 feet of lumber on the barge, I had about eight high school kids. It took the best part of two days to get it unloaded by hand and pile it on the beach."

The *Stephanie* also played a major role in transporting the turbines, or "runners" as they were called, for the Mica Dam in June 1975. These runners

were 7 feet high and 22 feet in diameter and weighed 110 tons total, including the trailer they were on. Gordon Mackie recalled preparing for this big move: "We ended up putting two 10'x30' pontoons on the sides of the barge and started the haul from Savona. My brother Norman took this barge with the *MPF*, a tug boat which belonged to the family, to the CNR station near Savona. This was during the high water time in June. We had to have high water to get over the bars in the Thompson River. Eventually, they had everything ready to go and a fellow by the name of Glen Rhodes and I, in the *Stephanie*, met my brother with the *MPF* at Kamloops. There, we connected the *Stephanie* and the *MPF* together to pull the barge. The *Stephanie* was in the lead about 200 feet in front of the other tug, and the *MPF* was another 150 to 200 feet ahead of the barge. At Kamloops, the railroad had to open up the bridge, which was quite an operation in those days. From there we started up the South Thompson River, and actually made pretty good time. These "runners" were each worth a million dollars. There was a lot of public interest, and the Japanese engineers were very interested. There were no problems. We stayed overnight on the island before the rapids, which were perhaps the biggest challenge. The "runners" were taken to Old Town (original location of Sicamous) and unloaded off the barge, then hauled to the railroad spur line at Carney's."



*The Stephanie at Sicamous (before the highway bridge construction in 1958). Notice the newer steel barge with cargo typical of the 1950s.*

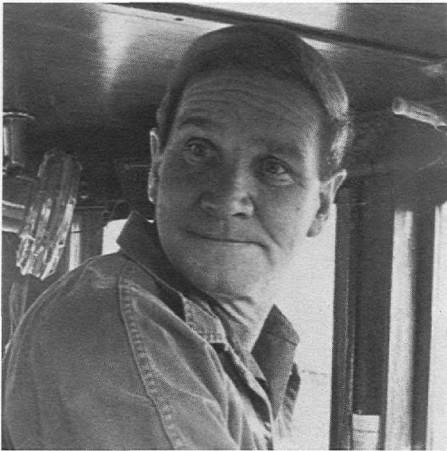
From there, the runners went on by rail to Revelstoke. The *Stephanie* and the *MPF* became quite famous in Japan because they were able to move these runners faster than any other form of transportation during the whole trip.

Rescue operations have involved the *Stephanie* in many ways, from small craft and stranded houseboats to wrecked aircraft which have gone into the lake. Some larger items have also been recovered. Gordon Mackie remembered "...one D-6 bulldozer, working on the North Shore in a very steep area, slid off the bank and into about 90 feet of water and only about 40 feet from



shore. We put another D-6 on the barge and ran a one inch main line down to the submerged bulldozer. Divers had located the bulldozer and fastened cables to the machine. We winched it as far as we could until it was right up underneath us. Then, we moved over to the Narrows, where we knew there was a good bottom, lowered the cat then re-hooked with a shorter cable. Then we could see it in the water just below the barge. We went from there down to Magna Bay, and lowered the cat down on the lake floor where it was more shallow, unhooked, then unloaded the other cat on to shore. From there, the cat proceeded to pull the submerged cat from the water."

The fateful day of October 23, 1992, on a regular Friday trip to Seymour Arm, the little tug boat caught fire. Gordon Mackie had just left a cabin about a mile or so north of Marble Point on the east side and was heading towards the Narrows. He was writing up the log and noticed a little smoke coming up into the cabin where all the wires come up through the wall. By the time he grabbed a fire extinguisher and ran down into the engine room it was too late. Gordon closed all the windows and doors, rescued the mail from the wheelhouse, then stood on the barge and pushed the boat away. Gordon recalled: "The fire more or less smothered itself because it did not have any source of air. Pretty soon, the milfoil people, who were working near the shore line, noticed the smoke and came out to the barge. We used their radios to radio in to Sicamous. My radio had gone out right away when the electrical wires burned. In twenty-five minutes, the fellows from the marina, three of them in



Captain Gordon Mackie in the wheelhouse of the *Stephanie*. Photo courtesy of Louie Hyan.

our work boat, arrived. We towed the *Stephanie* to shore. It was smouldering and smoking quite a bit, but no flames anywhere. We pulled in beside a dock there, and proceeded to break all the windows to let the smoke out, douse the areas that were smouldering, and put the fire out. The smoke damage was most of the problem. The steel structure was not hurt at all."

Once the fire was totally extinguished, the hull was towed back to Sicamous. Looking little the worse for wear, the *Stephanie* rests quietly, a proud little tug waiting for a new life and more adventures on the Shuswap waters.

#### SOURCES:

Interviews with Gordon Mackie, Kermit Smith, and Mrs. Fay Mabee.  
*Salmon Arm Observer* microfilm files.



---

## A HISTORY OF THE SALMON ARM SONNET CONTEST

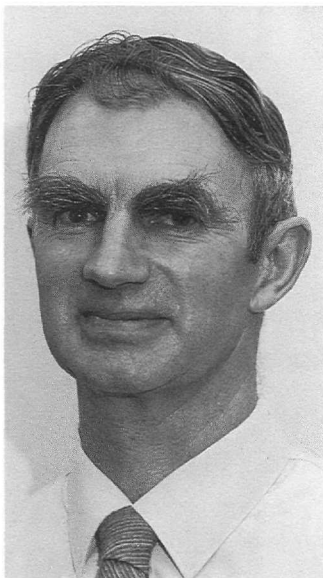
by Les Ellenor

In October 1984, an advertisement appeared in *Reader's Digest* and *Chatelaine*: "More people in Canada drink Martini extra dry than compose sonnets in Salmon Arm...just." Alderman Don Rogers, now Mayor, took up the challenge. With the help of Okanagan College English Instructor Les Ellenor, he created the Salmon Arm Sonnet Contest. In the *Vancouver Province*, Max Wyman wrote: "...the good folk of Salmon Arm take their cultural reputation seriously."

Martini and Rossi provided a beautiful silver cup, made in Torino, Italy, for the best sonnet. Local sponsors offered the following prizes: 1st, \$500 and a week in Salmon Arm; 2nd, \$250 and a weekend; 3rd, Canadian books from Okanagan College. (Jokers suggested that writers of really bad poems had to stay in Sonnet City forever!) Fifteen hundred poems of every description were mailed to the contest – one Northwest Territories' entry came by dog sled – and winners were announced at a celebration (free drinks of Vermouth) during National Book Week. That year, there were twenty Shuswap sonneteers.

Sonnets were written on all topics: love, nature, politics (Trudeau's finger), the joys and sorrows of living. Several sonnets praised the unspoiled rural life which Salmon Arm represents to many Canadians. Inspiration was sometimes mercenary: "\$500 is a good sum for an afternoon's work."

The news of the Sonnet Contest echoed across Canada on CBC radio, in newspapers and in literary outlets. Here was a "good news story" that appealed to word-users. The silver cup went to UBC English Professor Andrew Parkin for his 14-line study of human history, "Last Reel." He stated:



Les Ellenor

---

**Les Ellenor** is an English Instructor/Professor at Okanagan University College in Salmon Arm and Vernon. He was one of the organizers of the Salmon Arm Sonnet Contest. **Editor's Note:** this article originally appeared in the *Shuswap Sun* on March 15, 1993, and is reprinted here with their kind permission.

It is exciting that Martini and Salmon Arm should choose to celebrate poetry. Poems happen when intense thoughts and feelings are expressed in language most energetic and musical. Poetry makes us aware of the beauty of the world and the intricacies of the human soul.

The Sonnet Contest created an outpouring of living spontaneous Canadian literature. Sonnet City was perceived as "a paradise for poets," (Lee Bacchus, Doug Sagi, *Vancouver Sun*).

A sonnet encapsulates an emotional human experience in 14-lines of iambic pentameter. Rhyme schemes may be Petrarchan (abbaabba cdecde) or Shakespearean (abab cdcd efef gg) or Modern. The technical restrictions make the sonnet a challenge to the artistry of the poet.

After four years of Sonnet celebrations during the National Book Week, Don Rogers and the Sonnet Committee moved the date to St. Valentine's Day to brighten up the month of February. World-wide invitations were sent out. Jack Webster and other famous writers responded. Prince Charles sent a regret from Buckingham Palace. When B.C. Premier Bill Vander Zalm created a 14-line poem comparing himself to a rose receiving manure, a new category was announced, the "Un-Sonnet." He won a bottle of Martini.

Some of the winning poems have helped their makers to fame and fortune: Nancy Holmes became Writer in Residence at Okanagan College, John Rives was released from the Kingston Penitentiary to give poetry readings. Three sonneteers seemed to be perennial winners: Dick Hainsworth, Hereward Allis, and Dr. William Mitchell-Banks. The wide media coverage gave literary glamour to the Shuswap, and CHBC's Mike Roberts made beautiful TV programs about the best sonnets. The baroque orchestra, Tafelmusik, played a special concert in Sonnet City.

In 1990, the barber shop group "Euphoria" sang "Sit down and write a sonnet" by Phil Gibbs. The Queen's look-alike awarded prizes:

My loyal subjects, when sonneteers gather to talk about their craft,  
do they cherish the thought of hearing their work read aloud in  
Moose Jaw? or Antigonish? or Toronto? Perish the thought. The  
very centre of the sonneteers' universe is Salmon Arm, British  
Columbia, the cultural heart of Canada!

Canada is a poem, a complex rhythmic pattern. The theme of the 1991 Sonnet Contest was Unity, and several members of Parliament and Provincial Premiers wrote letters of support. Mila Mulroney sent Canadian books as prizes. The sonnet event was launched with a historical drama at the Salmon Arm railway station, the train tracks symbolizing the tying together of Canada. Sir John A. MacDonald was played by Mayor Don Rogers.

The City and District of Salmon Arm have always supported the Sonnet Contest, and the Chamber of Commerce has looked after the careful paper work. Martini and Rossi stopped sponsoring the literary event when their sales in Western Canada went down! Elaine's Books, the *Shopper's Guide*, and the

Salmar Community Association have been very generous. Okanagan University College has provided book prizes for ten years, and has given the contest academic quality. The judges, Les Ellenor, Steve Naylor, Irene Rodger, Duncan Lowe, and the Shuswap Writer's Group have examined thousands of 14-line poems for five qualities: clarity, exactness, fluency, imagery, and spirit.

Poetry multiplies and refines people's enjoyment of life. Heavenly verses sing of love in a troubled world. "Triple-E" sonnets (exact, elegant, entertaining) enrich the culture of Canada; octets, sestets, quatrains, and couplets fit together in a harmonious organic unity.

*The winner of the 1994 Salmon Arm Sonnet Contest. The committee that review the entries had this comment to make: "The judges were thrilled to receive this fine poem at the time when people celebrated the 50th anniversary of D-Day landings in France."*

June 6, 1944

*At Sword and Juno, Omaha and Gold  
They gathered in the sacrificial dawn,  
A brotherhood that never shall grow old,  
Their sons unsired, their daughters all unborn.  
They praying plunged into that treacherous tide  
Below the cliff, beyond the killing sands,  
And cringed to hear the singing air, and died,  
Still clutching in their liberating hands  
An inch of France. Now children tease the woes  
That cradled them those fifty years ago.  
But none are theirs. The airless, heirless graves  
Seed only earth where stars and crosses grow.  
When pomp is past and eulogies all said  
I'll mourn the unborn children of the dead.*

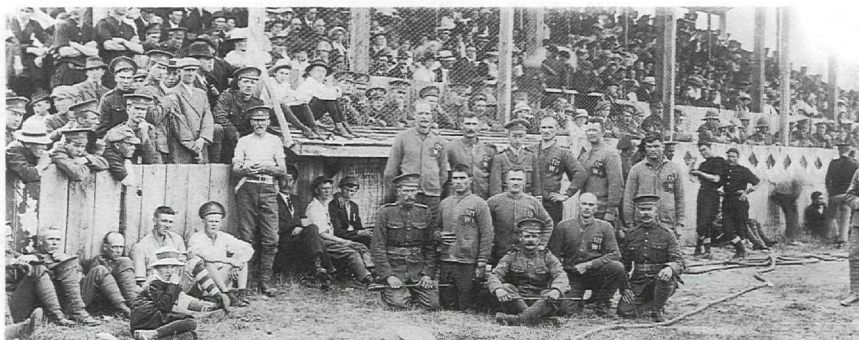


# ARMSTRONG ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION BRANCH #35

by Bill Whitehead

On November 11, 1918, the Great War came to an end. The soldiers engaged in that conflict began to return home. The bitter lessons of their war experiences were not soon forgotten. The value of comradeship was one of their fond memories. This latter experience prompted many veterans to consider forming clubs where they could support one another by providing assistance to needy comrades, offering advice in obtaining medical service or pensions, helping widows and children of fallen comrades, and generally, meeting to remember.

A branch of the Great War Veterans Association was formed in Armstrong on April 21, 1919. The following men were present for that meeting: R.W. Burton, J.F. Harrison, W. Linnings, George Hardwick, A. Tooley, W.C. Little, A. Marshall, O.J. McPherson, C.A. Watson, J.E. Hamilton, J.S. Wilson, W.E. Sutton, James Rigby, T.M. Warner, and G. McQuarrie.



*These men from the Western Irish 121st Battalion, training at the Vernon Army Camp during W.W. I, have just taken part in a tug-of-war as part of the Dominion Day celebrations in Armstrong. Photo courtesy of the Armstrong Museum.*

Elections were held, and Jack Harrison was elected as the first president. Comrades W.C. Little and O.J. McPherson were elected vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively. Within a week, the grim reaper had gathered in one of these men. On April 29th, a special meeting was called to arrange the funeral of C.Q.M.S. McPherson. A.J. Fifer was appointed secretary pro tem. A committee was formed to consider applications for membership, and it was decided that dues were to be fifty cents per month (payable monthly). The group received permission to meet temporarily in the Drill Hall on the first and third Mondays of the month. They received their charter from the Great War Veterans Association on May 1, 1922.

---

**Bill Whitehead** is a member of Armstrong Branch #35 and a life member of the Okanagan Historical Society.

Shortly thereafter, more suitable quarters were located in one of the buildings between the Okanagan Hotel (burned in 1934) and the Foreman and Armstrong Block (later to become the Armstrong Co-op). The street level of the building was occupied by Bill Jones' Butcher Shop, and the club rented the upstairs. Access was by way of an outside stairway.

The activities of the club during these early years included smokers, athletic events, cards, billiards, and dances. Since this period was long before our present welfare state, it was decided to establish a distress fund for those in need. Through many of the succeeding years, much aid was dispensed to those less fortunate. A great deal of support was provided to this fund by other groups and individuals in the town and district.

The club continued in these quarters until 1926, when they moved to the building occupied by the Bank of Hamilton (formally Maundrell's Butcher Shop) on the corner of Okanagan Street and Pleasant Valley Road. Mat Hassen and Sons Insurance have been the occupants of these premises since 1930. Just what prompted this move is not recorded, but it could have been the lack of members or the poor economy of the day. Many stories have been told of difficult times with management and lack of support.

It must be said that tales were also told of how younger men learned the art of playing "penny ante" poker in that building. This activity was a favourite for members for many years. Then, about forty years later, it was decreed that such gambling should not take place in clubs, and so, an old soldier's long established pleasure was not allowed.



*Armstrong Legion Branch #35 next to the Star Theatre during the 1930s. Photo courtesy of the Armstrong Museum.*

It was during 1926 that the Great War Veterans Association became part of the Canadian Legion Empire Service League. The charter for this new club was granted on November 16, 1926. The following veterans were charter members: E. Poole, J.A. Labron, C.M. Webster, T.M. Warner, J.L. Hopkins, W.J.



Sparks, R.I. Worsley, L.A. Christain, H. Collins, T. Marshall, G.N. Worsley, O.E. Jones, L.E. Tripp, W.H. Mills and C.E. Gerrard. Of these early members E. Poole was Mayor of Armstrong for several terms. A.J. Fife was Armstrong City Clerk for many years. Harry Hope ran the local blacksmith shop. T.A. Aldworth taught school for many years. R.W. Burton was a farmer in the Landsdowne district. George Hardwick returned to Indiana, U.S.A., where he lost his life in a boiler explosion. T.M. Warner served in World War II and retired to Burnaby. Other members served as branch president over the years, and these include: T. Marshall, John Fowler, G.A. Smith, Harvey Brown, W.D. Blackburn and P.R. Bawtenheimer.



*The Legion Building on Patterson Avenue under construction in 1947. Photo courtesy of the Armstrong Museum.*

The change of name seemed to have a positive effect on the club as membership increased. There was a desire to purchase property. Two small buildings on the north side of the tracks next to the Star Theatre were available. One of the properties had been occupied by C.W. Holliday, photographer and author of *The Valley of Youth*. The other property had been a dispensary for the Wonderful Waters of Wisdom or a dispenser of soda water for bar use. This industry had become a victim of prohibition. It was decided to purchase these buildings. A covered walkway (that some called a runway) was constructed to join the buildings. Members now had their own premises with a ground level entry. It was much more accessible.

The years that followed this move were difficult. The economy was not great, and the Great Depression gripped the land. But the determination of



old soldiers would not be denied. The support of the Legion was more needed than ever.

With the beginning of World War II, the club became a centre for advice and assistance. Committees were organized to forward parcels and smokes to the men and women serving overseas, and to formulate plans for their re-establishment upon their return.

At the conclusion of World War II, the Legion membership grew rapidly. It became apparent that larger quarters were needed. A new location behind the curling rink and facing on Patterson Avenue was obtained. A new building was erected in 1947 and officially opened on January 28, 1948.

A few months prior to construction of the new premises, the Ladies Auxiliary to the British Empire Service League was formed. Marg Pothecary was the first president of the Auxiliary and has related how difficult it was to convince some of the old members that such an Auxiliary should be part of the club. However, younger members prevailed, and in a short time, the Auxiliary proved to be so active that it was decided that an addition to the Club Rooms was needed. A lounge and games room were added on the ground floor. On the upper floor, a large kitchen and storage space were added next to the banquet room. The addition was opened on June 17, 1953.

For the next several years, the club flourished. Associate and Fraternal Members did much to keep up the numbers. The Ladies Auxiliary proved to be a very strong and supportive part of the Branch. The official name was changed to the Royal Canadian Legion Branch #35. Under the leadership of Comrade William Parker, the branch became involved, along with other branches in the zone, in the development of the Gardom Lake Summer Camp. Property was obtained on Heather Street for construction of apartments for senior citizens. This project became known as Heather Heights. Over the years, this development has been well received by the residents.

In addition to these efforts, the members continued to give to many other community groups and individuals including the Boy Scouts. Christmas hampers have been distributed under the able direction of Ruby Gray and Ruth Parker. The hall and kitchen have provided accommodation for many other organizations. Remembrance Day celebrations have always been well attended. For many years, the Remembrance Day Parade has been under the direction of Comrade W.R. Casement. The anniversary of Vimy Ridge is recalled each year, and while there are no remaining members who took part in that memorable battle, the contribution they made is not forgotten.

In July 1981, disaster struck. In the early hours of a Sunday morning, fire destroyed the building and its contents. Very little was salvaged, and the insurance proved to be less than needed for rebuilding. In addition to this problem, city by-laws would not allow reconstruction of such an establishment on the property due to lack of parking. Temporary accommodation was found at the Curling Club while new premises were sought. The building housing the Co-op Store had become vacant, and the Legion approached the Co-op Society about purchasing the land. Agreement was reached, and the purchase

made. It then became a battle with the City of Armstrong over by-laws, and with the Liquor Control Board over licensing, before this location could be finalized. In late December 1981, the members moved into their new quarters.



*The Canadian Legion building on Patterson near the Hitching Rail prior to 1960. Photo courtesy of the Armstrong Museum.*

There was still much work to be completed, and this continued through the following year. Because of the disruption, there was a decided drop in membership. The club had undertaken a substantial mortgage. The general economy was poor, and for the next several years, it was a continual struggle to make ends meet. The group held raffles and dances with much work supplied by the members. The Ladies Auxiliary raised significant funds through catering and teas. Despite all these efforts, the mortgage continued to survive.

In 1993, it was decided to sell the building, retire the debt and rebuild in a new location with a smaller building. The building was sold and property secured in the same location the club had been in 1926-47. With the help of much volunteer labour and donations, a new building was erected. Members moved in during the month of January 1994.

Besides the latest move, probably the next largest change in recent years was the election of two ladies to the position of president: Ina Peterson (1987-89-90) and Kim Embree (1994).

Since its inception seventy-five years ago, this organization has been an integral part of the development of the social life of Armstrong and Spallumcheen. During this time, many members have moved to other centres, but many remained to provide leadership in local government and to contribute to the progress and growth of the district.



---

## FILLING THE GAP: THE STORY OF SUN-RYPE'S EXPANDING PRODUCT LINE

by Laura Drahovzal

The quality line of Sun-Rype products has grown tremendously over the past fifty years. With this growth, the Sun-Rype brand name has become widely recognized and accepted as a symbol of quality. Receiving the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval between 1960 and 1970 was confirmation of this recognition and acceptance. The development of Sun-Rype products over the years illustrates just how successful this brand name has become.

From the inception of the fruit industry, there has been a problem faced by every fruit grower and shipper – culls. In short, they were an added expense. "The costs of hauling, sorting and dumping culls were real ones, which the grower could not expect to recover." (E.D. MacPhee, *The Royal Commission on the Tree-fruit Industry of British Columbia*. Victoria, 1985, page 650.) Naturally, growers were interested in the possibility of converting this waste into a marketable product.

As a result, the Modern Foods dehydrating plant was built in Kelowna in 1937. The plant was only in operation for one year because it accumulated a deficit of \$17,000, and it was impossible to continue under those conditions. The Kelowna Growers' Exchange was one of the major creditors of Modern Foods, and the directors, wanting to put the processing plant on a profitable basis, appointed a committee to study the situation. The committee's recommendation was to set up a refinancing program, but this was rejected and Modern Foods went bankrupt.

Some time later, R.P. Walrod studied the operation and urged W.M. Vance, Kelowna Growers' Exchange Manager, to persuade the KGE to acquire and operate the Modern Foods facilities, utilizing its own supply of culls.

On March 31, 1939, KGE approved the move into the by-products field and purchased Modern Foods for \$25,000.00. The manager introduced the brand name "Sun-Rype," which was well received and immediately adopted by the company. (*O.H.S. Report #28*, page 187.)

---

**Laura Drahovzal** is a Simon Fraser University co-op student. She has worked as a Publicity and Events Co-ordinator at the British Columbia Orchard Industry Museum, a satellite facility of the Kelowna Museum. **Editor's Note:** If you can help document more accurately the Okanagan Valley's canning history, please call the British Columbia Orchard Industry Museum in Kelowna or its parent, the Kelowna Museum.



Fruit which would have otherwise been wasted was now on the market in processed forms. Sun-Rype brand apple juice and apple butter were available by 1939. Fruit which was not of a high enough quality to be used for the apple juice was made into vinegar, apple honey and apple syrup. Dehydrated apples also became quite popular because they could be shipped easily and cheaply to remote sections of the country. By the 1960s, the demand for dehydrated apples had died out, and in 1973, their production ceased.

In May 1946, B.C. Fruit Processors Ltd. was created in an effort to expand the market for process-grade fruit. It purchased Modern Foods and consequently, the Sun-Rype brand name (B.C. Fruit Processors Ltd. was re-incorporated as Sun-Rype Products Ltd. in 1959). By 1947, the famous clarified and vitaminized Blue Label Apple Juice had been developed. The following year new products were introduced, including two new kinds of apple juice – opalescent Natural or Red Label Apple Juice and Applelime or Green Label. At that time, apple jelly, apple butter, apple cider vinegar and distilled white vinegar were also being produced.



*Promotional photograph of Sun-Rype Vinegars, circa 1940s. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*

By 1951, apple chops and frozen concentrate were on the market, and apple concentrate, along with apple pomace, were being sold to industrial users. Three years later, supermarket shelves were filled with Sun-Rype products such as glazed cherries and grapes, prune whip and apricot nectar. This was also the year that Sun-Rype stopped making vinegar. It was thought that

Sun-Rype would benefit more from selling the fruit for the production of vinegar to someone else rather than continuing production. (*The Kelowna Courier*, June 7, 1954, page 3)

In 1955, B.C. Fruit Processors began producing tins of baby apple juice for Heinz Co., and the rest of the 1950s saw the development of many new products: pie filling flavours including apricot, loganberry, apple, cherry, peach and plum; maraschino cherries; Sparkling Cider; William Tell Apple Cider; sparkling apple jelly; spiced crabapples; apricot puree; apple sauce; orange-cot nectar and apple-cot nectar.

A new blend of applesauce and frozen apple slices were introduced in 1960. By 1962, there was a decrease in the product line. The cider operation was not working as well as was hoped and it was decided that "...growers' long-range interests would be best served if the cider operation was placed in more experienced hands." (*The Kelowna Courier*, January 23, 1962, page 2)

In January 1963, the juice was being distributed in cartons on milk routes in Vancouver for the first time. Clarified juice was transported to the coast in bulk, where it was pasteurized. It was then packaged in milk cartons and distributed to the dairy section of stores and on a house-to-house basis via existing milk routes. This was a joint project with Fraser Valley Milk Producers Association and was studied with a great deal of interest.

By 1965, blueberry was added to the list of pie filling flavours, and the following year, citrus juices from concentrate were introduced, including sweetened and unsweetened orange-grapefruit, orange and grapefruit. Unsweetened grape-pear juice and sweet apple cider were Sun-Rype's newest juice flavours fourteen years later in 1979. This was the year that Tetra-Brik cartons were introduced, replacing cans. These new cartons provided both convenience and savings to the consumer, because the amount of packaging per unit of juice was drastically reduced.

The next advancement in packaging came in 1987 with the Handi-Pak. This was the first six-pack container for juice in Canada, providing customers with the convenience and ease of purchasing multiple units of Sun-Rype products. Two new juice flavours were also introduced in 1987: Strawberry Cocktail and Fruit Juice Combo. Today, consumers are also able to enjoy other juice flavours from Sun-Rype such as raspberry cocktail, pink grapefruit cocktail, grape cocktail, black currant cocktail and peach-orange nectar.

The company's aggressive product development plans brought a new line to market in October 1989, with the introduction of Sparklers which are carbonated, fruit-flavoured beverages containing 25 per cent juice. In June



*Sun-Rype Apple Jelly. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*



1991, 750 ml bottles for the Sparklers were introduced, and two new tropical blend flavours were added. Four months later, Sun-Rype began to push into the snack food line with granola bars in four flavours: Yogurt Apple Cinnamon, Yogurt Mixed Fruit, Peanut Butter Raspberry and Chocolate Chocolate Chip. Today (1993), there are two additional flavours: Chocolate Mandarin Orange and Yogurt Wild Berry.

In 1991, Sun-Rype decided to sell its pie filling business to E.D. Smith and Sons Ltd., because the business, as manager Bob Holt put it, was "on the wane." (*The Kelowna Courier*, July 12, 1991, page B5) While Sun-Rype retains no quality control over the pie filling itself, it still maintains control over package design – any changes made to the packaging must be approved by Sun-Rype.

In the spirit of advancing the packaging of its products, Sun-Rype came out with the easy-open spout strip feature on one litre juice containers in 1992. This feature reduces spillage and eliminates the use of scissors. In addition, a family size six litre container for apple and orange juice, called "bag in a box," was introduced. The new size provides convenience for consumers and enhances shelf life and juice quality.

Over the years, Sun-Rype has consolidated and centralized its operations in Kelowna. It has developed Sun-Rype into a household name, which signifies quality and instills confidence in all of its many products. Research indicates there have been roughly 100 canneries in the Okanagan over the past century. The last cannery of significant size is the grower-controlled Sun-Rype Products Ltd.



*The complete Sun-Rype product line in the late 1950s. Photo courtesy of the Kelowna Museum.*



# Documents

---

## ARTHUR D. HARDIE'S LETTER TO THE MATTHEWS FAMILY IN NEW ZEALAND

### INTRODUCTION

by Dorothy Amor

A letter written by my father, Arthur D. Hardie (1876-1948), to relatives in New Zealand in 1933, has just come to light after 60 years. Fortunately, the young people who found it did not throw it away, but took the trouble to trace whence it came.

My father was born in England and came to Canada when his family emigrated to Victoria in 1890. In 1902, he married Constance Matthews, whose parents, British citizens, had just moved to New Zealand after a few years in Canada. As a bride, he brought her to Fairview, where my brother and sister were born. For twenty-five years, they pioneered in many areas of the province. They were plagued by the recurring downturns and uncertainties in B.C.'s economy in the early years of the century. Finally, things seem to be looking up for them in 1927 when my father got a good job as an accountant with a large engineering firm in Vancouver – just in time for the 1929 stock market crash and the start of the Great Depression (for my mother, a very brief taste of the comforts of city life in a house with electricity and a furnace).

On New Year's Day 1933, my father was laid off, with a month's pay in lieu of notice, replaced by a young single accountant hired for \$75.00 a month. My brother Fred, who was building highway bridges with the provincial government crew, was also laid off. All construction ended that year, and only road repairs were undertaken, by single unemployed men housed in work camps. The fortunes of my fiancée, Leslie Amor (five years out of England), also came to an equally sudden halt. I was fortunately still employed in an office for \$50.00 a month.

The three men decided to pool their limited resources, borrow on such life insurance as they had, and start pioneering in a field entirely new to all of them – fruit farming in the Oliver area of the Okanagan. It seemed

---

Dorothy Amor lives in Oliver, and is an active member of the Oliver-Osoyoos Branch of the OHS.



*On left Constance Matthews Hardie (1879-1969) and Arthur Douglas Hardie (1876-1949) on Lot 263 at Oliver in 1934. Photo courtesy of Dorothy Amor.*

that prospects were somewhat brighter in Oliver than in the city. The letter tells the story of their first six months, and needs no amplifying, except that it was in part prophetic. My father comments that "...marketing legislation is necessary for B.C. farmers to stay in business." In 1992, B.C. farmers are still echoing this! It would be many years before the orchard would be self-supporting and the house finished. It was, indeed, almost 40 years before the latter goal was reached, and it was 1948 before my father had the satisfaction of seeing crop returns exceed the cost of production. By then his health was failing, and he died the following year after retiring with my mother to a house in Oliver.

This letter has brought those early days of struggle back into clear focus for me. I was there! I do not recollect ever hearing either parent complain at Fate's

underhanded blows. Hardships were accepted as challenges to be overcome. They held a solid faith in God's grace in common, and willingly shared whatever they had with anyone who was in need. Cash was the only thing in short supply, and yet somehow there was always enough to see us through. We never lacked for food, shelter, or friends. The old house, even in its chronically unfinished state, was a place where people of all ages loved to come and share in the warmth of its welcome.

It makes one realize that it is what you put into life, not what you take from it, that really counts. That was the measure of a man like my father.

### **The Letter**

October 25, 1933.

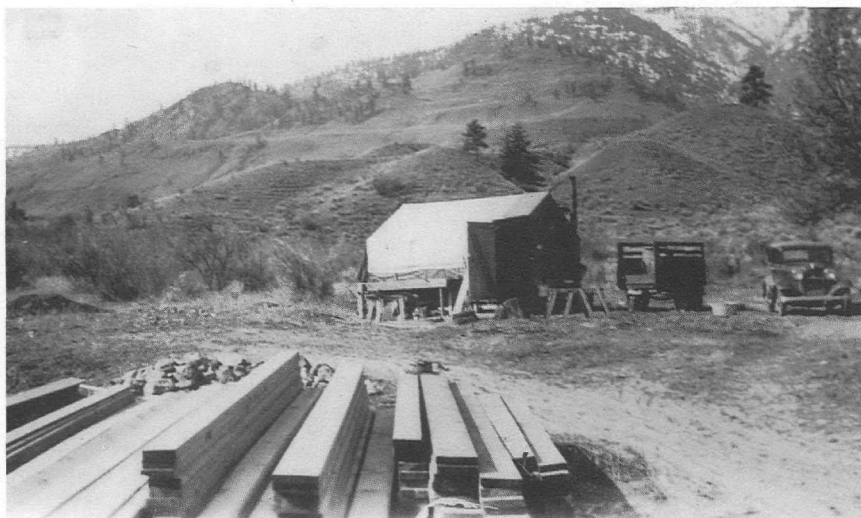
Since leaving Vancouver for the Okanagan last spring, I have not had time for writing as we mostly work from daylight to dark, and after that, one is too tired to do much but think of bed. But my conscience has been bothering me, so I have decided to write a circular letter to family and friends in distant places, and ask that under the circumstances no one take offense.

On April 6th, I left Vancouver with son Fred and Leslie Amor, in Fred's Model A sedan with a trailer behind containing half a ton of doors, windows, nails, camp equipment, bedding, etc. The roads were bad and we had to travel slowly and only reached Lytton that first night. By the next night, we reached Kelowna via Kamloops, and arrived at Oliver at noon on April 8th, our



speedometer showed 456 miles.

The piece of Government land we were to locate on is three miles south of town. It is a plot of 14.7 acres, 12 of which can be irrigated, and slopes down from the main irrigation canal (known as the "Ditch") to the highway. It had been taken up some years ago, but had been left vacant for four years. The previous owner had cut down only a little of the brush, planted a few fruit trees and left them to die. We found it overgrown with brush and very sandy, with many rocky ridges and loose rocks over most of it, hundreds of tons of them; just a bone – dry sage brush country. To look at it made you wonder how one was to wrest a living from ground that would hardly grow grass; but with irrigation on, there seems to be more virtue in this kind of ground than one would expect.



*Lot 263 at Oliver in the spring of 1934. The first delivery of lumber from the Oliver Lumber Co. for their house is in the foreground. Photo courtesy of Dorothy Amor.*

That afternoon we put up our tent, unloaded our goods, then borrowed from my brother-in-law, Will Haynes, a team, wagon, plough and harrows and scraper, also a stoneboat and marker, and started our new life.

We had decided to start building the house first, with Fred the chief engineer. We had working plans for a story-and-a-half house, for which we had only funds enough to erect the frame, put on single shiplap covered with tarpaper, single floors and partitions and only part of the windows and doors, leaving the rest of the finishing to be done when time and finances permit. By April 13th, we had finished excavating for the basement in hard rocky ground, loosening it with a pick and shovel and removing it with the team and hand-held scraper. We then had to haul gravel and sand from about a mile away, thirteen loads. Next the forms for the concrete were put in. We hired a hand-operated mixer made out of an oil drum and parts of an auto, and on April



21st, we got two men to help and poured the concrete for the foundation, 30 sacks of cement. It was very hot weather at that time and real work.

The three of us were batching in the tent and had to haul our water a couple of miles from the river with horses and stoneboat, but on April the 18th, water was turned into the ditch (at the top of the lot) and we could use that. We have to go about six miles to get firewood, which so far we have cut ourselves, up to the last lot when we got a man with a gasoline saw to cut up the trees we had felled, and we still must borrow a team and wagon to haul it.

By May 1st, we had the frame of the house up, floored downstairs, and all ready for the shiplap. We left it at that and started work on the land. We had some very heavy rains and our tent was old and thin and leaked badly, so that our beds were often wet through in spite of cans hanging all around whenever the rain was extra heavy. The weather varied in April from 90 F in the shade to cold, while May was nearly all cold weather.

We began by ploughing ditches as we had no lumber for flumes, and flooding different parts of the ground preparatory to ploughing, as it was too hard work when dry, meanwhile hauling off tons of loose rock. After clearing off the brush we ploughed up about three acres, then harrowed it, and picked off about as many rocks again that had been turned up. By May 11th, we had two acres seeded to cantaloupes, and by the 17th, had another acre in, as well as the usual assortment of garden vegetables and three sacks of spuds.

Then we all left the land work and got at the house again, as Mother and Dorothy were waiting in Vancouver to come as soon as we were ready for them. The weather was very cold with many heavy rains and thunderstorms, and the seeds did not do well. We had to re-seed a lot of the cantaloupes, eventually. But by the end of May, we had the shell of the house covered in, roof shingled and all ready for doors and windows, and on May 31st, I left for Vancouver to pack up.

By June 13th, we had everything we owned, including every bit of junk I had accumulated in the basement, loaded in a CPR freight car, and we three came up by Kettle Valley train to Penticton. The train left Vancouver in the evening, and there were about 25 people there to see us off, maybe to be sure we did go? On the 14th at 7:00 a.m., we were met in Penticton by Fred and Leslie, and as we did not take berths but sat up all night in the train to keep expenses down, we were not feeling too bright.

There was no chimney in the house up to this time, so we just fixed some camp beds on the verandah and lived in the tent the rest of the time, and did all the cooking there. The railway car with our effects arrived, and as there is a siding nearby on the branch line, we were able to get unloaded in half a day and hauled to the farm, thanks to a friend with a truck. It was, however, weeks before it was all unpacked and stowed away, as there was much to do irrigating, hoeing and cultivating the crop. The cut worms now proceeded to eat half of that, so we had to re-seed a lot of it again. It was too late, really, but we took a chance on a late hot fall, as the spring had been so backward. As time went on, we made a concrete and rock chimney for our kitchen range, and I managed

to buy 300 feet of used 2½ inch pipe from a mine, so we had a syphon from the Ditch to the tent. I had bought from a house-wrecker in Vancouver a second-hand sink, hot water boiler and bath set up in the huge packing case that had held our big old piano for the move. I set this up beside the tent with a sacking door, and connected the water from the syphon to the bath.

Our really hot weather was in July, and then the water in this long iron pipe on top of the sand got so hot you could not hold your hand on it. So we had unlimited hot water baths as long as the sun shone, only it was too hot to use when first run.



*The completed house in early June 1934. Later the porch was screened in to provide some protection from mosquitoes. Fred Hardie is standing in the foreground. Photo courtesy of Dorothy Amor.*

The mosquitoes were there to greet us in June, they did not show up in the day but came in force at night and we had to screen all our beds. Many nights were very hot and the netting made it hotter, so we did not sleep very much. The mosquitoes were worse than for some years and lasted until September. We seemed to have more than other places as ours is a hot spot right under sand hills, good for early crops in an average season.

We picked our first cantaloupes on August 13th, and started shipping to the packing house on the 21st, just two weeks later than we should have been to get good prices. From then till Sept. 25th, when we had our first frost, we shipped 305 field crates containing 8073 cantaloupes, and as the frost did not touch us we still had another 100 crates to pick, but the packing house would not take any more, so we had to leave them to rot. We have so far had returns for only 77 crates shipped up to Sept 2nd, containing 1998 cantaloupes, and for this whole bunch we received \$12.63, which was a sad blow to us, as we



expected to make enough to live on till next fall from our crop.

This shows that some marketing legislation is necessary in B.C. if growers are to stay in business. We do not expect very much better luck from the balance we shipped. Other years, those who had late ones got quite a good price and there was a market for all offering, but this year was a disappointment to all the growers and cannot be explained except that we were all done in the eye by the packing houses and jobbers.

On September 15th, we moved into our house kitchen, where I had the sink and hot water boiler connected up and ready for use. I got the bath working in the house a couple of days later, and the Ditch is high enough to get water upstairs in the taps. We were unable to finance a large concrete water storage tank for winter supply, so when the water in the Ditch is turned off at the end of October we will have to haul all our water in barrels from the river a mile away until next April.

Last winter, the weather was very severe here, down to 15 below for awhile and snow on the ground for six weeks, and if we get a similar one this year, we will have to cut a lot of wood. We acquired one horse and a plough, harrow and cultivator this summer, and made a rubber tyred wagon using the wheels off the trailer and a couple more from a wrecked Ford. We built another concrete chimney recently and got a heater set up in the living room, just in time as it turned cold and we had snow already. It is warmer again now and drizzling rain all day. We have been several times with a wagon and hauled poles from the base of the mountain some miles away and have excavated a root house in the base of the hill, and are working all we can to get it finished to store winter fruit and vegetables.

Fred has a job for a few weeks carpentering at the Morning Star Mine, and Leslie has been picking apples for some weeks, so I have to struggle on by myself, and I am starting to build a stable using poles for the frame, then have to build a chicken house. Meanwhile, our potatoes should be dug, but must wait a little longer, so we hope it keeps warm. The house is far from finished in what we have to do for winter and I have got certain shelves up for mother, but more are waiting to do. We have to keep going seven days a week, and I shall be very glad when we can arrange to take Sundays off as we ought to do. Unfortunately, work was so scarce this summer that Fred had to let his car go, being unable to keep up the payments, so we only have the old horse to depend on, with Leslie's bicycle, a very ancient one, and Mother and I do not leave the place very much for social events. I omitted to mention that on June 29th, Dorothy and Leslie were married, in the house here, and went to Kelowna for a few days honeymoon. They are living here with us.

We have some very kind neighbours on the next place. Frank Venables by name. They have loaded us with tomatoes, cucumbers, cherries, plums, apples, etc. and latterly when their cow came in, with their surplus milk. They have a car and do shopping and messages in town for us, and are the soul kindness and helpfulness in every way. I have a married sister living a mile away, and we have met other very nice people here, only one does not see



them very often. There are dances to which those who would like to go do, but we cannot afford it.

We have coal oil lamps for the big living room, and Fred's gasoline lantern in the kitchen. I got an old oil drum heater to put in the basement for the very severe weather, so we hope to be able to survive the winter. The house will be very nice when finished, which may be a great many years yet, however. Several friends from Vancouver have called in this summer while touring in this area, including one of the boys from my old office in town, and Rev. Clark from the church we used to attend.

We have cleared and sowed some land to alfalfa and fall rye for horse feed, but have been too busy to do any more on the rest of the place so far. Will tackle it in the spring.

I think this covers about all our operations here so far, and when and if we get this place laid out in fruit trees and they get to bearing, it should provide a good living for us all, but that is some years ahead. Meanwhile with what odd work the boys can get and what we can raise in the way of ground crops, we hope to be able to get by.

So far there is no buyer for our Vancouver house, but it is now rented for \$15.00 a month which will not quite cover carrying charges and allows for no repairs, we just left it anyway and expected to lose it.

Now I will quit, and doubtless you will be glad there is no more to read.

---

# WITH SADDLE & PACK-HORSE ON THE SKY LINE TRAIL – Circa 1919

By Florence Willis (nee Daly)

## Introduction by Michael Burn

The following is a letter found among the papers of Garnet “Garney” Edward Willis after his death in 1985. Florence, a daughter of the Dalys, a pioneer Keremeos family, married Garnet at the end of the First World War.

Garnet was born in Chilliwack in 1894, where his parents had homesteaded about 1873. In 1912, Garnet and his elder brother, Ernie, took up a property known as the Wolf Creek Ranch near Princeton. Ernie subsequently married, and Garnet struck out on his own. He joined the army in 1914.

At the time the letter was written (circa 1919), Garnet and Florence were homesteading on a lot near Wolf Creek. Garnet’s parents were still in Chilliwack and moved cattle up to Princeton in summer. Perhaps Garnet and Florence had been visiting them before they made this long horseback trek through the mountains. It may possibly have been their honeymoon trip.

## The Letter

Camping in the mountains, if a person wants real pleasure tinged with a few hardships and thrills, is, in my opinion, one of the greatest of outdoor pastimes.

On my return trip from Vancouver, I decided to accompany my husband through the mountains on horseback from Hope to Princeton. We left Hope with two pack-horses and provisions enough for quite a lengthy stay if necessary, as we had previously decided to abandon the Hope-Princeton trail 23 miles out of Hope; there to follow the Skagit Trail some 20 miles down the river to an old, unfrequented trail known as The Sky Line, which winds its way over peaks to the headwaters of the Similkameen, and which we followed to Princeton, our ultimate destination.

The first day out, we camped early at a beautiful historic spot known as the Lake House, having followed the old Sappers’ trail up the Nicolum to its headwaters, which flow through an extremely picturesque meadow, making it a haven of rest for tired campers and horses.

The scenery along the trail was gorgeous. Banks of ferns and moss, resembling an endless carpet, formed a background for the cheery, dancing waters of the Nicolum. This day was not without its thrills. I was riding a thoroughbred, not the most sensible kind of horse for the hills, but a very quiet one. Mary, my pack-horse, grew cranky as the day went on and persisted in

---

Michael Burn is Similkameen Branch editor. He resides in Cawston.

pulling back, so I twisted the rope around the horn of my saddle. This only made her so resentful that she decided to return to Hope, and as she took a strenuous heave on the rope, I could feel myself and the saddle slowly but surely sliding back. Mary continued to pull, until I was perched on my horse's tail, with my cinch untied and no easy way to land. By this time I had released the rope, and my saddle horse, seeming to know the plight I was in, stood very still until I slid on over.



*Florence on horseback (on left) with unknown friend. Photo courtesy of Doug Cox.*

Next morning, we left camp early, following the Sumallo, which is one of the headwaters of the Skagit. We had almost 30 miles to travel that day, so didn't waste any time en route, stopping only for our dinner at a very interesting cabin built by a prospector out of split cedar. From here the trail was not so interesting until we came to the old Steam Boat mining camp, which showed signs of having been a lively camp in its day.

The day was well on and I was beginning to ask my husband how far it was to camp, each mile seeming to get longer and perhaps a little monotonous. Suddenly, we rode out of the tall timber, and there in front of us was a gorgeous sight – the sun was setting over a beautiful valley, nestling peacefully between the most rugged of peaks that lifted their lofty, snow-covered peaks well into the heavens. Words cannot express my enthusiasm. Almost spell-bound, I sat and feasted on the grandeur of the scenery: to the southeast, Mt. Hasameen majestically towering over us; to the west, Mt. Kuselkwa with its glaciers that reach over the skyline; and to the north, an enormous mountain with grassy slopes dotted with snow banks and glaciers, making it an ideal home for many grizzlies, black bears and mountain goats.



Resting in this perfect setting is one of the most beautiful ranches imaginable, with its large log house and well-made fences and farm buildings, all bearing the signs of abandonment, no-one having lived here for 15 years.

Our first thought was for our horses. Unsaddling and unpacking them, we turned them onto a luxuriant grassy meadow, where they were content to stay minus the usual hobbles and picket ropes.

On entering the house, we were surprised to find what a wonderful domicile it had been. There remained some beautiful furniture made of whip-sawed cedar. The walls and ceiling were panelled, and the home-made bedsteads were very comfortable.

This night will always remain in my memory; never have I seen one more beautiful. A soft moon in the west sent out its warm rays of welcome, which seemed to say, "Look while there is light" for only too soon did these enormous pillars of rock obscure the light, leaving us entranced with the memory of that gorgeous scene.

After a good night's rest and an early breakfast, we saddled up and set out in search of a good fishing pool on the Skagit. This we found about 1 1/2 miles from the house. Here was everything a fisherman could desire. Lovely green, shady pools teeming with Dolly Varden and Rainbow trout. My first attempt was a large Dolly, which is not my idea of a good game fish so afforded very little sport. But later, I had all I wished for. Standing on a log over a very deep pool, cast after cast, and no luck, when suddenly a beautiful big rainbow shot out of the water like a streak of fire. I tried my best to land him, and at one time we were vying with each other to see which would stay on the log when my hook broke and Mr. Rainbow plunged back into the stream.

After that, I was perhaps a little more cautious and much more successful. The next one I landed, what a beauty! A combination of blue and mauve blending into gold, the most beautifully coloured fish I have ever seen, and certainly the most lively.

We stayed at this lovely place two days, deciding on the third morning to climb the Sky Line Trail. Leaving the Skagit the first part of the trail was through thick timber, making the ascent rather slow. From here the trail became very rough, climbing over the rim rock, it seemed like the horses hung on by their toenails.

I had just asked my husband to let me know if we came to any dangerous places, so I could walk. We hadn't gone very far before I was told to walk and lead my horse over a dangerous slide where the trail was not over six inches wide, and the slide appeared almost perpendicular for hundreds of feet below. We managed to get across safely, although my knees were weak and I felt like crawling.

We continued up a steep, zig-zag trail through timber, over rocky ridges and deep ravines, the trees becoming more scrubby as we neared the timberline. Finally we came out on a steep hogback, which we climbed until the top was reached. We rested our horses, picked enough low bush huckleberries for a pie, and feasted on the scenery.

Words fail to express my feeling, as I gazed at that wonderful sight. From here, one has a close-up view of the saw-tooth range. A sea of snow-clad peaks and glaciers, from which ran hundreds of silvery glistening streams. What an inspiration for an artist.

While resting here, we heard a low rumbling sound, which we thought was an earthquake. Immediately following this, two little fires blazed up in the remote spot in the break across the Skagit, and before long developed into a real forest fire.

Continuing on again above the timber line, we were climbing around a high bluff, when my saddle-horse (not the thoroughbred) swished his tail over the pack-horses's rope and tried to dance a circle two-step over the edge of the bluff. I lost no time in getting off and loosening the rope. We just got nicely started again when he repeated the performance and I did the same, only this time turned the pack-horse loose and drove her ahead.

The trail was long and the day short, so we were forced to keep on our way, soon coming to a pleasant spot, in a little valley, known as "Mowitch Camp" where there was plenty of wood, water and horse feed. Had we known the strenuous trail ahead of us, we would have camped here, but the lure of the scenery urged us on and soon we knew what the term "Sky Line" really meant.

Looking ahead, we could see the narrow, hair-like trail for miles, ascending higher and higher above the timber line on a narrow ridge with perpendicular bluffs on both sides. It looked appalling and made me feel weak. In the distance, the trail seemed to run over the edge in places. We were now in very rough country. Below us, some hundreds of feet on the right, we could see a chain of gorgeous green lakes, known as "Lightning Lakes" and on our left, a similar chain.

We knew not where we were going so hurried on our way, there being no available spot to camp on the ridge for miles. The monotony of the trail was broken by numerous gusts of wind roaring up from both sides of us, at times almost threatening to blow us over. At all times, it carried mysterious strains of music from the canyons and trees below, with an occasional melancholy call from a lonely loon. This is nature's music, inspiring a theme for a great symphony. Not many composers have the opportunity of availing themselves of the wonderful environment.

From one of the highest points on the ridge, we saw a wonderful sight. Away off to the right, from one of the peaks a small volcanic eruption appeared. To this we attributed the rumbling which we heard earlier in the day. A column of black smoke puffed into the sky. This was indeed a phenomenon and made me feel a long way from home.

The roughness of the trail and the altitude were beginning to wear on my nerves. Soon we came to what seemed the trail's end. From here the zig-zag trail dropped very suddenly into the valley below, where we made camp in the twilight, beside a beautiful lake on the headwaters of our good old Similkameen.

Next day, we followed the Roach River which is also a tributary of the Similkameen. We had slow going on account of down timber. In one place, while making a detour around a fallen tree, one of the pack-horses reared up and fell over backwards, rolling down the mountain, until it landed against a tree with all four feet in the air. My husband had to cut the pack off, and needless to say it was quite badly smashed, but the horse came to life quite alright. In the mix-up we lost our candles and broke the flashlight. Our only means of light that night in an old prospector's cabin, was an invention of my husband's, consisting of a gold pan filled with pitch wood, burning outside the window: "Necessity is the mother of invention."

From this cabin we rode into Princeton, a long, 30-mile ride in a down-pour of rain, the first bad weather we had on the trip.

I had begun to feel the need of civilization again, and was glad to see the lights of Princeton.

As I look back I feel that this trip was the most enjoyable, the most pleasant, the most thrilling of any I have ever taken, and would recommend it to any one contemplating a fortnight's vacation in the mountains.



---

## CHILDREN VENTURERS

By Mary Elizabeth Haddon Mackie; Edited by Richard Somerset Mackie

### Introduction

Printed here is the text of a talk by my grandmother, Mary Mackie, to the Royal Empire Society in Bristol, England, in December 1941. She describes, in her reserved but moving way, how she sent her two sons, aged thirteen and eleven, across the Atlantic in a convoy to escape wartime conditions in England. Their destination was their uncles' private school in the Coldstream Valley.

Mary Mackie, nee Owen, was born in Lincolnshire in 1887, the daughter of a solicitor. As a young woman, she was secretary to Margaret Winteringham, the first British woman member of parliament, and under a pseudonym, she published an autobiographical novel set in an English girls' school (D.R. Mack, *Betty Brook at School: A Tale for Girls and Old Girls London*: G. Bell and Sons, 1910). After the tragic death of her first husband in India, she married my grandfather, Colonel Frederick Percival Mackie, a scientist with the Indian Medical Service, in 1924. They returned to England in the 1930s, he to accept a post at the University of London as Professor of Pathology. In 1941, he was Chief Medical Officer with Imperial Airways, and both were air raid wardens in Bristol.



Frederick Percival Mackie (1875-1944) and Mary Elizabeth Haddon Mackie (1887-1973) in their Air Raid Patrol uniforms, Bristol, England, circa 1942. Photo courtesy of Owen Mackie.

In the summer of 1940, Mary and my grandfather had sent their two youngest sons, Richard Ernest Mackie and George Owen Mackie ("Owen" in the text and my father), to their uncles' school in the Coldstream Valley. This was the Vernon Preparatory School, founded in 1913 by Rev. Augustine Clark Mackie, an Anglican clergyman who had recently emigrated from England. He was joined by his brother Hugh de Fylton Mackie (a lawyer by profession), and by Hugh's wife Grace Elizabeth Mackie. Daughter of an Anglican clergyman, and trained as a nurse, Grace Mackie was the school matron. Among the masters at the school were Captain Tommy Brayshaw and Miss Jessie Topham Brown (see Jean Barman, *Growing Up British in British Columbia: Boys in Private School*. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1984, pp. 33-5).

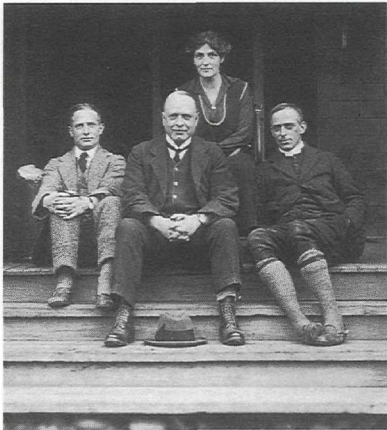
---

**Richard Somerset Mackie** is the grandson of Mary Elizabeth Haddon Mackie. He has recently completed his Ph.D. in history at U.B.C. and is the author of *Hamilton Mack Laing: Hunter-Naturalist* (Sono Nis Press, Victoria, 1985). He lives in Errington, B.C.

My uncle and father were just two of thousands of boys and girls evacuated from Britain during wartime bombing and the threat of invasion. At the time of their evacuation, Owen was at Wells House School, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, and Richard was at Swanbourne School, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire. With just forty-eight hours' notice, they packed their belongings, travelled by train to Glasgow, and said farewell to their parents. At Glasgow they boarded the liner *Monarch of Bermuda* and joined an Atlantic convoy escorted by the battleship *HMS Revenge*. Among the other boys evacuated to the Vernon Preparatory School was John Eden (now Lord Eden), nephew of British prime minister Sir Anthony Eden. All such war-time emigration stopped with the sinking – on the very next convoy – of the *City of Benares*. This passenger liner was torpedoed by a German U-Boat with the loss of many children's lives. The public outcry that followed put a stop to the evacuation of children to the colonies and dominions, and children were sent thereafter to the English countryside, safe from the bombs.

The two uncles were of very different temperament. Hugh, kindly and tolerant, served as a father figure for the boys, while Augustine (Austin) was more rigidly orthodox and a strict disciplinarian. He made his name in the valley as a rattlesnake hunter after a boy at the school was killed by a rattler in the 1920s. Sons of an Anglican clergyman from Gloucestershire, the two brothers (especially Austin) turned Victorian notions of thrift into a religion. Richard told me once that Austin's first words on meeting them at the train station at Sicamous were, "Do you realise that you have spent more money on telegrams in the last week than I have in the last year?" (See also A.C. Mackie, "I Prefer to Camp Alone!" *Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News*. 32:3, August 1930, pp. 191-2; 202).

John Cornish, a boy at the school, satirized Austin Mackie as the Reverend Horace Bagley in his novel: "Mr. Bagley was a tall and lanky celibate with burning eyes. A scrawny neck gave added height. He wore bib, dog collar, leather-elbowed tweed jackets, breeches, and canvas shoes, with an air of neglect. He shared Dr. Arnold's zeal for religion, and the post-Arnold zeal for organized sports. He hunted uncommon birds with a passion, shot them down, stuffed them with alum and cotton wool. He seemed secretly amused at art and music as though his mind lumped them together with spaghetti, gush, and French dancing masters." (John Cornish, *The Provincials*. New York: William Sloane, 1951, p. 9; see also "Rev. Augustine Clark Mackie," in Sir Charles



L-R: Hugh, Percival, Grace, and Austin Mackie on the front steps of the Vernon Preparatory School in 1922. Percival was on his way to a League of Nations conference in Japan. Photo courtesy of Owen Mackie.



G.D. Roberts and A.L. Tunnell, eds., *The Canadian Who's Who 1938-1939*. Toronto: Trans-Canada Press, 1939, p. 430).

Both Austin and Hugh were, however, keen sportsmen and promoted outdoor hikes like the one described by my grandmother. In 1919, they had bought a waterfront lot on Sugar Lake, some fifty miles northeast of Vernon, where they hired local outdoorsman William (Bill) Fraser to build them a spacious log cabin with verandahs on three sides, which my grandmother refers to somewhat inaccurately as a "log hut." The family also hired Fraser to guide them by pack horse into the Monashee Mountains; among the members of the expedition described in the text were Grace Mackie's cousin Francis Lumb, a financier from Vancouver; Lumb's daughter Joyce; and Miss Brown who, my father recalls, made the great delicacy of porridge with condensed milk for breakfast in the mountains.

The boys were at the lake in 1942 during its flooding by the West Canadian Hydro Electric Corporation. Many of the settlers' houses were inundated and floated away; others, like the house of George Barclay, were held under water for a time by their massive stone chimneys.

There is a silent and tragic subtext to my grandmother's address: earlier in 1941 Hugh and Grace's eldest and middle sons, John and Geoff, had been killed in the airforce. Geoff, an instructor with the Royal Canadian Air Force, was killed in a flying accident at Trenton, Ontario, on 15 February 1941; exactly two months later, John Mackie was shot down in his Hurricane while on active service with the Royal Air Force in Greece (see Margaret A. Ormsby, *Coldstream – Nulli Secundus*. Altona, Manitoba: Friesen, 1990, p. 78). Richard and Owen found themselves far from home with grieving relations. Hugh and Grace's youngest son, Patrick (Paddy, born 1922), the cousin referred to in the address, joined the navy, survived the war, and taught in Vernon for many years.

My uncle Richard, after studying at the Universities of Toronto, Cambridge, and London, qualified as a psychiatrist. Now (1994), he has a private psychiatric practice in Kent, England. My father, George Owen Mackie, returned to England in 1944, studied zoology at Oxford, and returned to Canada in 1956 to teach at the University of Alberta. In 1968, he moved to the University of Victoria where he is professor of biology. My grandmother, Mary Mackie, died in 1973 in Bath, England.

The address that follows was found among Mary Mackie's belongings at the time of her death. A note in the original reads "A contribution to the series of three papers by parents of Canada's War Guests, read at the Royal Empire Society, December 29, 1941." The original was typed by my grandmother and contains several hand-written additions that I have included here.



## CHILDREN VENTURERS

By Mary Elizabeth Haddon Mackie

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

Our two "Grass Orphans," as they call themselves, were fortunate in going straight to relations; my husband's brothers having a boys' preparatory school near Vernon, British Columbia; so the question of gratitude to Canadian hosts, in the general sense, does not arise. It is our own affair...and a family one.

This does not mean that they do not know Canadian kindness. Far from it.

Take the journey out. Hearing of two private passages by C.P.R. available in early July (1940), we seized the chance and gave up our place on the list under the Government, escorted scheme. Under fifteens might not travel without escorts, so Richard, who had just passed his thirteenth birthday, was written down on the tickets as "Mr. R.E. Mackie" paying adult fare, while younger brother, aged ten, much to his indignation, figured anonymously as "One Child." We had just 48 hours' notice; each boy was at a separate school in England and had to be recovered to Bristol and taken to Glasgow in that time, and a mass of formalities at shipping agents completed, so there was, obviously, no time to arrange for help for them at any stage of the journey, beyond a note to the ship's doctor. We were not permitted to cable to the uncles at the other end until the convoy was four days' out from Glasgow.

So, from the moment Mr. R.E. Mackie and his one Child lugged their suitcase manfully up the gangway into the great *Monarch of Bermuda*, they faced a 17 day journey and some 6,000 miles of travel without a friend or relation to turn to. (To the unutterable relief of their mother left on the quay, *they did not look back*. Ladies and gentlemen, isn't it true of all our children in Canada, they *have* never looked back?) These two had 9 essential documents to guard, and ten pounds of cash to pay for board-ship extras, excess luggage, tips to stewards, cable from port of arrival, meals for two from Halifax to Montreal, a day to spend there, and then 4 days' meals in the train from east to west of Canada. Moreover, Richard is one of the scholarly, absent-minded type, almost stupid in some matters, to whom everyday commonsense does not come easily. In the rush, I stupidly packed the other £10 (each was allowed to take ten pounds out of England for the duration) at the bottom of their trunk, and then tormented myself thinking they would starve for lack of money.

I need not have troubled: all payments were made; they did *not* starve; *somebody* helped out their meals; *somebody* met and looked after them and their luggage in Montreal; *somebody* even sent a letter reporting their progress half way through the journey. One or two names occur in the boys' letters, as when little Owen was so train-sick and R. says... "What we should have done without Mrs. So-and-so I simply can't think." But for the most part we shall never know or be able to thank the kind Canadians on that and many subsequent occasions. At last, complete with goods and even with twenty dollars change, they reached Sicamous, where, to quote the uncle who met them: "Two pale and

weary little boys stepped out of the train, still under the watchful eyes of kindly fellow-passengers, who had looked after, and befriended them until the very last minute."

Since that day, except for holidays with kind parents of schoolfriends, Owen has remained quietly at his uncles' school, growing in mind and body, in the lovely Okanagan Valley, among orchards of apples, cherries, peaches, and plums. Richard, after one term, had to go east again to a more advanced school, but once a year in the long summer holidays, the brothers meet, and



*From left Owen, Miss Topham Brown, Richard and John Eden (now Lord Eden) at Sugar Lake during the flood in 1942. Photo courtesy of Owen Mackie.*

there with their cousin and friends, they live in and out of the lake...riding on logs...making rafts...taking their share in the work of the family log hut...messing about with a crazy old motor boat...always naked from the waist upwards...sleeping sometimes on pine branches under the stars...getting up to see the sun rise across the mountains. Some of the letters, (from them and their uncles) received last year, when Bristol's nights and days had a nightmare quality, had a bracing effect on two rather weary Wardens.

Richard, as mentioned, was soon travelling back across the continent where the type of education he required was to be found. To start for school on a Monday night knowing it will be Friday before you get there, all alone, not knowing a single soul in a big new school, and only to return to friends and relations once a year may be something of

an ordeal for a person aged 13½. But...it was part of the toughening process which our children need, to fit them for a hard post-war world, and which, with independence and self-reliance, are coming to them all, among the virile youth of Canada.

How good to our children these schools have been. Trinity College School, Port Hope, is one of the self-styled "Big Four" round about Toronto (with Upper Canada College, St. Andrews, and Ridley). Richard has visited most of these with his cricket and football teams, and may even have played against some of the Gloucestershire boys whom Col. Lennard told us about on



a previous occasion. Any English boy is welcomed; fees are reduced or deferred payment allowed. They seem to grudge nothing to their war guests even when the newcomers (who happen to be rather a bright lot) pick up prizes, scholarships and places in the teams which might have gone to the Canadian boys. In the most sympathetic reference, in the school magazine, to the new boys from what he calls "War torn England," the youthful editor expresses a modest hope that the Canadian boys "have been good hosts." Have they Not! Fine schools they are too. First class buildings; *good* education; high ideals. And their Old Boys' Rolls of Honour are as long and as honourable as any school in England.

Recently, the Governor General (The Earl of Athlone) visited T.C.S., and after the prize-giving and speeches, the 40 English boys were invited to the headmaster's garden and each one shook hands with the Governor-General and Princess Alice. "Fifteen minutes standing in a queue," comments Richard, "but *well worth it*." (I made a digression here about his missing trousers!)



From left: Richard, Jessie Topham Brown, and Owen Mackie launching one of Bill Fraser's home-made boats at Sugar Lake. Photo courtesy of Owen Mackie.

Here is one of those odd coincidences, with a faintly local interest. To inspect the school's Training Corps last summer, came one of its distinguished Old Boys, General Sir George Kirkpatrick. Proceeding down the long lines of smart Cadets, as stiff as pokers, the General stopped before one rather smaller than his neighbors. ... "What is your name?..." "Mackie, Sir." ... "Where do you come from?" "Bristol, England." ... "From Clifton?" ... "Yes, sir." ... "H'm," says the General, "I was at school on Durdham Down."



We are strictly rationed in the number of words to-night, so I am leaving out (reluctantly) his Easter holidays at Erie, Pennsylvania, with an American acquaintance [Louise and Henry Missimered]; whose letters, and the goodness of her husband and her friends, and deeds and gifts of thoughtfulness disguised with the utmost delicacy, were (and still are) such that I can hardly remember them without tears. One values the gestures towards England as well as the personal love they have given.

To return to last summer in B.C., may I give two quotations. The first is about wild life. Richard is describing a family of mountain goats espied and followed from a distance.

Much to our delight and amazement, Mother and youngster were still there. They bounded off before we could photograph, but we did some sneaking round rocks to find the old Billy...and we saw him bounding uncertainly on the practically sheer edge of Mount Fraser. While we sat there, a great golden eagle came and alighted on the mountain not more than 150 yards away...It gives me a new thrill every time I see a big, wild animal, especially ones like mountain goat which live in far away places.

In seven weeks, he had seen and recognised 65 different birds, and also had near views of bear and cubs, 14 mule deer (often in families), more goats, 7 golden eagles, and a porcupine, gophers, chipmunk and coyotes. (This boy, despite every encouragement from us, took absolutely no interest in wild life while at home. Now he is keener even than the little brother, who was always something of a nature lover).

And here are their surroundings, on a wonderful week's climbing trip to Peter's Lake, where no children had been before. Ten people went, with six packhorses, and little Owen delightedly described the preparations: "We packed all day," he says, "40 loaves of bread, and everything from soup to soap and from rice to Rinso." After plenty of adventures they reached the lake, and "began to explore around."

On the 9,000 ft mountain summit, Richard writes, "There was a wonderful view. Straight ahead and below the long stretch down to Peter's Lake seemed absolutely level. With the glasses we could see two little white dots which betrayed the presence of our camp. To the right and behind us stretched an eternal succession of mountain and valley, valley and mountain. Mr. Fraser pointed out the big mountain behind Revelstoke, and we could see the lower ranges of the Selkirks."

"Next day," he continues, "refreshed by a good night's sleep and breakfast, we all set out in another direction to Fawn Lake, taking three horses. On the way up we saw nothing but blue grouse, but the country up at the Lake was the most beautiful I have seen; an unspoiled mixture of rugged majesty, sparkling clearness, and green pasture. The Selkirk range in the distance, mountain torrents cascading down into some clear, lovely lake; and, where we were, soft green meadows, as good pasture as any in the lowlands."



*The packhorse trip to Peter's Lake in the Monashees. From left: Richard Mackie, Bill Fraser, Jessie Topham Brown, Francis Lumb, Owen Mackie, unidentified, Joyce Lumb. Photo courtesy of Owen Mackie.*

You see how the country has laid hold on him?

After a year in Canada, Richard writes (referring to our old hope of going out after the war to stay a bit and bring them home):

"It will be lovely when the war is over and you all come out. But I am not sure that I, personally, wouldn't rather stay in Canada."

Is it surprising that they feel like that?

Recent developments in the Pacific gave just at first a slight jolt to some of us parents...had we after all done the right thing? [Mary refers here to the Japanese navy's attack on the American Pacific base at Pearl Harbour, 7 December 1941.] I have been asked more than once. Don't they seem farther off than ever? Perhaps to-night's stories, and the writing of them has re-assured us. After all, why did they go? They went, didn't they, so that we their parents could do our bits, great or small, in this horrible struggle, unhampered by worrying over their children; and they went, these Children Venturers (as we might call them here, in Bristol) in order to grow up normally, to be one hundred per cent fit, when their time shall come to take up the great and all-demanding problems of the post-war world.

# Reminiscences

---

## A PREPARATION FOR LIFE

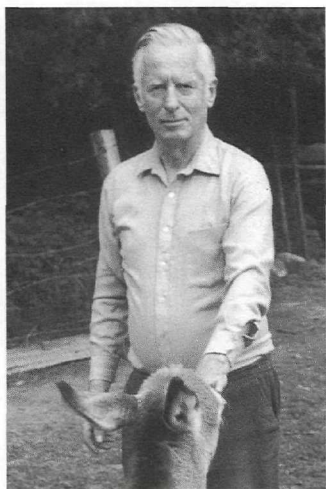
By Derek Pethick

Introduction by Richard Somerset Mackie

I met British Columbia historian Derek Pethick in Victoria in 1987 less than a year before his sudden death of an aneurism. He died on 16 May 1988 aged 68; his death came as a shock to all who knew him, as he showed signs of great vitality and longevity. He used to sweep into the Provincial Archives in search of some obscure piece of information and bustle out again moments later. For many years, Derek had invited a small group of historians and writers to a monthly party at his home near Elk Lake in Saanich. Here, on a small chicken farm, Derek lived out his solitary but active bachelor life. On my first visit, he showed me a display – on a Welsh Dresser intended for plates – of his dozen or so books, including his well-known *First Approaches to the Northwest Coast* (Vancouver: J.J. Douglas, 1976). Derek had earned a B.A. in history from the

University of British Columbia. A prolific writer, he had gone on to publish journalism and poetry as well as plays and documentaries for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Derek's first question to me was: was I related to the Mackies who ran the Vernon Preparatory School? He was pleased when I told him that Augustine (Austin) Clark Mackie, the school's founder, was my grandfather's brother. He immediately told me stories of the school. He described – in perfect detail – my great uncle's methods of corporal punishment. He told stories of Austin's legendary thrift: of how, for example, the outhouses at the school were shovelled out every summer, their contents used as fertilizer on the apple orchards. Derek also recited French limericks with perfect fluency and obvious pride.



Derek Pethick in March 1988. Photo courtesy of Richard Mackie.

---

**Richard Somerset Mackie** has recently completed his Ph.D. in history at U.B.C. and he is the author of *Hamilton Mack Laing: Hunter-Naturalist* (Sono Nis Press, Victoria, 1985). He resides in Errington, B.C.



I attended only three of Derek's parties before he died. On my second visit in January 1988, he gave me a story he had written in 1973 entitled "A Preparation for Life." He was proud of the story; he told me that he had always wanted to work on it and get it published. I photocopied the story and returned the original to him. I was struck by Pethick's natural affinity for autobiography, by his sardonic yet beautiful style, and by his critical but sympathetic recollections of my family's school. In January 1994, I sent a copy to Bob Cowan, the editor of this journal, who felt that it should be published.

A note is necessary on the text, which with a few exceptions follows Pethick's original. Derek devised pseudonyms for two characters in the story: Rev. Augustine Clark Mackie became Rev. Septimus Clarke, and Miss Maud LeGallais of St. Michael's School in Vernon became Miss LaGallienne. Similarly, the Vernon Preparatory School became the Clarke Preparatory School. I have omitted these pseudonyms in the text printed here, and I have enclosed additional information in square brackets.

## **A PREPARATION FOR LIFE**

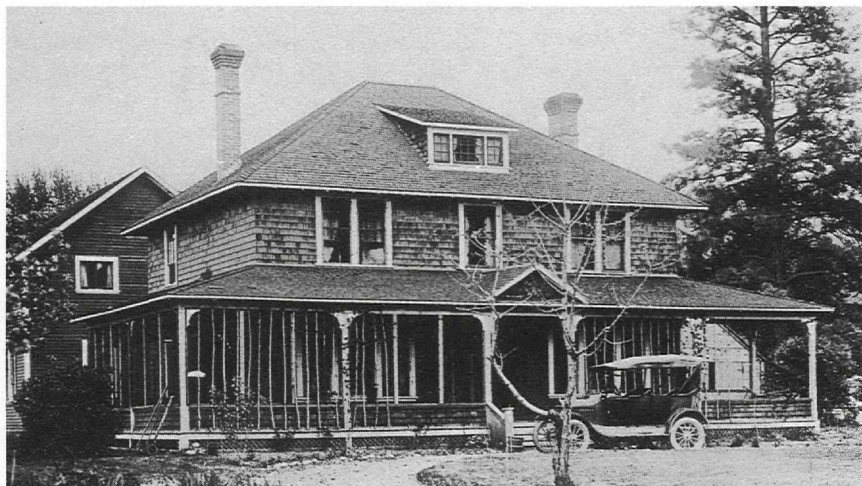
**By Derek Pethick**

That was the exact phrase in the school prospectus. As it happens, I still have a copy of it, preserved by a series of chances through several decades. Its edges are yellowing now, the paper somewhat brittle, but its note of assurance is undiminished, as it continues to promise not merely "a preparation for life" but also in due course "responsible positions either in Canada or elsewhere throughout the Empire." Such were the duties and delights in store for those so fortunate as to be enrolled by their parents in the Vernon Preparatory School for Boys.

It was situated in one of the interior valleys of British Columbia, in the pleasant countryside surrounding a modest town. The principal occupation of the local inhabitants was growing apples, and the operators of the school were also the owners of a good-sized orchard. The Headmaster, the Rev. Augustine Mackie, was an austere Anglican bachelor who had come out from England not long after the first world war (then called somewhat immodestly the Great War) and founded it. By the time I came under his supervision, the school had been in operation less than a decade, but had already made good progress toward acquiring an air of having been there much longer [in fact, Augustine Mackie founded the school in 1913].

I can recall the Headmaster still. His dress was somewhat unusual, for he always wore riding breeches and moccasins, which are not often found with a clerical collar. The moccasins, though, had one serious defect – they enabled him to move about noiselessly, no virtue in the eyes of small boys. His eyes were a bright blue, his manner austere, but his knowledge of English grammar and of the *dramatis personae* of the Bible was unquestionably detailed, and there

were few of us after a year of his instruction who could not distinguish with reasonable accuracy between the Hittites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Amakelites, and a subordinate clause. In the general conditions prevailing in the early 1930s these were, it will be admitted, no mean advantages.



*Vernon Preparatory School, Coldstream, circa 1920. Photo courtesy of the Vernon Museum.*

The headmaster's brother (who taught history and literature) was by contrast shorter, fatter, jollier, and married [Hugh Mackie]. His wife was the matron, a mannish woman with close-cropped hair, who kept us clean and healthy [Grace Mackie, nee Marle]. She saw to it that each of us had a cold shower every morning, and her sovereign remedy for all ills was a drop of "Friar's Balsam" on a cube of sugar. She would, I believe, have offered it to Charles the First on his way to the scaffold.

The third member of the teaching staff was a retired army captain who lived near by, and who taught us algebra, geometry and science [Captain Thomas Brayshaw]. He enjoyed considerable prestige in the eyes of the boys on two counts: he had a gold tooth and was able to throw a cricket-ball into the air and then catch it behind his back.

There was also a relative of the Mackies [Benjamin Marle] who kept the furnace in order and gave us "Swedish drill" to the tune (invariably "Valencia") of an old gramophone with a huge tin horn. He was evidently considered of lower social standing than the Mackies, for even we could perceive that he did not associate with them on completely equal terms. Once a week, a lady [Jessie Topham Brown] came to the school from the nearby town and we glumly and inexpertly attempted to draw or paint under her direction. Such were our preceptors, and such was the "preparation for life" which throughout the worst years of the Great Depression absorbed the energies of several dozen small boys.

The overture to each term was always a solemn one – at least for those of us who lived at the coast. In the early evening, we would begin to collect in the



vast, impersonal waiting room in the C.P.R. station at the foot of Granville Street in Vancouver; each of us a frightened little boy, but determined not to show it in front of the other boys or their grave, upper-middle class parents. In our school uniforms we naturally attracted some attention, but having been taught that between us and the nether herd there was a great gulf fixed, we bore it stoically.

Finally, the great clock in the waiting room would signal that it was time for the condemned to proceed to the place of execution, and we would make our way, still accompanied by our parents, out onto the platform. There, leaving them momentarily, we would board the train and make our way back through it to the tiny "observation platform," for a last glimpse of the knot of solemn parents standing near by. There were a few last-minute promises – to write, to be top of the Class (or "form") in the coming term – and then the dread cry "All aboard!" A first convulsive tremor of the train a few moments later was echoed in a score of tear-stained hearts; then, with gathering momentum, the train began to move, the awful gap between us and the little group on the platform inexorably widened, and in a minute more we had rounded a curve and were speeding away into the night. By noon the next day, grief forgotten, we would have arrived at the school and another term would begin.

How shall I describe our daily life there? Those who have written of the institutions in the British Isles on which ours was modelled have usually spoken of them in terms of unrepentant hostility; yet I feel no impulse to do this. The surrounding countryside seemed designed for the activities of growing boys; the discipline of the school, though it included on occasions corporal punishment, was fair and never harsh; and the well-planned days and weeks moved smoothly by. Yet there were certainly many differences between the Vernon Preparatory School for Boys and the school which the average Canadian child attends in 1973, and it may be not altogether a waste of time to set down some account of them.

It is not hard at this distance to perceive the two great supporting beams on which the framework of the school was raised. These were the Christian religion and the British Empire. The former was, in this case, the Anglican variety, but in a school containing boys from many churches, sectarian differences were minimized. Yet the general outlines of the faith that was already old when the Middle Ages were young was daily impressed on us; we had chapel each morning and twice on Sunday, and two of the regular school subjects were "Old Testament" and "New Testament." These consisted largely of the detailed study of some book of the Bible, with the emphasis heavily on the identification of its *dramatis personae*, their genealogical relation to other figures, and the location on the map of the ancient world of various places mentioned in the Sacred Text. Thus, for example, the names of the twelve tribes of Israel were familiar to nearly all of us – the more so as they were often borrowed by the Headmaster to give to the various soccer or cricket teams into which we were divided for games. The rulers of these groups of acrimonious



Hebrews also had to be memorized, and there was a time – now, alas, vanished – when, though I could not have named a single Canadian prime minister, I could place such figures as Joroboam and Rehoboam with some accuracy.

Moving (slightly) nearer to our own day, the journeys of St. Paul were traced out on the map, and we soon learned the locations of the recipients of his numerous letters. Corinth and Ephesus, Philippi and Galatia, were familiar to many who could not have found Winnipeg on the map.

To this was added the rigorous memorization of the catechism, from its deceptive opening remarks about those tantalizing figures N and M to the intricacies of its abjuration of “the sinful lusts of the flesh.” Nor was it feared that young minds might be stretched by such mental exercises into the distortions of “over-achievement;” this name for the demonstration of intelligence or ability had apparently not yet been invented or imported. At ten as at fourteen, it was assumed that we were capable of the tasks assigned to us, and, as the evidence supported this view, that was all there was to it.

The seasons of the Christian year were also emphasized, and the altar-cloths in the little chapel changed accordingly. Advent, Lent, Easter, Pentecost; we were soon familiar with their complex associations, handed down across the centuries and continents to the Reverend Augustine Mackie and thence to fifty little boys. Even at the distance of forty years, I can still recall Sunday evening services in early summer. The chapel was at the very top of the school building, and as one looked out through the open windows over the endless apple orchards glowing in the late sunlight, the familiar hymns and lessons also seemed designed to reflect the peaceful scene outside.



*The Chapel decorated for the Harvest Festival. Photo courtesy of George Mackie.*

On occasions, we were visited by the Bishop himself, a billowing and resplendent figure who instilled even more awe in us than the Headmaster. Once a year, he confirmed some trembling adolescents, who for several subsequent weeks, felt vaguely that something tremendously significant had happened to them.

This ancient rite had also what would now be termed fringe benefits. Those selected to become full-fledged Christians sat in the Headmaster's own sitting room before a good fire once a week while he impressed upon them the gravity of the step they were about to take. Afterwards, as a foretaste of heaven, there was toast and cocoa, so that the weekly session was by no means dreaded.

The exact content of these exhortations to virtue has by now eluded me, but a single incident – though conceivably not the most significant – I can still recall. At the very last meeting before the great day itself, the Headmaster, lowering his voice several octaves, announced his intention of giving us advice even more valuable and important than what had gone before. The advice when it came admitted of no qualifications or ambiguity: "Never have anything to do with fallen women."

Clearly something crucial had been said; yet what exactly did it mean? Too frightened to ask at the time, even a subsequent pooling of conjectures yielded no illumination. Then a thought struck one of us: the only person we could think of differing markedly from other members of her sex was the school's Japanese cook, Ioco.

Thereupon, at some suitable juncture, we presented ourselves to this industrious Oriental (whose name, I discovered long after I had left the school, was derived not from the land of her ancestors but from her first appearance in the Imperial Oil Company's little town near Vancouver). A spokesman for our band of earnest seekers after truth then asked her if she was a fallen woman. But she in turn was also either ignorant of this term or found it prudent to appear so, and our curiosity remained unsatisfied. No great disaster, however, ensued, occasions for lapses in this respect never obtruding themselves very forcibly in this milieu.

With regard to the Empire, there were fewer complexities. Sustained by the Royal Navy and huge red volumes of "Chums," it showed no variableness or turning, and we were content to remain under the imperial umbrella until called once more into the breach. As I recall, however, this latter contingency was then considered remote – one respect in which the first half of this grey decade was to differ so sharply from the second.

In any case, small boys are not in any genuine sense either Christians or patriots – merely dimly aware of powers greater than themselves. Our life was basically made up of lessons, games, and exploring the outdoors in our free time, and all were available in full measure.

When we reassembled in mid-September after the summer holidays, the weather was still sunny, and we played soccer after school. Then, one dark autumn day while sitting in class we would suddenly notice the first snowflakes descending from an iron sky; winter was upon us, and sleighs and skis would



soon be in use. There were no organized outdoor games in the winter (though sometimes there would be a long compulsory hike), and we devoted our efforts to making forts in the woods. There was also an outdoor skating rink at the school, and once in a while one of the local gentry would invite us all to a skating party on the nearby lake. A huge bonfire blazed on the ice under a brilliant winter moon, and even to young heathens, the experience would be impressive.

Sometimes, we were all taken to the picture show in the nearby town. All fifty of us would be piled on the back of a flat-deck truck: the little boys in the centre, the older ones sitting around the edge, their legs dangling down, and the "monitors" in the place of honour standing up behind the cab. The movie was usually one with an imperial theme – though once, due to some bad staff work, we were treated to Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," which provided, in the subsequent weeks, much material for puzzled discussion.

Sometimes at the supper table, the Headmaster or his brother would propound a riddle, with a prize of ten cents (which in those days would buy two substantial chocolate bars). On occasion, even larger fortunes were dangled before our eyes, as the Headmaster would hold up a dollar bill, and offer it to anyone who could guess its serial number. As may be surmised, this did not prove for him an expensive pastime.

A few of our meals in winter were actually more like banquets. The Headmaster shot pheasants in his spare moments, and as soon as the reverend Man of God had slaughtered, I think it was sixteen, we had a full-scale pheasant dinner, complete with bread sauce, sausages and bird shot.

The end of winter, late in the spring term, was even more dramatic than its arrival. The snow would one day become too soft for sleighs, and everywhere in the woods one could hear and see the steady dripping thaw. The little creeks of the area would be swollen and the buds would begin to form.

When we returned for the summer term, there had been a complete transformation. The snow had vanished, and the playing field, which must have been several acres in extent, was ready for cricket. Out we bravely marched with bat and pad and did our best. Occasionally, there was a match against some of the local ranchers, and for this we donned white flannels. The womenfolk of these worthies sat in the tiny pavilion at one side of the field, and as one by one we returned to it in defeat, would whinny, "Well played, Smith."

Once a year, fanatically brushed and polished, we paid a visit to a girls' boarding school on the outskirts of the town. As it was presided over by a Miss LeGallais, we privately, if ungallantly, referred to its young scholars as "galley slaves," but the label might more properly have been attached to ourselves. The proceedings invariably included an "obstacle race," arranged for our benefit, whose centrepiece was a large canvas sheet nailed to the grass, under which we were required to crawl from one end to the other. We emerged a bright and dishevelled green, and so remained for the rest of the afternoon, which may have been one reason why on these occasions nothing else ever raised its head.



Finally, there would come the June day when our trunks were laid out in the gymnasium and began to be filled with our belongings. The last morning, we piped "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing" in the chapel, were given our railway tickets and then taken to the railway station. Our first act, as we were carried out of sight, was invariably to take off our school ties which we loathed – they combined dark blue (for Oxford) with light blue (for Cambridge), and either put them in our suitcases, or, in the case of particularly wild spirits, flying them from the train.

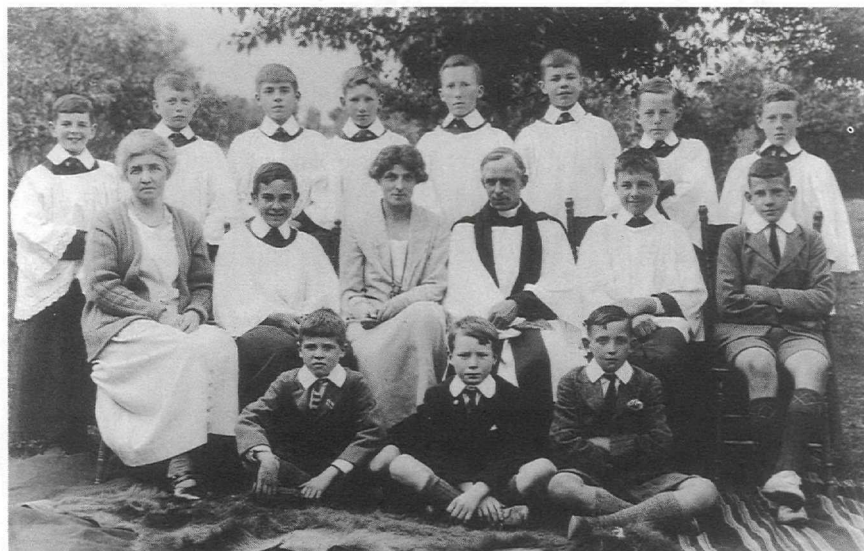
So passed four years – years more eventful for the larger world than for us. When I first arrived at the school in January 1930, the Wall Street crash must have been still a painful memory for many of our parents, and indeed its reverberations were soon to be felt even in this remote valley. Each term the number of boys fell slightly, as parents retrenched (the enrolment at Miss LeGallais' fell even faster, however, girls then being expendable, I heard later that by the time the decade ended, the revered headmistress was on "relief").

We were, of course, slightly too young to worry about our investments, or even about the price of apples, on which most of the local ranchers had wagered their future; yet even so, for a term or two, an echo of the economic crisis was heard in the corridors and playground. We had frequently heard our elders and betters repeating the mysterious phrase "a cent a pound or on the ground." Though we had no idea just what this meant, we repeated it to each other with glee. It was only some years later that I learned that this was the slogan of the local apple-growers; if they could not get a cent a pound (or forty cents a box), they would leave their fruit to rot on the trees. Indeed, I also discovered later that some members of the growers' association were so desperate at this time that they were shipping their apples out of the valley for any price they could get. Other members of the association were striving to prevent this by going out at night and felling trees across the railway line. These were not "radicals"; these were the local "best people" – a sign of what a pass things had come to in a few short years.

Yet all this was very far from our young thoughts. We did "parsing," (breaking involved sentences down into their elements); wrote a weekly composition; memorized much of the best poetry in our language; became aware of the relations of many English words to their Latin ancestors (and hence acquired some skill in guessing the meaning of unfamiliar words); learned the dates of the major events in British and Canadian history; could reproduce geometrical theorems and solve problems of some complexity based on them; were taught the rudiments of both gymnastics and military drill; and became familiar with the virtues (as they were then considered) of neatness, politeness, honesty and punctuality.

Every lesson began with ten questions based on the previous night's homework (or "preparation"). The marks gained from our written answers to these were copied into a register, and each weekend a percentage was computed of our entire week's work. This was read out in front of the entire school every Tuesday morning so that everyone knew everyone else's exact standing

in matters academic, regardless of any psychic damage to “under-achievers.” This term was apparently unknown to our preceptors, but one they used freely was “lazy,” and those suspected of this vice were invited to a conference with the Headmaster from which they emerged, if not smarter, at least smarting.



*Vernon Preparatory School choir circa 1920s. Rev. Austin Mackie and his wife centre with Miss Marle, Mrs. Mackie's sister on the far left. Note the “Eton collars” on the boys. Photo courtesy of the Vernon Museum.*

So the terms slid smoothly by. On Sunday mornings, we wore “Eton collars” of an incredibly stubborn starchiness; on the day before Lent we scrambled for fragments of a large pancake tossed high into the rafters of the gym by the Headmaster (and received prizes for the largest bits recovered, as determined by the school’s chemistry scale). If we were taking high school work, we wrote the official government examinations in June in the local town – examinations which were both set and marked in Victoria, and which determined whether or not we should proceed to the next grade.

Finally, one summer day, my participation in these varied joys came to its inevitable end, as for the last time I boarded the train for the coast. By now it was 1934; the New Deal had come to the United States, and in far away Germany, Adolf Hitler was in power. Those of us in the top form had been told something of these developments, but it is doubtful if we gave them much heed. While apples ripened or rotted and the Rev. Mackie preached his sermons, the tide of history had been rising, but probably very few were aware then how near was the great flood.



What should one say, looking back now across the decades, of the Vernon Preparatory School for Boys, and its attempts to subdue us to the useful and the good? Did its efforts – with chalk and pen, with cricket bat and cane – really achieve anything?

At first glance, it might appear not. The governorship of some remote dependency of the crown never fell to my lot; no grateful blacks and browns ever called me *Bwana*; the kings of Israel and Judah remain difficult to introduce into everyday conversation. Yet, I undoubtedly acquired a few things that are not too easily acquired today: some knowledge of both the major treasures of our language and the elements of everyday speech; a belief that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well; a continuing awareness that there are no real substitutes for knowledge, effort or character. So perhaps, after all, this is the ironic point of this story: that I did receive in the end from these resolute defenders of a now vanquished and vanished order, what they promised I would: a preparation for life.

---

## SPRING HUNGER FEED

by Edna Dignan

Many a pioneer wife remembers how early spring was a hungry time. Though cured and frozen meat were in good supply and the pantry bulging with staples freighted in by team in October, still the family was hungry. It was a hunger, we know now, caused by lack of vitamins, lack of variety. It could be assuaged only with something green and growing.

Forty years ago, on a border cattle ranch it was spring and we were hungry. Katie Lacey was my neighbour and together we scoured the countryside looking for sow thistle, broad-leaved mustard, lamb's quarters and young dandelion greens. A prime favourite among the wild crops was the *speedlum* whose dark green foliage and pretty star-like blooms made patches of thick carpet on the barren spring ranges. The plant [*Alaytonia lanceolata* Pursh or Spring Beauty] provided delicious greens and its edible roots were like small potatoes.

It was one of our pleasures to harvest the "prairie spuds" as we called them. They were clean and usually covered the ground thickly so that there was no other vegetation mixed with them. They grew in shallow, coarse soil and were easily pulled.

We used the whole plant. The root was the size and shape of a marble with a thread root foot, like a radish. The stem had a pinkish, pulpy look, almost translucent. The flat green leaves, apparently veinless, were topped by a star-like white flower.

We would pull a couple of gallons, then resting in the shade of a cottonwood tree, we would snip the tiny "spuds" from their stems. The next step was to divide our gatherings, pick up our gear and go home. Once home, the greens were washed and drained before putting thyme on to cook like spinach. They were served like spinach, too, with vinegar and hard-boiled eggs.

The vinegar, indeed, we found essential and made it ourselves to ensure a plentiful year-round supply. Often these wild vegetables were too bland, too bitter, too harsh or too mild to suit us, but a dash of our clear fruit vinegar gave just the right appetizing edge to them all.



Edna Dignan on Socks circa 1920s.

---

**Edna Dignan** was the granddaughter of Etienne Verdier, a Forty-Niner who came around the Horn to California and then moved north to Fort Victoria. Her father Frank Verdier, a noted woodsman, cut logs on what is now Granville Street in Vancouver. Edna and Bill Dignan were among the homesteaders who settled on Richter and Kruger Mountains in the 1920s. Neighbour Katie Lacey later moved down to Osoyoos where she is remembered for her contribution to the preserving of local history. This article was first published in the *Daily Colonist* in 1960, and is reprinted here with the permission of David A. Brown, Assistant Managing Editor, *Times Colonist*, Victoria.



This was especially true of our little harvest of prairie spuds. They were a special treat when prepared with time and care to make potato salad, dressed with sour cream, vinegar and seasoned to taste. The little tail-like root was pinched off clean and the spud washed and rubbed to remove the skin just as with domestic potatoes. They were tender and took only a few minutes in a small steamer to cook. Stored in a cool spot over-night, they were prepared next day as a special treat for noon dinner.

I kept a pot of multiplier onions in the root cellar all winter, bringing them into a sunny window as soon as the danger of 30 below was past. A few of these chopped fine and sprinkled among the speedlum roots, with a couple of hard-boiled eggs chopped in and served with our sour cream dressing made a delicious salad.

Preparation of the vinegar was a by-product of the fruit processing we did every summer, and a matter of absorbing interest and vital importance. The vinegar not only tuned up our monotonous diet but was used in many ways for cleaning, liniment, and in the harsh climate, was invaluable as a skin softener.

The contents of the jelly bags, the bottle rinsings and the juice from cooked fruit scraps were mixed with water and poured into a five-gallon crock kept in the warmth behind the wood stove. Occasionally, we threw in the left-over tea. Then fermentation would begin and was allowed to continue until we decided it had reached just the right flavour. At this point the brew would be strained carefully into a clean crock. The first crock would be returned to its place behind the stove, unrinsed because this sediment contained the working agent.

To the fresh crock of strained juice, we added a chunk of "mother." The "mother" was begged from another ranch wife whose larger and older household supply was made by the barrel rather than the five-gallon crock. "Mother" is the slimy film that forms on the surface of a fermented liquid after fermentation has stopped. After a period of time, it takes on a bubbled appearance and then gradually sinks to the bottom of the barrel.

When we borrowed "mother" from Mrs. Ripley, it was not a sight for the squeamish to see her plunge her arm to the bottom of the barrel and come up with what looked like a slimy handful of dark brown jellyfish. It was a 20-mile ride to bring home a quart sealer of the stuff.

After a few weeks, the "mother" was removed and stored until the next batch was ready. Then the finished vinegar was strained, brought to a gentle boil, skimmed and strained again, and bottled for use.

Forty years ago [now seventy], on the mountain-top ranch we learned the importance of "doing it yourself." We plucked and dug vitamins; we made the vinegar; we satisfied our springtime hunger.

## WHEN BABIES ARRIVED IN KILPOOLA

by Edna Slater

I was not more than three years old when my parents, Bill and Edna Dignan, left Kilpoola Lake Ranch and moved to Allenby, B.C., where my dad became a foreman in the Granby Consolidated Concentrator. Consequently, my memories of the ranch are very hazy. However, I remember many of the stories of ranch life that my mother told over the years. My favourite, of course, since it was about me, was the story of my birth on November 6, 1921.

Our nearest neighbour was Tom Anderson, a bachelor and a close friend of the family. Tom was Norwegian. His English was poor. Since he was very shy and because he always had a plug of tobacco in his lip, he scarcely ever spoke. Thus, among his less perceptive neighbours he was known as "the dumb Swede." But Tom was far from dumb. By observing, reading, and studying, he figured out the mysteries of the Model T Ford, and by scrounging and trading, he acquired the parts to build an open touring car. Tom's car was the first on the mountain and ran for some years, doing many errands for the settlement.



*William Dignan with his first child, Frances (Penny), in 1922.*

As my mother's due date approached, Tom and the Ford were standing by to take her to the hospital in Oroville, Washington, the only hospital for many miles around. Dr. Effner was practising there, and the matron was a Mrs. Smith.

In spite of careful planning, my mother went into labour as the Ford careened down the switchbacks of that rough mountain road, a road that was little better than a wagon track. With my father supporting his groaning wife, and Tom white-knuckled at the wheel, the Ford tore across the border in a cloud of dust, paying no attention to the Customs Officer who was shouting at them to stop and declare.

Being a recent immigrant himself, the customs man was particularly conscientious about his job. Roaring terrible foreign oaths, he leaped for his Model T and chased Tom right to the hospital steps. There, he and my dad engaged in an eloquent swearing match.

The matron appeared. Because of a long standing throat problem she spoke always in a whisper. "What's going on here?" she demanded. The authority in her raspy voice silenced the squabble. My father told her. "Tell him to go to hell!" she hissed. My father found it catching. "I did!" he hissed back.

The roaring turned into a laugh; the customs man retired from the fray; my suffering mother was put to bed and I was promptly delivered.

---

**Edna Slater** was the second of twelve children born to Edna and Bill Dignan who were among the families to homestead on Richter and Kruger Mountains a few miles west of Osoyoos. Mrs. Slater now lives in Crofton.



I was named Edna, nicknamed Billy, and obviously I survived. But our troubles were far from over. My mother was ailing and debilitated by her ordeal, and I was a skinny fragile infant. As to how we got back to Kilpoola, my memories of mother's stories are not sharp but I have an overall picture of three different conveyances taking us home. I think there was a car back to Osoyoos, where my father met us with a team and wagon well supplied with straw, hot rocks and blankets, for winter was well advanced. As we climbed the mountain, the snow came, and the travelling became more and more difficult, until finally it was impossible for wagon wheels. At last – I don't know how or where – we were transferred to a stoneboat and hauled the final miles to the ranch.

By this time, my mother was in a fainting condition and my father, desperate with concern for her, pitched blankets and bundles out into the snow and carried her inside, thinking only of a warm fire and hot drinks. Then he heard her feeble voice say, "Where's the baby, Bill?"

"Oh my God!" he hollered, stricken, and rushed to rescue me from the snow bank where I had been tossed, along with blankets and groceries.

There were no ill effects from that mishap, but I was not a "thriving child" as the old folks used to say. My mother explained that she had plenty of milk for me. "I flowed like a prize Holstein," she would say, "but my milk had no food in it, it was so thin and blue and Billy was starving to death."



*The Dignans' cottonwood pole barn at Kilpoola Lake circa 1922.*

"You was all head and belly like a skim milk calf," my father would put in. Nowadays, milk allergy would be diagnosed and a balanced commercial formula rushed to the rescue. At that time though, it was my mother's mother, Elene Verdier, proving up her homestead on Blue Lake, who saved me. Grandmother Verdier worked out her own version of infant formula, consisting of barley gruel and malted milk, a commercial cousin of Ovaltine. It worked, and I finally began to thrive – as did my poor mother.

Two more little girls were born to the Dignans during their ranch years. Both Jody and Lorna were born there with help from grandmother and neighbour Katie Lacey. When my older sister was expected, my mother had been sent out well ahead of time to a civilized nursing home at Saanichton.

Jody was the third child. She was premature and so tiny and frail that her bed was a cotton lined shoe box kept in the warming oven of the wood range, and her diet was barley water fed from an eye dropper. Again, it was Elene Verdier who brought this ailing infant through to healthy childhood.

Lorna, the fourth child, was also midwived at home, this time uneventfully, but she was an adventurous child. There is the story of infant Lorna lying on a rug on the back porch of the cabin, with a cane-bottomed chair placed sideways to keep her from tumbling down the steps. Mother heard a joyful chuckle, and stepped out to see what was amusing the baby. There was a big rattler coiled on the steps, and snake and baby were trying to reach each other through the gaps in the caning. Afraid of startling the pair into a fatal accident, Mother stepped softly away, picked up the rifle from inside the door, and blew the snake's head off.



*Osoyoos in July 1922.*

Other names that should be remembered in connection with Kilpoola are Charlie and Bertha Maber and their infant son, Frank. Charlie disappeared from the family and was eventually divorced, but Bertha and Frank were, and still are, close family friends.

Another Tom Anderson story is well worth the telling. Tom left the mountain finally, as other settlers did. By the early thirties, he had established a small peach orchard beside the Similkameen River, right at the border. The place had been abandoned by previous owners because of lack of water, but that didn't faze Tom.

He won a shiny new console radio in a raffle and traded it at Emmerick's Garage for an elderly Essex coupe that no one else would touch. He tuned it up and got it running sweetly. In summer, its engine powered the pump that put a fine supply of river water into his orchard. Then he'd move it to the wee McGregor Saw and cut up his winter firewood. In the fall, a car again, he piled the rumble seat with watermelons, peaches, pears and apples and drove up to visit his friends, the Dignans, on their jackpine ranch near Princeton, where a dozen children would rush to meet him screaming, "Here's Tom! Here's Tom!"



---

# VALECAIRN FARM

by Beryl Wamboldt

Probably no other part of Canada's history had as much to do with opening up the country to settlers as did the building of the railroad.

H.J. Cambie, Government Engineer, wrote, "I was surprised at the number of well informed men, many highly educated, working on this section. They were good workmen, too. Onderdonk kept a good camp, his food was of good quality and well served. The wages were two dollars a day and upwards. Outside of some five hundred Chinese there were few foreigners, mainly English speaking."

One man that left his home in Douglastown, New Brunswick, to work on the railway was Abram Gunter, a bridge builder by trade. He had married a widow, Margaret Coltart, who had three teenage children, a daughter and two sons. Unfortunately Mr. Gunter left no information as to his part in the construction of the railroad for the historian that came into the family later. From verbal family conversations it is thought that he found work on the building of the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway line.

Gunter had sent word to his wife asking her to come to the Okanagan Valley where he planned to buy land and farm. She flatly refused to leave her home and friends in New Brunswick.

## The Gunter Years

In 1892, Herman (Mike) Hupel applied for 175 acres under the Crown Grant Act, on the west side of Enderby. He paid \$1.00 per acre for 160 acres and \$5.00 per acre for the other 15 acres. These 175 acres were subsequently sold to Abram Gunter in September 1898. He had cleared about twenty acres, built a log cabin, two log barns and planted a small orchard by the time he sold to Abram.

Abram cleared a little more land and planted a much larger orchard in another area. He had four or five cows, a few chickens, and a garden. After four years alone, an ailing Gunter wrote to his stepson Richard Coltart, who had come out to Vancouver with his older brother Isaac, to ask him to come to Enderby and help him on the farm. He promised Richard that the farm would be his eventually.

Richard Coltart was 15 years old when his step-father left home. Following high school he found work in a law office in Newcastle, New Brunswick, hoping to go into the legal profession. Two other young men were working toward the same profession; while the young Dick Coltart did not carry on with the legal studies, the other two did and both became famous – one was R.B. Bennett who became Prime Minister of Canada and the other was Max Aitken who became Lord Beaverbrook and founded the vast newspaper empire in Britain.

---

Beryl Wamboldt with her husband, Percy, owned and operated Valecairn Farm for many years. She is a life-member and past-Vernon branch editor of the O.H.S.

Intrigued by the tales of the west, Dick and his brother Isaac set out for Vancouver, arriving there in 1899. The job potential was not as rosy as they had heard, but they found work enough to keep them solvent. In 1903, Dick married Louise Hall who had come from Goderick, Ontario, to visit her sister, Emma Straiton (Mrs. Art Straiton). Dick and Louise were married in the First Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, by Rev. Wilson.

In 1904, his step-father asked him to move to Enderby. It was quite a decision for the young couple to make; neither had a farm background and the young city of Vancouver was just developing into what came to be known later as "the Golden Years." With a population of 27,000, Vancouver became the centre of finance, trading and transportation, triggering land speculation and construction.

After much soul-searching, the young couple decided to go to Enderby, and arrived there on Good Friday, 1904. They lived at the Enderby Hotel while their house was being built by Jack Rothwell, who had been best man at their wedding before moving to a little farm in Grindrod. They walked two miles over the hill (back of the present hospital) every day.

Once their home was built and they were settled on the farm, they decided to go into dairying and to establish a purebred herd of Ayrshire cattle. A herd sire, Edenbank Model, was bought from Oliver Wells on the Edenbank Farm at Sardis. This was the first Ayrshire herd in the Valley and was registered under the name "Valecairn." The farm nestled like a saucer between a high heavily-timbered hill on the west and a lower hill on the east; this was the "vale," and a high natural stone cairn in the southwest corner of the cleared land was the "cairn." The Valecairn Ayrshires continued to be milked on the farm until March 1967.

More land was cleared, and a combined cattle, horse and hay barn was built. The old log barn built by Hupel became a bull pen and corral. A large pig pen and a large chicken house were built, and later a silo was added to the farm buildings.

Three horses provided the "horse power," drawing machinery for ploughing, harrowing, discing, seeding, cutting, raking, and hauling hay. A horse and buggy were used to go to town and a cutter took the buggy's place in winter. Grain was cut with a horse-drawn binder; the grain was cut, stooked and hauled to the thresher, sacked and stored to be hauled to a grinder as needed for cattle and horse feed.

There being no dairy to ship cream to in those earliest days, butter was churned on the farm and sold along with eggs and chickens in town. For home use, a pig or beef was killed, hams and bacon would be cured and beef kept in brine.

There was no hydro and no water other than wells. Calves, steers and pigs were sold to the butcher and other farmers. Later on, these could be shipped to Vancouver or Calgary. Eggs were sold to the grocer and a good credit could be built up in spring and summer that often paid for groceries well into winter.



By 1906, knowing her son was now on the farm, Mrs. Gunter moved out to Enderby, bringing with her, her daughter, Hannah, and her sister also named Hannah. They moved in with Dick and Louise and took over the management of the house, with Louise doing more of the outside work. She milked cows by hand, fed calves, tended chickens, and in summer, the garden fell to her care.

Abram Gunter died in 1915, and Margaret Gunter died in 1919. Margaret's sister had returned to New Brunswick, but Hannah Coltart lived with Louise and Dick the rest of her life.

### The Coltart Era

The first thirteen years of Richard Coltart's life on the farm were spent building up the operation. By 1917, around sixty acres of land had been cleared and were under cultivation. A road had been built in 1906 from Enderby west, passing the John Bogart farm and turning to go up the hill from the Coltart farm to Ellison Lake. It was named Gunter-Ellison Road.



*Louise and Richard Coltart in 1904. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

With the farm established, Dick began to take an interest in civic affairs. Thirty-three acres of the Coltart land were in the city limits. He served on the Enderby City Council from 1917 to 1922 inclusive and was Acting Mayor twice, in 1918 and 1923. In 1924, he became a candidate for the Provincial Party, losing to Dr. K.C. McDonald, the Liberal candidate from Vernon.

Dick was president of the Farmers' Exchange, belonged to the Knights of Pythias Lodge and St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, now the United Church. Louise belonged to the Pythian Sisters and the Ladies' Aid in the church.

But his greatest love was the North Okanagan Creamery Association or NOCA Dairy. He was a director on the board of the first NOCA Dairy formed in 1916 and in the re-organized one as well. During his years as vice-president and president from 1915 to 1939, he fought many battles, along with Manager Everard Clarke, on behalf of the North Okanagan cream shippers, NOCA being a butter-producing dairy only at that time. They fought to stop the importation of New Zealand butter and also against the large Swift organization when it invaded the local market. They won these battles.

In the spring of 1930, Dick Coltart had an appointment with a specialist in Vancouver. He was to stay with his sister-in-law and her husband, Emma and Arthur Straiton. The day before he was to leave, word came that Arthur had been killed in an industrial accident in Vancouver, March 18, 1930. He left on



*R.J. Coltart, 1939*

the train to be with Emma and her daughter, Beryl. The specialist diagnosed his troubles as hardening of the eyeball and internal troubles that began a long illness. To help run the farm, a young man came to work for him.

Percy Wamboldt was born in the small town of Caledonia in Nova Scotia on November 25, 1905. During his high school years, like many young men, he came out to the Prairies for the harvest season, mainly to the Weyburn area. Finally, one year, instead of returning home, he decided to come west with Bill Mathie, whose home was in Enderby. Bill had told him that it never got cold in B.C., and that the sun shone all year around. Having worked in a large lumber camp out of Prince Albert the previous winter, that sounded good to him.

Percy found work doing various jobs. During the summer of 1929, he cleared right-of-way for the West Kootenay Power line from Enderby to Salmon Arm. After that, he skid and hauled poles off the mountainside at Sicamous for Sam Orser during the winter of 1930.

The day that Art Straiton was killed in Vancouver, Percy had an accident with his team and sleigh, injuring his leg so badly he had to be taken to the hospital in Armstrong because the Enderby Hospital was full. The trip from Sicamous was an all day ordeal in the back seat of a car over rutty, muddy roads. Only because Mrs. George Andrews insisted Dr. Alexander be brought from Vernon was his leg saved from amputation. That summer, the doctor told him to take some "light" work so he went to the Coltart farm to coil hay, typical of his idea of light work!



After spending the next winter gyphoeing cedar logs at Adams Lake, Percy was asked to work on Valecairn Farm while Dick Coltart had an operation. By that time, the "hungry thirties" were starting to materialize, and with little money left to go back to Nova Scotia, he decided he would rather work on the farm than go into the relief camp the government had established near Mara Lake. Percy had no idea then that he would spend a good part of his life on that farm.

During 1932, the Coltarts bought the abandoned Freigh land adjoining them on the west hill. This 80 acres was used for pasture and brought the acreage up to 255 acres.

As Dick's health deteriorated, the farm work fell more and more to Percy and Louise. At that time, the only modern utility on the farm was a telephone and a cream separator that had become necessary when NOCA began to operate in 1925 and cream was shipped twice a week.

Once cream was to be shipped, vats had to be built in the basement to hold water to keep the cream cool. In early February of each year, a week was set aside to haul ice from the Shuswap River slough or from Carbert's Lake. On the river slough, the ice was cut in blocks by the Shuswap Indians under Chief Alex Jones. These were hauled home by horse team and sleigh for a nominal fee, probably about 50 cents per ton. The blocks were carefully packed with sawdust and dug out throughout the year as needed. It was a lot of hard work, but it served the purpose very well.

On April 13, 1939, Richard John Coltart died. *The Vernon News* ran the account of his death under the caption "Dairymen Lose a Valuable Leader," and his old friend H.M. Walker, printed a resume of his life in *The Enderby Commoner*.

Following Dick's death, Percy persuaded Louise to buy a DeLaval milking machine that ran off an International gas engine. This machine Louise welcomed as she was now in her sixties and had worked very hard all her life on the farm. Hannah Coltart kept the housework and did most of the cooking. She was now eighty years of age.

Emma Straiton had gone to Enderby to be with Louise when Dick died, and had taken her back to Vancouver for a visit. Just after Louise returned to Enderby, word of Emma's death came to her. Before Emma died, she asked her daughter, Beryl, to be sure to visit her aunt because they were the only two of the family left, if she should die. Beryl and her aunt had never been very close, but she did visit as her mother wished, and there she met the young man her mother had always spoken so highly of, Percy Wamboldt. On September 25, 1942, they were married quietly in St. John's United Church, Vancouver.

Beryl was no stranger to Valecairn Farm or to Enderby. She was born December 6, 1908 in Vancouver to Arthur and Emma Straiton (nee Hall) of Goderich, Ontario. Art had come to Vancouver in 1897; he married Emma secretly in Batyfield, Ontario, and left for the west on the night train. Emma was able to join him the following year. She had to travel the last part of her trip through the United States and arrived in Seattle where she had to spend the night in a hotel. 1898 was the year boatloads of men were leaving Seattle

for the Yukon gold rush, and she said she was terrified. Her hotel was not the best, and was crowded with men.

Art had found work on a rail line out of Harrison Lake that was to go to Barkerville. It was abandoned, and he returned to Vancouver to work. After Dick and Louise settled in Enderby, they asked Art and Emma to join them: Art could find work in the big mill there and Dick had some building for him to do, as he was a carpenter by trade. Beryl was not a year old when they went to Enderby, and she learned to walk in the house she later came to as a bride. During the ensuing years, there had been many vacations spent in Enderby. She left high school to work in the Light and Power Department of the B.C.E. Railway Company, and left there to marry Percy Wamboldt in 1942.

Percy's Army Call Up came the week they were married, but the leg he had injured in Sicamous kept him out of the Army; they said he was more valuable on the farm. It had been arranged that Percy and Beryl would buy the farm, and Louise and Hannah were moved to Enderby. Hannah died in 1958 and Louise in 1962.

### **The Wamboldt Era**

Because of W.W. II, there were shortages of almost everything plus a freeze on hay prices (\$9.00 per ton) for top alfalfa hay, baled. There was little changed on the farm except that haying was simplified somewhat by installing a hay track and lift. Three horses were used, two to haul the hay on a sloop and a third horse added to haul the lift cable at the hay barn so a good load could be lifted in two lifts and run well into the barn before being tripped into the mow.



*Beryl and Percy Wamboldt at Valecairn Farm. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*



At that time, there was no power line up to the farm. Oil lamps or gas lamps were used. A washer that ran off a gas motor had been bought, and a gas iron (which I never did like or use) was supposed to take the place of the old flat irons, but didn't. A Majestic Range as old as I was had a good oven and I liked it. Two wood heaters, which kept me busy filling with wood in winter, supplied the heat. Surrounded by forest, we always had good dry wood in the wood shed. This was quite a change for a young woman who was city-raised and scared to death of cows.

With the end of the war in 1945, the changing trends began to come to the rural areas that once had a cream can or two at every gate. With such progressive programs as Rural Electrification and Artificial Insemination, daily farming became a highly organized and commercialized industry. Rationing during the war had been a hardship; teen-age boys were hired to help hay and had to be fed. Extra ration coupons could be obtained in Vernon but gasoline was also rationed, so we did the best we could.

After the war, NOCA Dairy planned to expand into the fluid milk market, and talks began in 1946 to bring hydro to the rural areas of the Okanagan. This culminated in the formation of the B.C. Power Commission taking over the West Kootenay Power and Light in 1947.

During the spring and summer of 1947, the house and farm buildings on Valecairn Farm were wired; in summer, the hydro crew dug the holes for the poles, and in early winter the line was built to the farm. On December 24th, before lunch, the wires were finally hooked up and a whole new era began on the farm.

The first thing we did was rush into town after lunch to buy Christmas tree lights for our big tree already up in the living room. What a happy Christmas that was. Then the appliances from my Vancouver home were unpacked and brought from the attic where they had been stored.

The following year, water was brought to the barn, house and various troughs for the stock. (No more pumping by hand or carrying water.)

Having running water brought many changes. The first was to install water bowls in the dairy cow barn. Before long, a modern milk house was built with a controlled cooling tank and a hot water tank for washing up. Now fluid milk was picked up daily. The gas motor for the milking machine was changed to an electric one. The pig and veal operation terminated when milk was shipped...no more separating and feeding pigs and calves for veal.

Valecairn had always bought a good herd sire, mainly from Fintry Farms but also from other good Ayrshire herds. In 1954, the North Okanagan Artificial Insemination Club was organized and the farm was one of the charter members. The club struggled along until 1958 when the B.C. Provincial Government took it over. From then on, significant changes began. The improvement to the strains in dairy cows meant higher producing animals. There were higher returns to the dairymen.

Gradually, too, the farm became mechanized. When a relative on Sumas Prairie sold his farm to retire, his tractor and hay baler were purchased. Finally, all the vehicles needed were bought and the horse-drawn age was over. The horses were finally sold, too, but it was hard to part with them.

The house was modernized too, with all the usual appliances, and, of course, a bathroom.

A limited amount of timber was taken off the hills in our years; it was our watershed and we were very careful how much was cut. When we did cut to sell, the money was spent to buy the modern equipment both for the farm work and for the house. Tie logs were cut from time to time. Christmas trees were sold every few years to Kirs of Tacoma.

After many years of hard work and modernization, the farm was operating well and returns improving all the time. There were always ups and downs in the dairy business. Government regulations were needed, we all agreed, but at times they could be disastrous. Introducing milk quotas to the Okanagan put many young dairymen, just building up a herd, completely out of the milk business, while it was a boon to others. We had a man in our yard the morning it was announced, ready to buy a number of our older cows, but when that was announced we had to keep them to keep our quota. We had young cattle to replace the cows but they had no quota, of course, and it was announced that quota went with the cow.

Not long after that, open housing for cows became the big thing. Percy did not like open housing; he liked to know what each cow was eating. If one was off her feed, he knew it immediately. After several arguments with the dairy inspector and showing him a Certificate of Excellence we had just received for our year's milk, we decided not to go into debt to build a barn we did not want. So the farm was put up for sale. On April 1, 1967, Albert Ternier of North Battleford moved to the farm. We moved to Vernon.

The farm has had four families live on it since. It has had Arabian horses, beef cattle and a huge egg business, but milk has never been shipped since March 1967.

Percy Wamboldt enjoyed his years of retirement in Vernon, and he passed away on January 8, 1987, in his 82nd year.

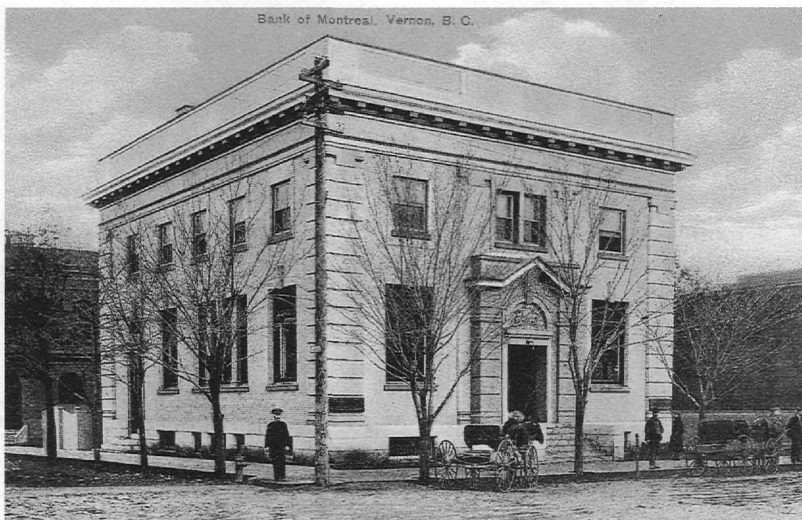


---

## BANKING THEN AND NOW

by Hilda Cochrane

I entered the service of the Bank of Montreal in Vernon on January 15, 1937. We had a staff of ten: J.E. Leslie, manager; R.C. McDowell, accountant; J. Manson, accountant's assistant; J.E.P. Henniker, liability officer; E.L. Robinson, teller; H. Woodd and J. Theed, ledger keepers; L. Collett, junior clerk; Ida Adams, senior stenographer; and myself, junior stenographer.



*The Bank of Montreal in Vernon as it was in the 1930s. Photo courtesy of Hilda Cochrane.*

We had one manual adding machine and two manual typewriters. Each bank had its own bank notes, and every morning the junior clerk would deliver the notes belonging to the Royal Bank of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce (the only other banks in Vernon at that time). He would also deliver any of their customers' cheques which had come into our office the previous day. Every day, the junior clerk would also deliver drafts to the merchants drawn on them by their various wholesalers for goods delivered. If the merchants accepted the drafts, they would sign them and the amounts would be debited to their account at the bank. The bank would then remit the amount to the wholesaler's bank.

---

**Hilda Cochrane** is a life-member of the O.H.S. She lives in Vernon where she was born "...in a cottage at the west end of Schubert Street (32nd Ave.); the house is now used as offices for three medical doctors."

All debits and credits to the customers' accounts were posted into the ledgers by hand. The teller would list the deposits on a large white sheet and the cheques on a large yellow sheet. Then I had to type the customer's name opposite the amounts. The ledger keepers would then post the amounts in the ledgers. Every morning, the accountant's assistant would verify that the amounts had been posted to the right accounts.

At first, it was difficult for me to get used to all the different forms. Items would be put on my desk and I wouldn't know what form to use, so I would have to ask the senior stenographer.

At the time I became an employee of the bank, all personal cheques had to have an excise stamp put on them, similar to a postage stamp. I believe it was a three cent stamp. There was a charge of fifteen cents on out-of-town cheques cashed or deposited, and a charge of twenty-five cents if we did not have a branch in the town on which they were drawn. The charge on cheques east of Winnipeg was twenty-five cents. Government cheques were exempt and some corporation cheques had a phrase "Negotiable without charge" on them.

Banking hours were from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. and Saturday mornings until noon. After hours, there was still considerable work that had to be done. If the last day of the month was a Saturday, then we had to work all afternoon bringing the current account passbooks up-to-date and placing the cheques written during the month with them.

At the end of some of our working days, it would be too late to take the out-going mail to the post office, so it had to be taken to the railway station. I remember on several occasions running up the main street to the station, and throwing the package of mail onto the floor of the open mail car of the train. Mr. Mackie, the mail clerk, would sort the mail on the train between Vernon and Sicamous. Our mail would arrive at the main branch of the Bank of Montreal in Vancouver the next morning.

In those early days, a teller had to be on duty all day without a lunch break. Often, he would try and eat a sandwich in his "cage" between customers.

When World War II started in 1939, it was not long before a large army camp was established in Vernon, and we had an increase in the number of accounts. By 1940, the bank clerks began leaving the bank to join the armed forces, mostly to the R.C.A.F. They were replaced by girls. The female teller was given an hour lunch period. In addition to my typing duties, I had to be a part-time teller through the lunch hours and at other busy times. Before the war, we were allowed to stay, but had to resign from the permanent staff and rejoin on temporary staff. After the war, as many of the boys did not return to work in the bank, we were reinstated to the permanent staff.

In 1943, I transferred to the Penticton Branch of the Bank of Montreal. There was a staff of eight with only one stenographer, so I was a ledger clerk. A short time later, I became in charge of saving accounts, general ledger posting, and ration coupon banking. Some time later, I took over the stenographer's post. In 1958, I transferred back to the Vernon Branch as the senior



stenographer, a post I held until I retired in December 31, 1973. By that time, we had electric adding machines, typewriters and other equipment.



*The interior of the Bank of Montreal in Vernon as it was renovated in 1952.  
Photo courtesy of Hilda Cochrane.*

After I left, tellers now have “on line” banking computers on their counters. Now, when depositing or withdrawing from accounts, the teller punches a few keys, and the transaction is immediately debited or credited to the customer’s account. What a difference from fifty years ago!

---

## OLINGER SAWMILL (CARMI, B.C.)

by John and Mary Olinger

The sawmill was purchased by J.P. Olinger and J.A. Olinger in 1950 from Fred Munson for \$30,000.00, which seemed like a lot of money at that time. It was a glorified portable and very rundown. They had applied for Timber Forest Licence #13. This was not granted until 1953.

Over the next few years, we were able to purchase new equipment, including a gang saw from Germany. The company in Germany sent a man to install it. He spoke no English, and we spoke no German. However, he had a good dictionary, and it had both languages. He lived with us and learned quite a bit of English. We had a portable hockey game and communication was quite good in a short time.

Our crew consisted mostly of Japanese Canadians who had been evacuated from the coast during the war and settled in Greenwood. A most reliable bunch they were. We later had some of their sons at the mill, working during summer holidays while at home from university. We also had many men from Rutland as well as Kelowna. We employed approximately 50 men.



*The Olinger Sawmill at Carmi in the 1950s. Photo courtesy of John and Mary Olinger.*

Eventually, we purchased a diesel electric power plant, 1000 K.W., which generated enough power to run the entire outfit. This plant came from Lac La Hache. It was so heavy we were not allowed to haul it over our new floating bridge; we had to remove the generator and haul it separately.

---

John and Mary Olinger are now retired and living in Okanagan Mission.



Then, we installed dry kilns and had a very good operation. We purchased our fuel from Kelowna, hauled by Chuck de Pfyffer, for several years. Most of our repairs were done in Kelowna. Harold Armeneau, who owned Kelowna Machine Shop, was always most obliging. He would have men available at midnight or whenever we got there, and we were usually ready to have the mill running at 7:00 a.m. I believe some of our former employees are still at the Kelowna Machine Shop.

We had no unions in those years, no hassles. If we needed a carload of lumber finished off, the men stayed as late as it took, and then had time off to compensate. They were a great crew.

Our children went to Beaverdell School by bus. We had a Post Office in Carmi, run by the Ferroux family. There were two passenger trains per day, and we got our milk by train from Penticton. We lived in the big grey house on the hill, so it was only two minutes to the train stop.

It was a wonderful time, until the big power plant burned down in 1966. We could not afford to replace it. We sold our timber rights to the Boundary Sawmills, now Pope and Talbot.

We still own the property, but all the buildings have been vandalized.

Who knows? Some day we may move back there, away from the hustle and bustle of Kelowna. If we do, we promise no parking meters if you come to visit.

Our children are all grown up, but some of their happiest memories are about Carmi.

We would be remiss if we didn't mention the Carmi Hotel. When we went up there in 1950, it was owned and operated by Mrs. Muir, quite elderly, but a very kind and caring lady. She did however, know more cuss words than the loggers. There were ten rooms for rent as well as a small convenience store on the ground floor. Cleanliness was not a priority. She had the usual bread, milk, and cigarettes. One of her tricks when someone new arrived was to pretend she could not read or write. She gave you a piece of paper and told you the prices of what you were buying; you added them up...and God help you if you cheated her. She could add faster than an adding machine and from then on, she knew if you were honest or not. She died in Kelowna years later.

Let us hope the Kelowna city limits never reach Carmi and take away the beauty of the place that was home for many years.

# Okanagan Falls

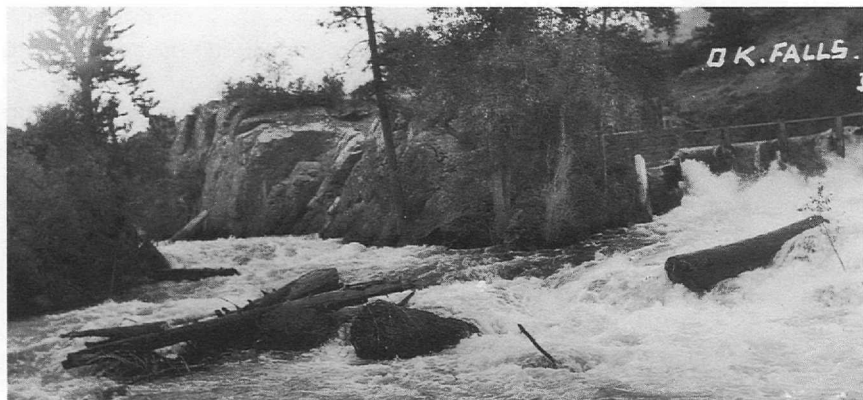
---

## OKANAGAN FALLS CENTENNIAL 1893-1993

A sketch of the history of Okanagan Falls produced in the Centennial Program supplement from Okanagan Falls' Chamber of Commerce and *South Okanagan Review*

Okanagan Falls was the dream of Oregon entrepreneur, W.J. Snodgrass. He was the front man in a syndicate which had been led to believe that land acquired at this particular spot would become a city with four railroads converging on it.

Accordingly, as he took up residence in the Falls in 1893, he had in mind his townsite plan: railway repair yards, a hospital, a college, an impressive hotel, and a downtown core. All of these buildings would be supplied with power from a generator he planned to set on the Okanagan River where it tumbled through a small gorge on its way south.



*The twin waterfalls, 1946, on the Okanagan River before blasting and present flood control dam. Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Bork.*

The place was to become the Queen City of the Okanagan lakes. In his mind's eye, it would be a distribution point serving the thriving mines in nearby Fairview and Camp McKinney, and a location to which merchants and residents would flock. The names he gave to streets in the 1893 survey plan



still survive, but the busy metropolis he envisaged never developed. Ranchers took up land on the benches and the Falls became a centre of British Columbia's cattle industry. Here, keen agriculturalists grew some of the south valley's first orchards and the forests attracted industrial giants, like Weyerhaeuser Canada.

Yet, until recent years, the Falls remained a small community, with an enviable way of life – a signpost in lovely surroundings, where the quality of living was rated very high. Today, as we celebrate Okanagan Falls' First 100 Years, Snodgrass' dream of a city designed for a lively community is taking shape. We welcome the attention we are receiving, but recognize that the next century is going to be even more challenging than the first.

This spot has attracted people for a long time. Just south of the town, there has been identified a living site of an aboriginal group which was resident here at least 2,500 years ago. In more recent centuries, the river banks became the seasonal camp for Salish Indians from Inkameep, Penticton, Similkameen, and the Columbia River, who made annual excursions to what they called Kwak-ne-ta, "the little falls." They came to spear and trap fish, and to gather berries which were plentiful on the hillsides. This was where the elders gathered to exchange news and tribal lore, a lovely spot where youngsters fell in love and marriages were arranged. Within living memory, their drying racks existed along the river.

Since 1811, the fur companies' trade route from the mouth of the Columbia River to the northern trapping country of New Caledonia passed this way and Lac du Chien ("Dog Lake," today's Skaha Lake) and Vaseux appeared on early maps of the area.

In the early 1860s, Irishmen discovered the area. Gold commissioner and law-enforcer Judge John Carmichael Haynes established himself at Osoyoos. As he built a ranching empire, it edged towards Okanagan Falls. In 1866, Tom Ellis, a Dublin man, obtained land which became the city of Penticton. In 1873, Michael Keogan, the third of this Irish trio, secured river-bordered meadow land near the "Little Falls."

A decade later, a Canadian-Scot, Roderick McLean, established a ranch on benchland east of Peach Cliff. Adjoining land was taken up by Harry Shuttleworth, his brother-in-law (they had married daughters of the Penticton chief, François) and soon the area was flourishing.

It was in this peaceful scene that W.J. Snodgrass planned his American dream – an ebullient centre for mining, agriculture, railroading, tourism, learning and graceful living. Few shared his vision. Critics spurned his proposed city, calling it disparagingly, "Dog Town."

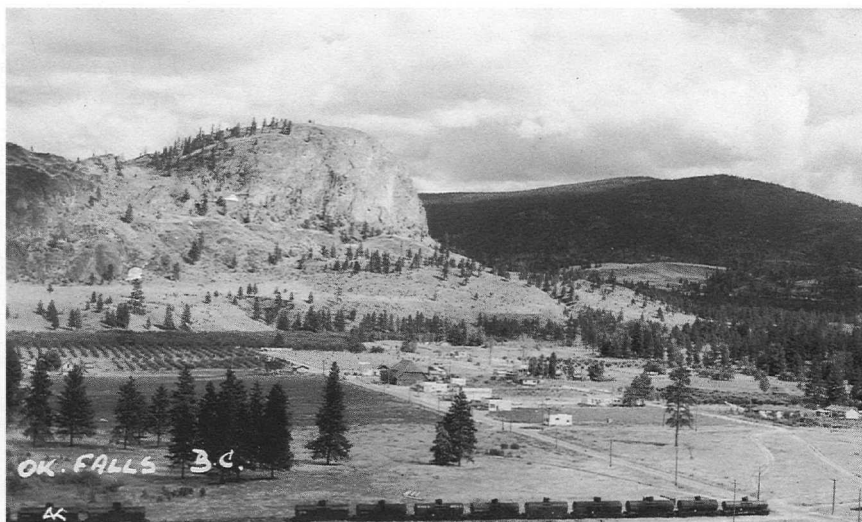
Although Snodgrass built a general store, a hotel, a bridge across the Okanagan River and established a freight line, lake traffic languished. The bigger boats were unable to navigate through the oxbows of the river at Penticton. Nevertheless, in 1896, the Falls achieved new prominence when the Gillespie family with five young children arrived to make up the number prescribed for a government-assisted school – the first in the South Okanagan.

Stage coaches from the United States were now making their way along the valley roads to the Falls and, by 1897, the Bassett brothers were living here. With their superb teams of horses, they began freighting over the mountains into the Boundary country. In 1907, a new hotel venture on the lakeshore eclipsed Snodgrass' stopping-house, and the following year, the old man retired, defeated. Even as he left (to die in Portland, Oregon), other lakeside places like Kaleden, Summerland and Peachland were being established. In comparison with them, Okanagan Falls lagged behind.

If the dream of a commercial centre was fading, men experienced in agriculture found what they sought in the Falls. By the 1890s, a Maritimer called Matheson had planted a big orchard along what is today Eastside Road. At the turn of the century, a man from the Welsh border took up a farm here. From that small beginning, the Thomas family is today one of the most prominent among the province's stockmen. The community spirit of mutual helpfulness took root and continues.

The nearby forests were being logged, and by 1908, the Falls had its first sawmill, a prelude to the lumber enterprise which today dominates the area's industry.

There were thriving peach plantations around Peach Cliff, and by 1909, brothers from another Irish family, the Hawthornes (whose name is commemorated in a mountain overlooking the Falls), had settled at Green Lake west of the Falls, on land which has been developed as one of the province's premier estate wineries.



*The community of Okanagan Falls in the mid-1940s. Peach Cliff is in the background with Bert Hall's orchard below it. In the centre is the Women's Institute Community Hall which was constructed of materials from the Alexandra Hotel and hauled across town by Harry Wolstenhome and Bob Burns with team and wagon. Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Bork.*



Okanagan Falls is situated at the northern tip of the Sonoran Desert ecological zone, stretching south to Mexico, and visitors take the opportunity of observing the unique wildlife of the area. Sponsored by the Okanagan Falls Chamber of Commerce in conjunction with B.C. Parks, the Canadian Wildlife Service and the provincial Ministry of Environment, Vaseux Wildlife Centre on Highway 97 north of Vaseux Lake offers walking trails and a viewing "hide" for bird watchers. In 1990, the B.C. Nature Trust acquired a large property which forms the backdrop western wall of the valley at Vaseux, then went on to secure more land east of the Interpretation Centre. Ducks Unlimited has also taken steps to preserve wetlands here.

There are many reasons for making certain that these areas remain ecologically intact. At least twenty-five species of birds have their homes at Vaseux. Some of these include the Canyon wren, Yellow-breasted chat, Sage thrasher, Trumpeter swan, and among the rocks, Chukar partridge. It is said that if you visit Point Pelly in Ontario, Creston in British Columbia and Vaseux, you can see all of Canada's birds.

At Okanagan Falls provincial campground, scientists come to study some of the area's rare bats.

McIntyre Bluff, created during the last Ice Age and believed to have been the southern extremity of a vast lake which ran north from this spot, is the roosting site of the rare Spotted bat, of which fewer than 100 have been found in the Okanagan. This species, with its 10-inch wing span, is the only Canadian bat with a food-locating echo-pulse which is within human hearing range.

Several plant species which occur exclusively in this area include the Pallid evening primrose. East of the highway around McIntyre Bluff, there are fine examples of the Antelope brush, locally called "greasewood."

The town remains unincorporated and its only autonomous body is the Okanagan Falls Irrigation District. Nevertheless, the work of numerous organizations like the Okanagan Falls Women's Institute, Branch #227 of the Royal Canadian Legion, the Kiwanis Club, the Lions and the Chamber of Commerce is evident. There has been a long connection with the Boy Scout and Girl Guide organizations.

There are three recent publications available on the history of the Okanagan Falls area. They include: a reprint of *The Story of Okanagan Falls* by James R. Christie and Isabel Christie MacNaughton, *Fifty Years - Three And A Half Million Cattle: A History of B.C. Livestock Producers Co-operative Association* by Morrie Thomas, and *Okanagan Orchardist: The Life & Times of Bert Hall* by Charles Hayes.

---

## OKANAGAN FALLS HERITAGE AND MUSEUM SOCIETY

by Elizabeth Pryce Bork

The Okanagan Falls Heritage and Museum Society is the result of a suggestion by Mr. Charles Hayes, a newcomer to Okanagan Falls, to hold a meeting of several members representing interested organizations and clubs in May 1982. At their first meeting, a Steering Committee was set up, whose primary task was to make recommendations regarding the future of the 1909 Bassett House, which was contained within the Mystery Village on Highway 97 South. This old building, one of three heritage buildings in the townsite of Okanagan Falls, was purchased by the Okanagan Falls Women's Institute at an auction for \$3,750.00. The Heritage and Museum Society was formed to deal with the matter of relocating the house which could not remain on the Mystery Village property.



*The Bassett House, a 1909 Eaton's pre-fab home, is brought across Shuttleworth Creek on April 1, 1985, to its original site. Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Bork.*

Several locations were considered, and financial arrangements were investigated. It was a slow process as fund raising projects for the Heritage and Museum Society within the boundaries of the small town were limited. The usual response to the letters sent to businesses, trust funds and heritage assis-

---

**Elizabeth Pryce Bork** is OHS Penticton Branch editor, and a director and past-president of the Okanagan Falls Heritage and Museum Society. She grew up in Okanagan Falls. This article was originally written for the B.C. Heritage Trust.



tance programs were reminders of the economic restraints regarding funding and/or that they were not set up to allow financial assistance toward purchase of properties. When approached, the Regional District of Okanagan-Similkameen suggested that application could be made to move the house into Centennial Park, but the society felt there would be no room for expansion as it was public property, and respectfully declined.

However, Okanagan Falls private citizens, organizations and clubs approached by the Property Committee of the Society offered donations amounting to the necessary down payment if property could be found. On September 29, 1984, a contract was signed with an Okanagan Falls businessman who offered to carry the mortgage on the former Bassett property along Highway 97 which bordered Shuttleworth Creek. Immediately, work began on clearing the land of flood debris, refurbishing a rental house for occupancy, turning a vandalized small building into a thrift shop, and preparing a base for the heritage house. On April 2, 1985, the Bassett House was moved across Shuttleworth Creek and onto a new foundation beside the lilac tree of its original setting.



*Heritage Place taking shape: the Bassett House has received a new roof and a white picket fence on the lot alongside Highway 97 South in early 1988. Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Bork.*

Grants were received from the Canada Works program (federal) and B.C. Heritage Trust (provincial), and from the Regional District of Okanagan-Similkameen (local). Society members and other interested parties turned a virtually abandoned piece of property into a delightful journey into the community's colourful past. The grounds were planted to flowering shade trees and shrubs. Wide boardwalks lent a feeling of authenticity to the grounds.

On August 16, 1986, the Okanagan Falls Heritage and Museum Society officially opened "Heritage Place" simultaneously with the heritage house.

Complete with the two Bassett family stoves, as well as furnishings and artifacts donated by members of Okanagan Falls pioneering families, this house presented to the visiting public an authentic glimpse of life during the early years of the town's history.

At the opening, society members, dressed in period costumes, served old fashioned homemade lemonade, cakes, cookies and tea to early pioneers who still reside in the South Okanagan Valley, Similkameen and Boundary country. As well, pioneers and others interested in the heritage movement travelled from all points in British Columbia and Washington State to witness the opening and extend their appreciation and best wishes to the society.



*Harvie Walker speaking at Heritage Place opening, August 16, 1986. Mr. Walker is a grandson of Dick Bassett, one of the freighting Bassett Bros. of Okanagan Falls. Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Bork.*

MP Fred King was represented at the opening by E.R. (Corky) Hewson, constituency manager. Mr. Hewson arrived at the heritage site in a 1918 truck once owned by Leir Sawmills of Penticton, which was driven by a son, Jim Leir of Kaleden. MLA Jim Hewitt and Mrs. Hewitt arrived in an antique car driven by owner Linda Lawrence of Penticton, Secretary of the Okanagan Chapter of the Vintage Car Club of Canada. Other dignitaries included Mrs. Jeanne Lamb of Kaleden, Director of Area D, Regional District of Okanagan-Similkameen, and Mrs. June Phillips from Oliver, a director of the British Columbia Heritage Society. Mrs. Phillips represented Mrs. Sue Morhun of Oliver, who was President of the B.C. Museums Association and a Director of the B.C. Heritage Trust, but was unable to be present due to a commitment in Kamloops. Rev. Derek Salter of Okanagan Falls gave the prayer of dedication. Special guests were members of the Bassett family.

A brief history of the Heritage and Museum Society and its project was given by Jack Petley, site manager. Society president Doreen Duncan thanked



the past presidents Molly Broderick, Jack Petley, Elizabeth Bork and Donna-May Thompson, as well as Jack Braun, assistant site manager, for their hard work and time. She expressed the society's appreciation to all the companies, corporations and citizens of the Falls and surrounding area for their volunteer labour, materials and financial contributions to the society. Mrs. Duncan acknowledged the tremendous assistance to the society by the federal and provincial governments. A grandson of the Bassett family, Mr. Harvie Walker of Vancouver, recaptured some of the past in his speech, closing with, "May I suggest that you consider this not just the Bassett House, but rather a house representative of all the people who pioneered here. It is the Christie house, the Hawthorne house, the Thomas and McLean houses, the Pryce, Wolstenholme, Waterman and Shuttleworth houses. It's old Mr. McKay's cabin, the Keogan shack, the SYL Ranch, Mrs. Worth's store and all the rest. I'm sure that this museum's main purpose is to recognize those incredible people who came here, settled, struggled and survived."

Mr. Hewson cut the ribbon, declaring the grounds of the heritage site open. Mrs. Florence Walker, a daughter of the pioneer Bassett family, and Mr. Hewitt shared the ribbon cutting of the heritage house and opened it to the public. As light refreshments were being served, toe-tapping music was played on a fiddle, a guitar, banjo, mouth organ and the spoons, from the back porch.

On December 4, 1985, the Okanagan Falls Heritage and Museum Society was presented with a special award by the Oliver Heritage Society, "...for their outstanding contribution to the preservation of history in the South Okanagan through their relocation and restoration of the Bassett House and the establishment of a museum village in Okanagan Falls."

Since the opening of Heritage Place in 1986, an addition was built onto the museum section of the rental house. The Museum Committee has set up displays reflecting Indian culture, the fur trade, ranching, and the military as well as a complete collection of the 1993 Centennial Celebrations. The museum building now houses display rooms, an office and kitchen, and is used as the society's meeting place. A log cabin was purchased by the society during the past centennial year and has been moved onto the site. Located beside the Thrift Shoppe, it will become part of that shop, enabling the museum to move into their addition and broaden the scope of theme displays. The Bassett House continues to reflect the turn-of-the-century lifestyle in Okanagan Falls.

---

## SOUTHERN INTERIOR STOCKMEN'S ASSOCIATION – 1943-1993

An excerpt from *Fifty Years – Three and a Half Million Cattle: A History of B.C. Livestock Producers Co-operative Association* by Morrie Thomas

In 1918, Okanagan Falls rancher John Thomas installed a set of livestock scales on his ranch, helping to establish Okanagan Falls as a rail shipping point for the Southern Interior. The Canadian Pacific Railway had previously built a loading corral at the siding about one quarter mile south of the Thomas Ranch.

In the early days, the ranchers in the Southern Interior did have some advantages over the ranchers in the remote areas of the Cariboo. The railroad came through the valleys of the Boundary country, the Okanagan and the Princeton areas, providing access to the Vancouver market. The ranchers from Keremeos and Hedley would drive their cattle to Princeton for shipment to the coastal markets. Being close to the U.S. market was also a benefit to this area.

Much of the same procedure took place as in the Cariboo. One buyer would come to the ranches, followed by another buyer a few days later and no competition was generated. Not only was there no competition at the ranch level, but on occasion, some of the cattle were shipped to Vancouver for sale. The straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak, occurred when Vern Fetterly, a local rancher, and Angus Smith, a Marron Valley rancher, sent a car load of cattle to Vancouver for sale. The cattle were loaded on the train at Okanagan Falls and never heard of again.

In 1942, a group of ranchers from the Southern Interior got together under a tree at the C.P.R. yards at Okanagan Falls. They formed the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association and elected a slate of directors to represent the area from Rock Creek to the Similkameen Valley. The directors were J.R. Christie, Vern Fetterly, Ian Brown, Frank Richter, Hal Tweddle, Bill Allen, Fred Phelps, Reg Atkinson and Johnny Bruce.

The C.P.R. donated railroad ties for posts and a large quantity of bridge timbers to build a sale yard. The large timbers were hauled up to Vern Fetterly's and Andy Rickie's sawmill above Okanagan Falls and cut into the 2 x 6's. Several work bees with volunteer labour from many ranches took place to build the yards. There was obviously some communication with the ranchers in the north to help get the first sale organized.

---

**Morrie Thomas** was born and raised in Okanagan Falls and has been actively involved in the livestock industry all his life. He was area brand inspector, and served as Yard Manager from 1968 to 1989. He was a director of B.C. Livestock Producers Co-operative Association from 1968 to 1989, and a director of the B.C. Cattlemen's Association for many years (president from 1974 to 1976).





*Southern Interior Stockmen's Association 1942 Board of Directors: (from left) Vern Fetterly, Johnny Bruce, Frank Richter, Hal Tweddle, F.C. Howell, Bill Allen, Ian Brown, Jim Christie, Fred Phelps and Reg Atkinson. Photo courtesy of Doug Cox.*

J.R. Christie was the first president of the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association. He dedicated many years of service to the establishment of the yards. Carleton MacNaughton served as the first secretary. Frank Richter, who later was elected M.L.A. for the area and became Minister of Agriculture, was very involved in the grading and organizing of the early sales. Auctioneer at the first Okanagan Falls sale was Mat Hassen, well known auctioneer from Armstrong.

The first sale was held in 1943, but it had a few problems. The cattle were all driven in about a week before the sale and graded into carload lots. At that time, hay was shipped by boxcar in bales weighing about 200 pounds from the prairies. The yards were still under construction. A set of secondhand scales had been purchased and installed. The scale inspector came a few days before the sale and promptly condemned them for improper installation. Because there was no time to get someone in to fix them, 1,200 head of cattle were driven in car load lots, the way they had been graded, down to the Thomas scales to be weighed. As the corral space was limited at the ranch, there was one lot being weighed, one lot going and one lot coming. It was quite a job keeping the cattle from being mixed during the operation because there was a creek to cross and some brush to go through.

All the livestock that sold in the early days came from throughout the Southern Interior and was driven into Ok.Falls, arriving as early as one week before the sale. There was always a large contingent of cowboys who brought the cattle into town and who could work at the sale.

The day before one of the sales in the mid-forties, all the packers, with the exception of one in Vancouver, went out on strike. The cattle were already

assembled and sorted in the yards and only one buyer came to Okanagan Falls. The people who were running the yards and the Co-op fieldsman, who regularly came to Ok.Falls to grade the cattle for the sales, sat down and negotiated with him for the sale of all the cattle.



*Stockyards at Okanagan Falls in the days of pre-grading use of the Thomas scales, late 1940s.  
Photo courtesy of Doug Cox.*

Over the years many improvements were made to the yards. There were no stands for the first sale and the buyers just sat around on the fences. Gradually, open-air bleachers were built. Alex Gardner, well known purebred Hereford breeder, put on a bull sale at the Ok.Falls yards around 1946. The weather was cold and windy. Tarpaulins were placed around the bleachers and some space heaters were brought in to try to keep people warm. After the sale, Alex donated \$500 toward putting on a roof and closing in the stands.

As the volume of cattle grew, more improvements were made. It was through the joint efforts of W.A. Clarke, a well known lumberman in the area who had a ranch up in the Marron Valley, and Alex McGibbon, a cattleman and orchardist in the Oliver area, that the sale building was completed.

In 1965, the outdoor barn was built. The Southern Interior Stockmen's Association convened two annual meetings in Penticton for the B.C. Cattlemen's Association, and the funds that were generated from these two events helped to finance a new indoor computerized ring sale and a new addition to the office.

I feel the establishment of the sales yards had a great influence on the early development of the community of Okanagan Falls. Since it was a centre for cattle marketing from Princeton to Grand Forks, it was not long before people would gather at Ok.Falls. First, a garage was established, then the restaurant, followed by a motel and the hotel.



There was a great sense of community spirit among the people involved in the Okanagan Falls Yards. I understand that the same was true for the Williams Lake Yards. Volunteers, including many of the farm women, donated much of their time and effort in the Ok.Falls Yards, as was the case in most rural communities in those early days. When the sales were first started in Okanagan Falls, there were no restaurants, so the Women's Institute filled the need and provided the food service.

In later years, a concession stand was built at the yards and was operated by the United Church Women. As the number and volume of sales increased, more people attended. The demand on the concession grew too large for the women to handle, so they shared it with other community groups, such as the Women's Institute, the Anglican Church, the Guides and Scouts, the Firemen and the Heritage Society. Running the concession helped these local groups to fund some of the community activities. Benefiting financially from the stockyards helped strengthen the bond between the local people and the people who ran the stockyard facility. Today, many local groups use the lobby area in the yards for their meetings.

However, as the community grows, a few of the residents do not appreciate some of the things, such as noise and odour, that go along with having a stockyards in the middle of town. Fortunately for the Co-op, the majority of the community are in favour of the stockyards location and recognize the contribution the agricultural community has made to Okanagan Falls over the years.

---

## LAURENCE AND ISABELLA VADER OF OKANAGAN FALLS

by Elizabeth Pryce

In the 1830s, from the Isle of Mull, Isabel Vader's maternal family, the Beatons, crossed the Atlantic bound for Canada with their daughter aboard one of many abominable ocean carriers of that decade referred to as "coffin ships." Another daughter was born at sea amid the poorest of sanitary conditions. Ten more children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Beaton while they resided in Bruce County, Ontario.

Mrs. Vader's paternal family, the Chutes, immigrated to the United States from England in the 1700s. Although Isabel's father was born in Canada, the family remained American-oriented, with her grandfather serving in the American Civil War for the North. He was captured and sent to Andersonville Prison in the South, and eventually mustered out in Minneapolis where he had enlisted.

Isabel's parents were married in Paisley, Ontario, moving to Chicago where Mr. Chute worked in the post office. It was not long before he was forced to retire because of ill health. Advised to move west to ease his problem, Mr. Chute joined his brothers in Monmouth, Oregon, while Mrs. Chute remained in Ontario.

Isabel Chute was born on October 31, 1901. It was barely two months after his move to the west coast that he died. Isabel never knew her father. Left with only three hundred dollars and a baby daughter to raise alone, Mrs. Chute moved to British Columbia to live with relatives. The farm in Ontario was sold, and Mrs. Chute and Isabel moved to Vancouver in 1908. There the widow remarried, and to this marriage twin boys were born in 1914. Isabel grew up in Vancouver and was educated there. She chose the teaching profession for her career.

A class of ten students at Okeover Arm (a village on B.C.'s coast) was Isabel's first school in 1921. In 1977, Mrs. Vader received a gift of a book from a former student at Okeover. With her husband Laurence, she travelled back to Lund and Okeover Arm for a nostalgic visit in 1978. She was warmly welcomed by many who remembered her. In 1921, her journey up the coastal waters had been by Union Steamship, disembarking at Lund, with Okeover Arm still five miles away. Only a thin trail led over the hill to Okeover, so she had to travel by small boat around the peninsula to get there.

The term at Okeover was followed by two years at Burnaby, then on to Brookmere. Arriving at the Kettle Valley Railway station of Brookmere, Miss Chute met Ruth Osborne, who was there to meet her brother, Laurence

---

**Elizabeth Pryce** is the pen-name of O.H.S. Penticton Branch Editor, Elizabeth Bork. She is involved with the museum of the Okanagan Falls Heritage Society.



Vader. Laurence was returning from a hunting trip with his father in the Merritt-Nicola Valley area. Watching the jitney come into Brookmere from Merritt was considered a "pastime" then. The crowd gathered and warmly welcomed Isabel Chute to Brookmere, a fanfare quite unexpected by the new teacher, but greatly appreciated.

Mr. Vader's maternal grandfather, Mr. McDowell, served in the American Civil War. He also spent time in Andersonville Prison, and like Isabel's grandfather, was mustered out in Minneapolis. Of Pennsylvania Dutch, the Vader family came from Holland to settle in Illinois. In this state, the daughter of the McDowells, Dora (who was born in Iowa), and the son of the Vaders, William Franklin (born in Illinois), met, married and moved to live in Cando, North Dakota, close to the Canadian border.

Born in January 1901, Laurence, one of seven children, attended Olmstead School until his father moved to Williston, North Dakota, where the family homesteaded a one hundred and sixty acre farm. Laurence could easily recall the harsh, bitter winters in North Dakota when the wind whistled through the cracks in the house walls. At night, the youngsters would warm up beside the kitchen stove and run quickly for their beds. By morning their bed covers would be draped in fresh snow, which had drifted in through seams about the windows and between the boards.

Like so many of the Okanagan Valley's early residents, the parents of Laurence Vader, as with Isabel's father, were advised to "move west" as Mrs. Vader suffered ill health, and the milder climate of the Okanagan was thought to be an advantage in regaining her strength.

The first of the family to arrive in British Columbia was Laurence's brother Jack, who came to Penticton via Molson, Washington in 1909. In 1911, Mr. Vader arrived in Keremeos, settling into employment with the Great Northern Railway. A year later, Frank, Laurence, Olive and Ruth with their mother, Lena, followed him. Delbert, the older son, remained in North Dakota on the farm. The small school in Keremeos served to educate most of the family.

In 1915, at the age of fourteen, Laurence sought and obtained work with the Great Northern Railway at Keremeos. The Vader family moved to Midway in 1917, and to Penticton in 1919, where Mr. Vader Sr. worked at Adra on the Kettle Valley Railway. Two years later, he left railroad life behind. During that year, Mrs. Vader passed away in Penticton. He then went logging in the Penticton area. Later he worked for Jim Christie on the ranch at Okanagan Falls, before going to work for George Robertson in Kaleden.

During these years, Laurence worked in the packing house in Penticton, then on the Canadian Pacific Railway lake boats, including the *S.S. Sicamous* and the *S.S. Okanagan*. He also worked on the smaller boats that pushed barges. Leaving the boats, Laurence went to work for the Kettle Valley Railway at Brookmere, Spences Bridge, Juliet, and then back to Brookmere in 1922. It was at Brookmere that Laurence Vader and Isabel Chute were married on August 24, 1926.



*From left: Henry Ford, Lawrence Mallory and Laurence Vader in the early 1940s at Okanagan Falls. The C.P.R. section house which served as the Vader residence is in the background. Photo courtesy of Eleanor Vader Walker.*

Following a seven-year residence in Juliet, where Laurence was transferred with the C.P.R., the Vaders made their last move in August 1933, to Okanagan Falls, where, for the next twenty-eight years, they resided in the section house. Mr. Vader's experiences with the C.P.R. went from deck hand on the lake boats and barges, snow service with the railway at Juliet, through the notoriously slide-plagued Coquihalla Pass, to many years as section foreman, until his retirement in 1961 at Okanagan Falls.

Residing with them at the Falls was Laurence's father, who became affectionately known to all in the community as Grandpa Vader. In 1942, W.F. Vader passed away at eighty years of age.

Laurence's brothers, Jack and Frank, both worked for the Kettle Valley Railway, Jack as an Engineer and Frank as a Conductor. A tragic accident took the life of Jack at sixty-seven years, when he was killed at the Fairview railway crossing in Penticton by the same train from which he was superannuated. Frank, the youngest of the Vader sons, still resides in Penticton.

Isabel and Laurence Vader led an active community life in Okanagan Falls, where they gave their time, knowledge and energies to many volunteer organizations. The establishment of the Okanagan Falls Credit Union in 1942 had on its board Bill Edge (the instigator of this venture), Rev. Crib of the United Church, and the Vaders, who purchased the first two shares and got it going. This Credit Union served Kaleden and White Lake as well as the Falls. Its first president was Bill Edge, followed by Trevor Jones. Lawrence Mallory was secretary for part of that first year, then Isabel took on the job of secretary-treasurer, remaining in that position for twenty-seven years. Being secretary on the Credit Union Board of Directors and operating the Credit Union was only one of many community tasks performed by Isabel.



The United Church in its beginning had on its executive Mrs. Vader as secretary. She organized "quilting bees" in the 1940s, which brought fame across the country and abroad to those local ladies. Operation of the concession stand at the stock sales of the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association was another United Church endeavour in which Isabel worked. The first "stand" was a plank nailed securely into place between two huge Ponderosa pine trees. Hot dogs, hamburgers, pies, coffee and soft drinks (and Mrs. Vader's homemade beer brought over from the section house in error in place of soft drinks!) were sold over this narrow plank. The next year, a proper stand was constructed to make life easier for the ladies.

Executive positions were also held by Isabel in the Women's Institute, in which she became a life member. For sixteen years, she was a trustee on the School Board for District #14, representing Okanagan Falls and the elementary school where she often did substitute teaching. It was on one of Isabel's "substitute" days in 1936 when the dam broke above Okanagan Falls, pouring out of the ravine of Shuttleworth Creek onto the flats. The children in school were quickly led to safety to the rocky knoll above the Okanagan River and adjacent to the C.P.R. section house. That knoll was known thereafter as Vader's Hill, and served as a refuge for the townspeople again during the June 1944 flood.

Being a member of the Chamber of Commerce, one of the original firemen, and involvement on the Water District kept Laurence busy throughout the years. Aside from these community interests and his job with the C.P.R., Laurence found time to build several orchards on lots purchased from Steeves, Worths, and the property now owned by A. Marchant. Mr. Vader also owned property along Hody Drive on the Skaha lakeshore. Thirteen houses and duplexes, moved in 1958 from Copper Mountain by Fred Bassett, were set up on these lots, and rented out. An interest in mixed farming prevailed, as Mr. Vader kept milk cows, chickens, turkeys and pigs on the lot adjoining his home.

The community hall in Okanagan Falls not only provided a meeting place, a gymnasium for young people, reception hall for weddings and anniversaries, a "dining room" for the cowboys of the stock sales, but the dance hall for everyone who attended the wonderful country dances in the 1930s and 1940s. Music was provided by Dick Bassett with his banjo, Annie Wolstenholme alternating with Evelyn Keefe on the piano, Fred Manning with a fiddle, and Laurence Vader with his button accordion. During the 1940s, other musicians joined or replaced some in this group, those being Howard Fetterly with his banjo and Bob Burns playing the banjo-mandolin and guitar. For almost two decades, Laurence's button accordion was heard from the stage. The youth of Okanagan Falls learned to dance to its rhythm.

Following Laurence's retirement from the C.P.R., the Vaders moved to their home on Willow Street, where they were visited often by their family and friends in the area. Laurence and Isabel Vader celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary during the weekend of August 24th, 1986 at an Open House in

the Okanagan Falls Community Centre, which was well attended by their many friends from the community, as well as from afar.



*Isabel and Laurence Vader at home in 1987. Photo courtesy of Eleanor Vader Walker.*

In October 1989, Laurence and Isabel Vader moved from their Willow Street home to Haven Hill Retirement Centre in Penticton. On December 11, 1989 Laurence Vader passed away at the age of 88. At 91 years, Isabella Vader passed away in the Extended Care Unit of Penticton Regional Hospital on March 6, 1993. They leave to miss them, but remember with love, son Walter Laurence (Jan) of Castlegar; daughter Eleanor (Don) Walker of Okanagan Falls; grandchildren Diane, Denise, Melody, Larry and Nels; six great-grandchildren; and a community that remembers them with affection and respect.



---

## THE UNITED CHURCH AT OKANAGAN FALLS

by Margie Christie Lindsay

In 1921, when Rev. Harry and Mrs. Feir and son Douglas arrived, there was no church building at Okanagan Falls. As part of the missionary outreach of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Feir came to serve the newly-formed Pastoral Charge of Oliver, Osoyoos and Okanagan Falls. As stated by the late Tom Nichol of Oliver, "Mr. Feir was a good man for a new district. He stressed community without much regard for denomination." Services were held in the school, and later on in the Women's Institute Hall, the former Snodgrass store. The financial statement January 17, 1922 states that the Okanagan Falls Union Congregation had given \$145 from July to December 1921.

After Church Union in 1925, mission property was held in the name of the United Church of Canada.

In January 1929, the congregation bought the old hall from the Women's Institute. There must have been a feeling of need for a real church home, because minutes of a public meeting approved accepting the offer by the United Church of Canada of the old Presbyterian Church building at Fairview. Negotiations went ahead with the provincial government for a site for the building. A letter written in June 1929 from the Department of Land states: "In respect to Lots 1-20, Block B, subdivision of part of Lots 337, 374



*The Presbyterian Church at Fairview.  
Photo courtesy of Margie Christie  
Lindsay.*

and 10, SDYD, Plan 1280, we are prepared to dispose of these parcels at our minimum price of \$2.50 per lot or a total of \$50.00 for the block. To this amount must be added a further \$10.00 for Crown Grant fee."

The church building has a very interesting history. It was built in 1899 by Rev. James Lang, a Presbyterian Minister, and many willing helpers. The exterior of the church was white clapboard. Inside, the ceiling and lower portions of the walls were of beautiful highly-varnished pine board.

A few weeks before her death, Mrs. Hester White sent my parents, Mr. & Mrs. J.R.

Christie, a photograph of the church at Fairview. Enclosed with the picture was a letter saying Rev. Lang was eighty years of age when he finished the inside of the building.

---

**Margie Christie Lindsay** has been associated with all aspects of the United Church in Okanagan Falls, as were her parents. In retirement, she and her husband, George, reside near their cattle ranch which they operated for many years at Okanagan Falls.

To dismantle the building, four sticks of dynamite were placed inside. A young boy attending school at Fairview can remember a man coming to the school to warn the teacher and pupils of the pending explosion. The resulting force loosened the nails and very little of the lumber was lost. The steeple and attractive iron cross which topped the steeple were casualties. The material was transported sixteen miles to the site at Okanagan Falls, where the church was rebuilt. An addition was added to the back of the building and a coat of stucco applied to the exterior walls. A great deal of the work was accomplished by volunteer labour.

At least \$1,000.00 was needed to meet expenses. About \$600.00 was received from the United Church Board in Toronto, half of the amount to be a loan. A subscription list promising support in days of work or in dollars, stated: "We, the undersigned, subscribe as follows toward the building of the Okanagan Falls Church on lots presently held by the United Church of Canada, with the understanding it shall be available for regular use by the United Church and Anglican denominations, on such terms for maintenance as may be agreed upon by the joint committee of the two congregations, and by other recognized denominations on request."

The church was reopened with a dedication service on January 19, 1930.

Women from both congregations formed the Women's Association (W.A.) in July, 1929. Its object was to assist in the social and welfare work of the church, to promote a spirit of goodwill and Christian fellowship, to assist in the financial support of the work of the congregation, and to study and share in the general missionary work of the church.



*Some of the "Quilting Ladies." From left at rear: Mrs. Les Clark, Mrs. Will Thomas, Mrs. Walter McCallister, and Mrs. S. Hawthorne; middle: Mrs. Jim Christie and Mrs. William Lindsay; seated: Mrs. C. Craib and Mrs. George Hawthorne. Photo courtesy of Margie Christie Lindsay.*

The W.A. became very active in raising money to meet expenses. They put on concerts, held teas and strawberry socials. Wool carding and quilting bees were held regularly. Their genuine wool quilts were much in demand as the 1932 Annual Report made clear: "An activity which grew beyond anything



we expected was the making of wool quilts. Twenty-five were made in 1932 and we are encouraged by orders waiting to be filled in 1933."

In the early 1940s, when the stockyards at the Falls were built, managing the concession stand for stock sales replaced quilt making as a major money-making activity. Delicious homemade pies and hamburgers were served. As the number of cattle sales increased, the facilities changed from a tent and rough outside accommodation to a well-equipped kitchen. As the business grew, other church and community organizations shared in this activity. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining enough volunteer help, the concession stand is now under private management. Many community organizations are grateful to the Stockmen's Association for the opportunity to raise funds.

The United Church Women (U.C.W.) continue to meet on the first Thursday of the month, as did the ladies of earlier years.

On July 25, 1957, the Scout Hall at Copper Mountain was purchased for the sum of \$100.00 and placed on a basement foundation to form the north wing of the church. This provided more accommodation for Sunday school and meetings.

Although twice threatened by floods, the church has stood tall and strong over the years. Modern heating is a big improvement over the wood-burning stoves of former years, as is the convenience of turning on lights at the flick of a switch. The sanctuary, tended by loving hands over the years, is enriched by memorial gifts and banners.

The pews we still use today were made in Fairview by Harry Jones from lumber sawn by Jim and Arthur Madden. They were used in various buildings, but made specifically for a recital given in Fairview in 1902 by E. Pauline Johnson:

Did you ever holiday through valley lands of the Dry Belt? Ever spent days and days in a swinging, swaying coach behind a four-in-hand, when Curly or Nicola Ned held the ribbons and tooled his knowing little leaders and wheelers down those horrifying mountain trails that wind russet skeins of cobweb through the heights and depths of the Okanagan, the Nicola and Similkameen countries?

If so, you have listened to the call of Skukum Chuck, as the Chinook speakers call the rollicking, tumbling streams that sing their way through the canyons with a music so dulcet, so insistent, that for many moons the echo of it lingers in your listening ears, and you will through all the years to come, hear the voices of those mountain rivers calling you to return.

How refreshing, when sitting in those historical pews, when your mind occasionally wanders, to reflect on the descriptive prose and poetry of that beloved author.

For many years the United Church was the only church building at the Falls. After an amicable relationship of thirty-four years, the Anglican congregation realized a dream of having their own church. At first, it was thought to move the vacant church of St. Barbara's from Copper Mountain. This was

found not to be practical, but the congregation received the name "St. Barbara's Anglican Church" and many of the accoutrements from Copper Mountain. St. Barbara is the patron saint of miners. The beautiful new building was made possible because of generous gifts and faithful work of the late Tom Worth. The church was dedicated in 1963.

The Roman Catholic congregation, which had previously met in various homes and halls, have since 1968, appreciated being able to hold Mass at St. Barbara's Anglican Church.

On November 15, 1981, the recently-built Okanagan Falls Community Church (Baptist), was dedicated. The congregation, organized in 1979, first met in the Community Centre (which is located in the school) and in the Legion Hall. The church has been generous in sharing their spacious facilities.



*The United Church in Okanagan Falls in 1993. Photo courtesy of Margie Christie Lindsay.*

Today, a growing population at Okanagan Falls need not find difficulty in locating a church home. It is encouraging to note that there is an upswing in the fellowship among the different churches. This sense of unity comes to the forefront during celebrations and in times of tragedy.

Our United Church congregation is pleased with the appearance of our historical church, with its new roof and fresh coat of paint. We are proud of the fact that this year we have taken a step in faith. We will no longer be an aid-receiving charge, as we have been for the past seven years when we decided to sever an historical tie to the Oliver-Osoyoos Pastoral Charge. We feel we are truly blessed with the gifts and warmth our Pastor, Jim MacNaughton, brings to his ministry and the love and support we share in our church family. We trust that by God's grace, we can be an enabling force in our community as were the pioneers of earlier years.

### **Bibliography**

*Okanagan Falls Union Congregation Minute book and papers.*

*Okanagan Falls Women's Association Minute book and papers.*

*Oliver Chronicle. Diamond Jubilee Edition, May 8, 1981.*

*Conversations with a niece of Harry Jones, Marjorie Tanner, Kathleen Thompson, Margaret Quinney and Pastor Ted Searle.*



---

## OKANAGAN FALLS WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

by Irene Mallory

On February 7, 1921, the Women's Institute (W.I.) of Okanagan Falls was registered under the Societies Act. The following month, they held their first meeting in the Alexandra Hotel near the shore of Dog Lake (now Skaha). This group was to become an active force in the small community. The following ladies were elected to the executive: Mrs. Turner, President; Mrs. Hamilton, Vice-President; Mrs. McNeill, Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. S. Hawthorne, Director; Mrs. J. Thomas, Director; Mrs. Bassett, Director.

Membership soon included the names of Beck, Chase, Christie, Clark, Corbett, Craib, Culver, Edge, Feir, Fetterly, Hawthorne, Hody, Keefe, Lindsay, McCallister, McDonald, McLean, Mitchell, Pryce, Robertson, Thomas, Walker and Wolstenholme. Today, second and third generations of these pioneer families are active members.

At their first meeting, the ladies of the W.I. got right down to business. It was decided that the fee would be one dollar per year. One of the first items mentioned at that meeting was a travelling library. Plans were also made for a whist drive and for the symphony orchestra to come from Penticton for entertainment later that month. The prizes selected were handkerchiefs for the ladies and tobacco for gents. Soap was the ladies' booby prize, while a tin of blacking was the gents'.

The monthly meetings were usually held at members' homes, with special arrangements made from time to time for use of the dining room at the Alexandra Hotel. Some of these ladies travelled many miles to participate at these meetings each month, using whatever transportation was available – horse and buggy, car or their feet. Their reward for such enthusiasm was a network of support, fellowship and enduring friendships.

The motto of the Women's Institute was "For Home And Country." To this end, they gave their utmost. They supported the school and children by providing soup and cocoa at the school throughout the winter months. They kept in close contact with families in need.

Knowledgeable speakers were invited to meetings, discussing such subjects as district nursing, wool carding, quilt making, Red Cross work, gardening, sewing and the family unit. (Their own "W.I. Quilt" was recently donated to the Heritage and Museum Society for display.) Dr. H. McGregor from Penticton spoke on child welfare at one meeting. Mrs. Jim Christie gave an interesting and instructive talk on home economics and various matters pertaining to home life, and finished with a practical demonstration of pineapple cream. Even the trussing of a fowl was demonstrated by Mrs. Parkham.

---

**Irene Mallory** and husband Paul are retired in Okanagan Falls, where they participate in community affairs. She is a member of the Women's Institute and the Heritage and Museum Society.

Money was raised by selling jams and pickles, holding whist drives, putting on teas and sponsoring dances. They began the annual community picnics held on June 3rd (King George's birthday). A speech by Mrs. J. Thomas on the neglected state of the cemetery prompted a cleanup with the help of the men. With participation by the menfolk, the wharf shed was made into a bathing house for boys and girls. The highlight of the year became the Christmas tree party organized by the W.I. with gifts such as oranges and hard candy, accompanied by the annual school concert put on by the children.

It soon became apparent to the W.I. that a more permanent accommodation was needed and to this end they purchased the old Snodgrass store. In this building, Boy Scout meetings were held along with the first Fall Fair, indoor sports and social events. At first, there were disappointments in financing and locating a suitable site; however, when the Alexandra Hotel was pulled down in October 1929, Major Hugh Fraser, a well known benefactor at Okanagan Falls, donated \$600.00 and raised another \$1,000.00 among his friends, of the first \$2,000.00 needed to make a start. The windows, doors, lumber and furnace from the hotel were used for the new building. This community hall (*O.H.S. Report* #29, p. 35), stood on the site of the present Red Barn and was owned by the W.I. until 1972, when it was sold. A well provided water for the Okanagan Falls people for many years, and the hall was eventually hooked into the system. The furnace was wood burning, stoked by one of the young fellows of the area whenever the hall was in use...not an easy job when one considers that the hall was very large and the ceiling high. Actually, the place would just be getting comfortably warm when the whist game, concert, or celebration was over and it was time to leave.



*The Okanagan Falls Women's Institute Hall circa 1960. It served the community from 1930 until 1972. An antique and second-hand business was operated under the name "The Red Barn" until it burned down in 1986. Photo courtesy of the Okanagan Falls Museum.*



During World War II, when many young men and women left to serve their country, the W.I. was busy preparing and sending off parcels to those away. They also knitted, sewed and canned for the Red Cross.

In 1943, the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association was formed. Here was not only an opportunity to raise money but also to fill a need. The community hall was used to serve breakfast, lunch and dinner to those involved with the annual stock sale. "Hard work but fun, with a wind-up dance in the evening." (W.I.'s *Historic Sketch*. March 1981.)

The library in The Falls was formed at a gas station in 1933 (the present site of Realty World). From there, it was moved to various places, among them the school and community hall. Money was provided by a government grant and always supported by the W.I., as it still is. It shelved 100 books which were changed at regular intervals by the bookmobile from Kelowna. Ruth Mallory was the librarian for twenty-five years, first as a volunteer and then receiving \$25.00 per annum, \$50.00 per annum and finally \$100.00.

When natural gas was being put through the Okanagan Valley, there were no plans to include Okanagan Falls. Members of the executive wrote to the company and were instrumental in getting gas to the community.

A little story illustrates that the ladies of the W.I. were busy people. When Joy Christie was a child and attending Sunday school, the class was asked by their teacher during a lesson, "And where was Moses' mother?" Answered small Joy, "At a W.I. meeting."

After the sale of the W.I. Hall, the ladies moved their meetings to the newly-constructed Community Centre, built in 1974 adjoining the school. Into its kitchen, they moved kitchenware, chairs and tables. They also provided a large gas stove. As is now the case, they used the club room for meetings. The annual bazaar is held in the gym, and a quilt industriously worked on during the year is raffled at this event.

In 1984, when a public auction was conducted to dispose of artifacts held in Mystery Village in Okanagan Falls, the 1909 heritage house was purchased by the W.I. The Heritage and Museum Society, in its formative stage, received the Bassett House along with a generous cash gift from the W.I. With grateful thanks, they proceeded to look for property on which to place the building. Today, the house, with two of the Bassett stoves and other donations made by area families, is open to the public at Heritage Place.

In the seventy-three years since those first women courageously started the Women's Institute in Okanagan Falls, the aims have remained the same – to support the school, the welfare of the children and the community. "For Home And Country" is still their motto.

# Biographies

---

## WILLIAM AND JESSIE MIDDLETON

by R.M. Middleton

William Alexander Middleton was born in the parish of Midmar, Aberdeenshire, on April 2, 1887. He was the second son and the youngest child of the five children of William and Catherine Middleton (for their story please see: *O.H.S. Report #50*, pp. 152-56). With his parents, brother Morrice and three sisters, Louisa, Mary and Elsie, he left Scotland for Canada in the late spring of 1892. They arrived at the Coldstream Ranch near Vernon on June 10, 1892.

His father had been persuaded to come out by Lord and Lady Aberdeen to develop the dairy element of the ranch that they had just bought. The day of his arrival as a small boy remained engraved in his mind for the rest of his life. A large crowd had turned out to meet the train (not just the Middletons he later learned), and it included the Hon. Coutts Marjoribanks, the flamboyant brother of Lady Aberdeen, who had come to take them to the ranch.

Within six months, his father moved to a 100 acre property in the northwest corner of the Coldstream Ranch that he had bought from Lord Aberdeen. Over the years, other land was acquired (about 1000 acres in all), a dairy herd developed, beef cattle raised and fruit trees planted. The dairy helped to supply the town of Vernon with milk on an increasing scale. The whole operation in time became known as Midmar Ranch after the parish in Scotland with which his parents had been associated.

Bill, or Billie, Middleton spent an uneventful boyhood. He rode (and rode well), and along with his brother Morrice and two or three hired men, helped his father run the ranch. He disliked the dairy cows, but enjoyed the beef cattle. He came to terms with his school work, but excelled at hockey, lacrosse and other sports. He entered various competitions sponsored by the provincial government to encourage young boys to improve the quality of grain production. He won substantial prize money for these efforts at fairs in Canada and the United States.

---

**R.M. Middleton** is the younger son of William and Jessie Middleton. After joining External Affairs in 1955, he served in a variety of capacities including High Commissioner to Ghana, Ambassador to South Africa and, later, to Cuba. He retired in 1992.



Bill finished high school around 1905. His older brother, Morrice, had preceded him to college in the east and he decided to follow. Like many eighteen year olds, he was not too attracted by more studying, but a combination of a determined mother and a measure of boredom with a quiet life, sent him off to Guelph in 1906 to attend the Ontario Agriculture College. He stayed there two years, gave up his studies for three years, and then went on to MacDonald College at McGill University. He thoroughly enjoyed his university years, and graduated with a degree in horticulture from McGill in 1913.

Between 1908 and 1911 and again after 1913, he lived in the eastern and southern United States. He worked first for a farm supply company and then for the extension services of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

When the United States entered World War I in 1917, Bill returned to Canada and joined the newly-formed Royal Flying Corps. The novelty and danger of flying appealed to someone who was still looking for fresh adventures at 30 years of age. He flew for the first time on May 17, 1918, and wrote that it was a "great sensation." He had one or two almost fatal stalls. He smashed a propeller when his plane somehow tipped over on its nose after it had landed.

Bill sailed for England in September 1918 as a flight lieutenant. He was assigned to a "bombing machine" not a "scout machine" because they were reserved for pilots under 25 and he was, he observed regretfully, older than that. He spoke of Auros and Handley Page bombers, but since the war had come to an end, he never had a chance to use them in action.

Bill's future wife was Jessie Marie Smith. She was the seventh child and second daughter of James Smith and Grace Millicent Anderson. Her father was a Scot who went to Jamaica as a young man, and her mother was a descendant of a landed family of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and of settlers who first arrived in the 1650s to establish plantations in Jamaica.

Jessie's family came to Nova Scotia in due course. She was born in Truro on September 5, 1890. The death of her father in 1896 left her family in "reduced circumstances," but she had a happy and contented childhood. She attended the Truro Academy where she coped with latin, and did rather better in arithmetic and algebra. She enjoyed whatever sports a young girl of that era was allowed to play. She took her matriculation in 1907 and later a secretarial course.

In 1908, her mother moved with her children to Vernon to join her eldest son, John Forsyth Smith. He had gone there three years earlier to teach, briefly edit the *Vernon News*, and later to serve with the federal government in England. Jessie arrived in a town that offered a good deal to a lively young woman. She set about to enjoy a life that she remembered as full of house parties, formal balls in the Court House, picnics, plays, and tennis at a club in town and later at the Country Club at Kalamalka Lake.

Jessie met Bill Middleton during his visits home from the United States. They saw a good deal of one another just before he joined the Royal Flying Corps. They became engaged and made plans to marry when they were

confronted by the prospect of his departure overseas. As his leave was short, they decided that she would travel east for their marriage and that they would return west together for their honeymoon. They were married in August 1918 in St. Thomas Anglican Church, Toronto, attended only by some of Bill's fellow officers.



*William and Jessie (Smith) Middleton  
on their wedding day in August 1918.*

In 1919, Bill returned from England, left the R.F.C., and joined the Department of Horticulture at U.B.C. He lectured in horticulture, and did research work in the summers in the Okanagan. In 1920, he published a report on the costs of the apple industry in the Okanagan. It was one of the first and most complete analyses of the industry and included production costs, variety distribution, average yields and land values. His report noted that wages for farm labour were \$3.50 per day, and full-bearing orchards yielded about \$1,100.00 per acre. His advice to growers was to keep accurate records

of their costs and to restrict the number of varieties in their orchards.

In May 1925, he gave up his university work and returned to Midmar Ranch, but the next year he was offered the post of provincial horticulturist in Nova Scotia. As it also carried with it teaching duties at an agricultural college in Truro, the Middletons found themselves living in Jessie's birthplace. His work was divided between teaching and travelling the length of the province to keep himself posted on agricultural developments and providing advice to the government on horticultural matters. He visited London in 1927 to assist with the marketing of Nova Scotia fruit. He also turned out a number of publications on various aspects of the fruit industry.

In 1932, there was a change of government in Nova Scotia and, as senior appointments were the gift of the government in power, Bill was forced to resign. It could not have been a welcome prospect to give up a job in the middle of the Depression, but fortunately, he could return to the ranch. Bill and Jessie arrived in Vernon in 1933, and he set out to put the orchard into the sort of shape he wanted. Labour at 25 cents an hour may have been cheap, but so were the returns on fruit and most other agricultural produce. In fact, at one point growers were demanding "a cent a pound or on the ground" for their apples.

Bill was an early advocate of fruit growers acting cooperatively to market their fruit. In the 1930s, '40s, and '50s he took an active part in the Coldstream local of the British Columbia Fruit Growers Association (or B.C.F.G.A.) serving as secretary and president. He was a strong supporter of the B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd. as the central selling agency. In the early 1920s, he had witnessed how vulnerable growers could be in attempting to dispose of their crop after it ripened and before it rotted. Buyers were in a good position to play one grower off against the other and obtain the fruit cheaply. A cooperative approach strengthened the growers' hand considerably, particularly as cold



storage facilities developed which allowed them to better control the placing of fruit on the market.

Despite the market conditions in the 1930s, Bill continued to expand his operations. Between land inherited from his parents and acreage that he bought, he developed an orchard of 50 acres. He believed that it was the largest orchard owned by a single proprietor in the North Okanagan; bigger ones were owned by companies or partnerships.

The 1920s and '30s were an agreeable period for the Middletons. They enjoyed their life in the young city of Vancouver, made a number of friends at UBC, spent most of their summers in the Okanagan and started their family with the birth of their first son, William Douglas. For its part the transfer to Truro not only gave Bill an interesting job, but allowed Jessie to renew childhood friendships and to indulge her interest in antiques. She made a number of purchases, and her children and grandchildren are the beneficiaries of her insight and discoveries. Their younger son, Robert Morrice, was born in Truro.

In Vancouver and Truro as well as in Vernon, Bill and Jessie played golf and bridge: she rather more enthusiastically than he. They were both outgoing and enjoyed their friends. Despite the Depression, Vernon was a socially active town with a well established golf club and a country club which was the setting for dances that would seem formal by today's standards. Bill also rode with the drag hunt that was organized in the North Okanagan, the first hunt west of London, Ontario. It had about a dozen hounds and hunted around the ranges of the district, including Middleton Mountain.

In 1938, Bill applied for a position at Canada House in London, concerned with fruit sales to the United Kingdom. There were some eighty candidates for the job, but he was selected for it, presumably because of his knowledge and familiarity with the fruit industry across Canada. The Middletons went to London late in 1938. They were pleased to be there and expected to remain for several years. Unfortunately, World War II broke out a year later, and with it, the end of fruit exports to England. As Bill had only been with the federal government for a short time, he could not easily lay claim to another job in London. With some disappointment, they had to leave England.

The Middletons, with their two sons, crossed the submarine-infested Atlantic and arrived back in Vernon in March 1940. Bill took over the ranch again and, concentrating mostly on fruit, expanded his acreage. He ran a successful operation in the 1940s with the help of a couple of full-time workers. There was a reasonably good demand for fruit, but the operation was not made easier by the uncertain supply of casual labour.

Like everyone else, the war dominated their lives. In 1940, Doug joined the British Columbia Dragoons and, later, the RCAF. For her part, Jessie, as mentioned in R.H. Roy's *Sinews of Steel*, started the Women's Auxiliary to the B.C. Dragoons and became its president. The organization raised money for the benefit of members of the regiment through various activities.

In 1944, Jessie was invited to join the "Rehabilitation Committee," a citizens' group set up to help Vernon develop economically in order to provide

jobs for returning servicemen. They considered a number of projects, but she was particularly interested in the possibilities of starting a film industry in the North Okanagan. Amongst others, she was in correspondence with Leonard Brockington, the first chairman of the C.B.C., who at the time was the representative in Canada of J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate. In her letter, she outlined the advantages of the Okanagan: the climate, its "British character," and the importance of weaning Canadian youth off the fare provided by Hollywood. Unfortunately, these initiatives failed, but not for want of effort and some skill in advancing a case on paper and in conversation.

In other respects, the life of the Middletons was centred on horses in the 1940s. The drag hunt of the 1930s had been superseded by the rides, gymkhanas and horse shows organized by the Vernon Riding Club and other Okanagan riding clubs. Their younger son, Bob, took an enthusiastic interest in these events. They bred a number of Thoroughbreds and Anglo Arabs which had some success at the shows between 1943 and 1950.

A severe winter in the early 1950s did considerable damage to the orchards of the North Okanagan. Even though Bill's orchard was spared, rising costs, low prices, aging trees, and shortage of labour, made fruit growing less attractive. Bill began to switch over to beef production. He raised a fine herd of Herefords which were sold more for breeding than slaughter. Some even ended up in Chile.

As the years advanced, the life of the Middletons became more centred on their family and growing grandchildren. In August 1952, Doug married Evelyn Cools, the elder daughter of the late Joseph and Vera (Wilmot) Cools. The wedding was held at the Anglican Church in Vernon and the reception at Okanagan House, the Cools' home at Carr's Landing. Doug and Evelyn's children, Beth, Bruce, Andrew, Robbie and Peter were born over the next few years and became the object of a great deal of attention on the part of their grandparents.

In 1955, Bob joined the Department of External Affairs, and Bill and Jessie followed his career with interest.

Life proceeded uneventfully in the 1960s. In 1967, they sold Midmar Ranch after seventy-five years of ownership by the family. They moved into Vernon (1905 32nd Avenue) to an attractive house which was ideal for their retirement years. They lived quietly, enjoyed frequent visits from their family and continued to take an interest in the town and world at large.

Inevitably, Bill's health declined, and he died on April 11, 1976 in his 90th year. By grim coincidence, his grandson, Robbie, died two days later of leukemia in his 19th year.

Jessie continued to live at home for the next year or more until she too became ill. She remained clear-minded if increasingly frail until her death on May 5, 1978. Gravestones were erected to their memory in the Coldstream Cemetery. It is a mile from the house where Bill first lived on his arrival in B.C. and in the shadow of the mountain named after his parents.



---

## THE KNOWLES FAMILY

by C.W. (Bill) Knowles

In writing a story on the Knowles of Kelowna, I must go back in time a generation or two to Nova Scotia.

My grandfather on my mother's side was Thomas William McKinley. He came to Nova Scotia from Glasgow around 1850, as a stowaway on a sailing ship at the age of twelve. After three days, he got hungry and gave himself up. The captain made him work his passage by putting him in the galley with strict orders to keep whistling, so he would know he wasn't eating the food. A minister and his wife in Pugwash took him under their wing until he was sixteen, and then he went to sea.

He soon got his captain's papers. Most of his life, he sailed to the West Indies, taking cargoes of lumber and returning with cargoes of rum. Not all the rum got back to port! He also built a mill on the Bay of Fundy at Hansport, and began building his own sailing ships.

His wife, Annie Hume, was born and raised in Pugwash. She was from a large family of six girls and six boys. Several of the boys came west by covered wagon and settled in Washington, Oregon and California. I visited some of them in Brownsville, Oregon.

On the 16th of November 1868, Annie boarded his sailing ship and sailed to Boston. There they got married. In those days, according to Annie, half of Boston was populated by Nova Scotians. Getting married away from our home town seems to be in our blood, as my Dad and Mother were married in Revelstoke, and Joyce and I were married in Okanogan, Washington.

My dad's father, Charles William Knowles, married Lydia Olivia Lockhart. When their first child was born, Rev. Charles Tupper, the father of Sir Charles Tupper, requested the honour of naming the child. So, he was called Herbert Charles Tupper Knowles. Later, they had four more boys and one girl.

Charles William Knowles was a highly respected business man and the publisher of the *Hants Journal*, a newspaper. He passed away in his mid-40s, leaving five boys and one girl. Soon after, Herbert died at age 18. Then the only girl died. They were living in Windsor, Nova Scotia, when it burned. They lost everything.

A few years later, the slogan "GO WEST YOUNG MAN, GO WEST" came into vogue, so they all decided to leave Nova Scotia. Milton went to Chicago, Bill to Victoria, Rob and Dad to Vancouver. While in Vancouver, learning the watchmaking and jewellery trade, he ran across Dr. Billy Knox. Dr. Knox said, "There is a small town called Kelowna that has a great future. You should move

---

C.W. (Bill) Knowles was born in Kelowna in 1908. A retired businessman, he has taken an active part in heritage conservation with the Central Okanagan Heritage Society. In 1988, he was honoured as "Man of the Year" in Kelowna.

there and set up your practice." Dad wrote his fiancé in Nova Scotia and mentioned three towns with possibilities. She said, "If Kelowna is on a lake, that's great, don't go any farther." She had grown up on the shore of the Bay of Fundy and loved the water.

In 1905, Dad opened his new store on Bernard Avenue about opposite where the Ogopogo statue is now (1993). In those days, that was the busy part of town. The sternwheelers docked there twice a day.

He soon wrote my mother, Annie Louise MacKinley, to come out to her new home, and went up to Revelstoke to meet her. They were married there. When the *SS Aberdeen* rounded the Manhattan Point, the Captain gave four blasts on the whistle. That was the sign that there was a bride on board, so the people would rush down to meet her. They were showered with rice as they came down the gangplank. There was an article in the paper that mentioned the Chinamen were quite upset, as it was such a waste of good food. Kelowna then had a population of around 600 people.



*Mrs. Annie Louise Knowles (left) and Mrs. D. Leckie in front of the second Knowles' home in 1908. Photo courtesy of Bill Knowles.*

Dad had about an acre of land on the corner of Bernard Avenue and Ethel Street, back to the lane. Their first shack was on the corner of Ethel Street and the lane. Then they built a nice house at 865 Bernard Avenue. This was where I was born. The property between us and the Dave Leckie house near the United Church was all vacant. The population had sky rocketed to about 1100 by then. Rather an interesting thing about Kelowna is that it never stopped growing, even in the Depression.



As the town progressed, they moved the business to the site of today's Betty's Kitchen Restaurant at 371 Bernard Avenue. The sign is still readable on the 2nd floor. Jim Haworth of Haworth & Sons Jewellers started work there around 1917 as an apprentice. I used to enjoy watching Dad make jewellery out of gold and silver. He would melt gold coins down for wedding rings, pour the liquid gold into a mould and then finish it off for the lady's finger.

If you are in St. Michael's Anglican Church sometime, you will see several plaques on the wall. Dad made one of them for the Moubray family, honouring two of their boys who were killed in World War I. He would cut out every letter from a sheet of brass with a jeweller's fine coping saw. Then he would file, polish and solder them to a brass plate. His name is finely engraved in one corner.

Mother was many years ahead of her time, and worked at Dad's side for many years. They had much in common. They rode horseback and hunted together. She was a crack shot and got her share of deer, pheasants, grouse and ducks. They worked very hard for the Kelowna Museum and the Okanagan Historical Society.

Dad was president of the Okanagan Historical Society from 1949 to his death in 1955. He was a charter member of the Kelowna Board of Trade, a member of the St. George's Masonic Lodge (1921), a charter member of the Aquatic Association and one of the original members of the Rotary Club about 1924. He served on the City Council from 1918 to 1928, and was chairman of the Parks Committee. He was largely responsible for the development of the city park by filling in the sloughs at the mouth of Mill Creek. Frank Buckland and he would gather up old articles and artifacts which were fast disappearing, and store them for safe keeping. Today, they are historic treasures in our museum.

Mother (Lou) was also active in many community affairs. She was president and later secretary of the Women's Hospital Auxiliary. She was also president of the Kelowna Golf & Country Club. Later, she was active in the Okanagan Historical



*J.B. and A.L. Knowles in 1948. Photo courtesy of Bill Knowles.*

Society and on the Board of Directors of the Business & Professional Women's Club. After Dad died, she was secretary/treasurer of the Okanagan Historical Society until her illness.

In the late 1930s, they went out of the jewellery business and into a partnership with Jock and Wilber Thompson, growing and shipping celery and lettuce. Dad was in that until he retired. From then on, he and Mother devoted practically all their time to the Museum and the Historical Society.

I was born on June 20, 1908. Although Kelowna had a hospital, there was no maternity ward, so I was born at home. It was a nice house, but had no such luxuries as electricity, phones, or indoor plumbing. The hand pump was outside, and my mother used to say that they could always tell who was up first by the squeak of their pump.

A few years later, we moved to a pre-fabricated house on Ethel Street. Once again, we did not have indoor plumbing. Soon after that, we moved to a lovely Dutch Colonial house on Glenn Avenue (now 1001 Lawrence Avenue). There we had our first modern plumbing and a coal furnace in the basement. We traded in our horse and buggy for a car. I remember Alf Alsgard telling me how fed up his mother was with his Dad filling up their back yard with trade in buggies. No doubt ours was one of them.

Chief Thomas gave me permission to drive the car when I was fourteen, as Dad was in the hospital. He was cranking the car and it backfired, which often happened if you didn't retard the spark lever. The crank hit him in the side and ruptured his appendix. Mother needed me to run errands, as she was running the store. Chief Thomas knew it would be safe for me to drive, as the car would only go 31 mph wide open. Of course, I tested it.

All my school days were spent while we lived in the Glenn Avenue house. We used to get one and a half hours off for lunch. So most of us walked home for lunch. There were short cuts everywhere, as the blocks weren't filled in with houses. There were not many cars and only the odd bike.

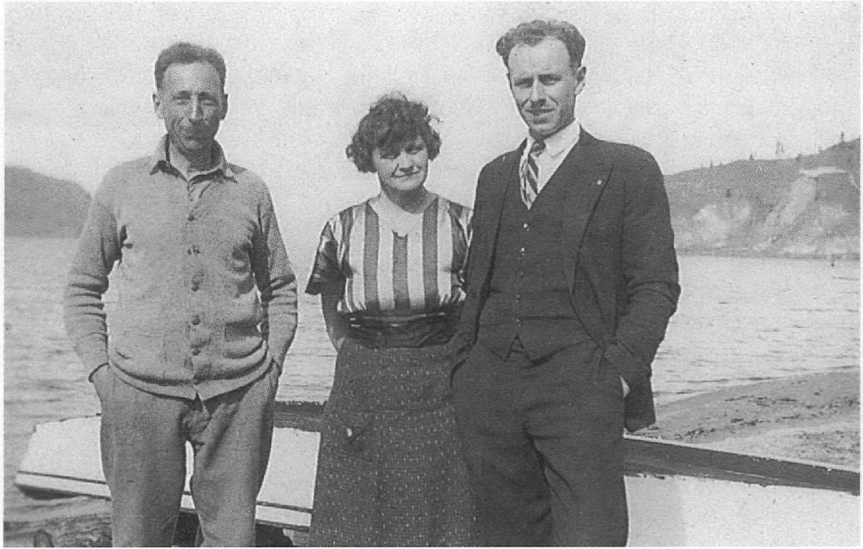
Then, on to high school, where in Grade 10, I got typhoid fever and was in the hospital for months. So, naturally, I had to repeat Grade 10, while all my friends went on to Grade 11. When they finished and left, I wouldn't go back, so I was sent to Vancouver to take a business and typing course at Sprott Shaw on Hastings Street. That experience is something I have never regretted and always found useful. While at Sprott Shaw, several of us from Kelowna stayed at a boarding house on Haro Street. We formed an orchestra: Les Elmor on piano, Tommy Laurient on the sax, Lee Gordon on the violin and me on the drums. We were very flattered to be asked to go to the radio station on Granville Street to play a couple of times.

That fall I moved to Okanogan, Washington, and worked in the hardware department of a large store. I was there for four and a half years. I left Kelowna a week or so before the bad polio epidemic hit. I lost several of my friends, including our assistant scout master. My experience in Okanogan was the turn of my life. I was out on my own, independent, and of course, got my share of surprises and bumps. The experience of the business course and the training in the hardware store helped me all my life.

In 1931, I moved to Vernon and worked for the West Canadian Hydro Electric under Cyril Parkhurst. They were a wonderful group to work for; we



were just one big family. We ran power to Sicamous and the towns in between and to Winfield. When West Kootenay had a very bad experience when hundreds of power poles went down due to heavy snow and Kelowna was without power, it was quicker to run a line from Winfield to Postill than to repair the West Kootenay line. So, we all tied in to help out Kelowna. I was the time keeper, and we bunked in at the old relief camp on the road along Wood Lake. What a relief for Kelowna when we completed the line. Until then, they were allowed only one light bulb in each house, as that was all the old steam generator by the yacht club could supply. In those days, people could at least keep warm and cook their meals, as we nearly all had wood stoves or wood furnaces.



*Jim, Lou, and Bill Knowles in the mid-1920s at Manhattan Beach, Kelowna.*

In 1933, my cousin Lockhart Knowles and I bought an old 1923 Model T Ford for \$20.00. We fixed it up for sleeping and rigged up a cooker on the manifold so we could cook our meals while travelling. We took a three month trip to California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona and Nevada. Our total cost was about \$250.00 each.

It was an interesting time to see the country. The Hoover Dam was under construction. Las Vegas was about the size of Armstrong with a gravel road and a half a dozen little gambling buildings. The concrete piers were in, but no cables were strung for the Golden Gate and the San Francisco-Oakland bridges. The freeway was to come, and the word "smog" wasn't in the dictionary. The air was lively and clean.

While in Los Angeles, we went to get some money, and the only bank we could find open was the little Canadian Bank of Commerce. Due to the Depression, nearly all of the huge American banks were closed. We also took

in the 1933 earthquake that levelled the towns of Compton, Watts, and parts of Pasadena, Long Beach and Huntington Park.

In the meantime, all my friends were getting married and raising families, but it was another three or four years before I met Joyce Jennens, the eldest of a family of six. It has been a wonderful experience to marry into that family after being an only child. We have two daughters: Diana, who lives in the suite above us (she was widowed years ago when her husband Captain Roy Smith was killed in a jet plane accident), and Sylvia, who lives in Calgary. We have four grandchildren. Diana's son Lance works for the B.C. Telephone Company in Vancouver. Sylvia had three children: Leah, David and Tara. Leah lives in Calgary and goes to college, David works in Chilliwack and still is fighting off the girls, and Tara goes to college in Vancouver. We have three great-grandchildren.

In the late 1940s or early 1950s, 14 acres of orchard went on the market at the Mission on Lakeshore Road for \$10,000. Sawmill Creek ran through it. The orchard was irrigated from a dam on the creek on the other side of the road. The south side of the creek had a large two-story house on it. The north side had a large barn. Roy Wignall bought the south side with the house for \$7,500.00. We bought the 7 acres with the barn for \$2,500.00.

We subdivided 2 or 3 acres towards the Lakeshore Road and ran a road down the side which the Registry Office named Knowles Road. We made four or five lovely lots bordering on the creek. We gradually sold them off for \$25.00 down and \$25.00 a month.

Our hopes were to make the barn into our home, and we were about halfway through the remodelling when it burned down. We lost everything, but fortunately had some insurance. At that time, there was no fire protection and no city water, just domestic pumps. We rented out there for a year or two as the horses had a good pasture, and the girls could keep on riding. As their interests gradually turned to Kelowna, we moved back and sold off the rest.

Years ago, I went into the building business and often used to say that never one morning did I get up and not want to go to work. Not too many people can say that. My regret is that I didn't go into it sooner. After retiring at 65, we have had an interesting time. We have done a lot of travelling, taken the kids on many trips, and most fortunately have enjoyed good health.

Joyce has always been interested in art and painting and has been on the Art Group Committee for years. I have followed my Dad's and Mother's footsteps by being on the Kelowna Museum Board for 35 years and also on two heritage committees and the Kelowna Branch of the Okanagan Historical Society. I will never be chairman like Dad, but do enjoy writing articles and trying to get the city to preserve historical sites before they are lost.

Joyce and I have enjoyed fifty-seven years of marriage, and have often said we have been fortunate to have lived in Kelowna at the best time of its history.



---

# THE BLAGBORNES OF SUMMERLAND

by Marion E. Hewson

The Blagborne name has long been associated with Summerland, and the contributions of various family members to both this and other communities have been well documented. From my point of view, however, their story really began when chance brought William Harley (born January 23, 1910) and Kenneth Merrill (born December 2, 1913) to my parents' home nearly sixty-five years ago.

Mr. & Mrs. William Blagborne, with seven children, originally came from Ontario, and lived in several places throughout British Columbia before settling in the Kootenays. Mr. Blagborne Sr. managed the Carlin Ranch at Fort Steele. He then worked for the Dominion Experimental Station at Windermere, and later, at Summerland and Langley.

At the end of the 1920s, the economic and employment conditions were such in less developed areas such as the Kootenay Valley that large families found the times particularly hard.

Harley and Ken Blagborne, then aged nineteen and "nearly sixteen" respectively, having heard that construction jobs were available on the Nelson-Proctor section of the railroad on the west arm of Kootenay Lake, left their home in Cranbrook with no money and hitched their way to Nelson in search of work. Along the way, they pawned their extra clothing to buy food. By the time they arrived at the railroad hiring office in Castlegar, not only were both clothes and food gone, but they discovered, to their dismay, that there were 1,500 men ahead of them on the hiring list. With the surplus of manpower in the area, the possibility of jobs in other fields of employment was hopeless, so the only alternative was to go elsewhere.

Desperately hungry, they approached the cook of a logging camp and explained their plight. The old man eyed them appraisingly for a moment, then pointed across the cluttered yard and said: "See that woodpile? Well, get busy!" Eager to prove their need, the boys dwindled the pile substantially with great enthusiasm to earn a huge meal and the cook's sympathy. Advising them to try their luck in the Okanagan, he sent them on their way with enough food for their freight car journey to Penticton, where they arrived on May 7, 1929.



*William Blagborne in 1939. Photo courtesy of Marion E. Hewson.*

---

**Marion Hewson** lives in Summerland. A retired teacher, she and her husband returned to the Okanagan following many years at the coast where she was a founding member of the Sunshine Coast Writers' Forge and the Festival of the Written Arts.

Having nowhere else to go, Harley and Ken threw in their meagre lot with the occupants of the "hobo jungle" just outside the rail yards near the Okanagan River. In those days, the river meandered at will over a wide area of south Penticton, and much of the surrounding land was mosquito-infested swamp. After days of haunting the Employment Office to no avail, one can imagine the boys' discomfort and dejection as they curled up at night on the cold, hard ground, trying to ignore their hunger and the clouds of whining insects.

Harley, the more stoical of the two, said, "We'll give it one more try. If we don't find work tomorrow, we'll go somewhere else." Giving it one more try paid off, for the next afternoon the boys happened to meet my father, E.E. (Ernie) Campbell, who had gone to the Penticton Employment Office to see if help was available. Having work only for one, he ended up helping the other. He was probably reminded of his own experience when he had first come west thirty years earlier. He gave Harley some money and sent him to a local restaurant for a hot meal, then brought Ken home where Mother won his heart by filling his stomach and my sister and I "adopted" him as our older brother.

Ken was good natured and fun-loving, practical and hard working, but always found time and energy for play with us younger ones at the end of the day. His zest for living would prove in later life to make him an achiever in whatever he chose to do. Fifty years later, during one of our reminiscence sessions, Ken told me, "I'll never forget that night! I was happy as hell as I went to bed on the screened porch of the old Lister house. I had a job, a full stomach and a comfortable bed for the first time since I had left home."

Unfortunately, his joy was short-lived, as he lay in that same bed a few weeks later suffering from a severe case of chicken pox, a "welcoming gift" from me.

Several months later, Gordon MacDougald, Summerland's rural mailman and a fruit tree sales agent who travelled the Okanagan and Similkameen areas in his business, asked my father if Ken had a brother, as he had met a Harley Blagborne working on a ranch in Keremeos. By this time, Dad had need of another hand on the farm, so sent for Harley to rejoin his brother and become a "member" of our family. (I did not realize that the boys had a different surname than mine till after I had started school in 1932.)

That first winter, the boys, with some other young men their age, camped out and cut wood by contract in Three Lake Valley behind Summerland. On Saturday, after work, Harley and Ken walked the miles through the snow down to our house for their one-day weekend. Day of rest? They barely had time to clean, eat and stock up before they had to trek back to camp in the dark to be ready for work at sunup next morning.

Probably as a consequence of this experience, as soon as spring came, Ken learned to drive the family car, a canvas top Model A Ford, and contracted to buy it. On his first excursion with it, he and his friends went on a hunting trip on the Bald Range about fifteen miles behind Summerland. In order to make an early start, they camped out on site and slept under a shelter contrived by attaching a tarp to the side of the car. One of their company was



noted for his slowness of action, so it was agreed that as the others would be leaving at daybreak, he would be responsible for dousing the breakfast fire and they would meet back at camp at sundown.

It was a crisp fall day, and one could see where hand-logging operations were going on by the blue smoke spirals from the slash fires. No one guessed the significance of the one dark column rising in the distance till they returned to camp at dusk to find only a blackened heap of twisted metal and one undamaged tire where the car had stood. Whether the tarp had fallen onto the hot embers or an errant breeze had fanned and blown a spark, which ignited the canvas cartop, was never known, but the result was a long and dark hike home with Ken rolling the tire all the way. He still owed Dad \$300, but, fortunately, insurance paid the debt.



*The remains of the Model A Ford after the fire. Photo courtesy of Marion Hewson.*

In the spring of 1930, my father bought a house and orchard in Prairie Valley at a municipal tax sale. The house was in deplorable condition, requiring weeks of repair before we could move in. The former occupants had kept chickens in the attic, riddled the floors and plastered walls with nails of all sizes including 12 inch spikes, and had obviously never heard of hygiene or garbage disposal. Harley and Ken soon proved their earlier claim that they could do anything, as they scrubbed, disinfected, painted, repaired walls and floors, and hauled away trash. They even attempted to salvage some of the garden. In the years that followed, apart from the work on the farm, orchard and in the bush, they were always interested participants in extra projects around the house and garden, all for \$30 per month and board.

The most work in those days was done with horse power. Ken loved horses and was particularly adept in their care and handling. While hauling

fruit from the orchard by team and wagon, he had occasion to teach Dad a neat trick in dealing with balky horses. One of the team was noted for its bad habit of quitting on the job and refusing to move. This day, Dad arrived on the scene in time to see Ken advancing on the misbehaving Barney in what appeared to be a threatening manner.

"Don't hit him!" Dad called. "That's no way to treat a horse." Ken did not reply, but reached for a handful of clay, opened Barney's mouth and popped it in, then picked up the reins and proceeded on his way. Dad was speechless! Enquiring later, Dad was told by Ken, "My Dad told me that all you have to do is make the horse think of something else, so I put dirt in its mouth and that did the trick."

During haying season, it was Ken's job to drive the team and distribute the load as the hay was being thrown onto the wagon. In a field on the side of Conkle Mountain, one of the hay coils contained a "coil" of a different nature, a rattlesnake. Reacting instinctively, Ken forked it up and tossed it wildly off the stack, only to accidentally land beside another member of the crew. No doubt in self defence, the snake struck at the terrified man, who ran off across the field, screaming that he had been bitten. Fortunately, the snake had missed its target and was quickly dispatched, but it took considerable persuasion from Dad and Ken to lure the man back to work.

Ken's love of horses included breaking and riding them, as well. When Ken's brother, Charlie, was with us, there were frequent opportunities to try out untrained horses, and I recall witnessing many of their mini-rodeos in our old corral. For general use, though, Ken's favourite, which he loved to race with his horsemen friends, was my sister's horse Pogo, a blue roan Indian pony. With children, Pogo was a gentle old horse, but with Ken on his back, he turned into a Pegasus and was usually the favourite to win.

Ken was a great outdoorsman, and during the lean years of the Great Depression, kept the family larder well stocked, in their season, with fresh fish, venison and a wide variety of game birds. In spite of the times, we lived rather well.

Even though Ken had sight in only one eye (the other was blinded by a bee sting when he was quite young), his ability as a marksman earned him a great number of turkeys and trophies in trapshooting competitions at the local, provincial and national levels throughout his life.

During the long winter evenings, Ken kept busy with a variety of projects. He was an avid reader of adventure stories, but poured over *Forest and Outdoor Magazines* and *Popular Mechanics*. He loved working with wood, repairing furniture or fashioning fretwork items such as jewellery and handkerchief boxes. Though he had limited equipment with which to work, his sense of perfection spurred him to produce successively more intricate and beautiful items, many of which became treasured keepsakes in our home. That time-passing interest became his life-long hobby.

About 1934, Ken gave up the horse in favour of mechanized transport, when he acquired a motorcycle, complete with a leather aviator's helmet, rider's gauntlet and goggles. It was a big Harley Davidson with a carbide head-



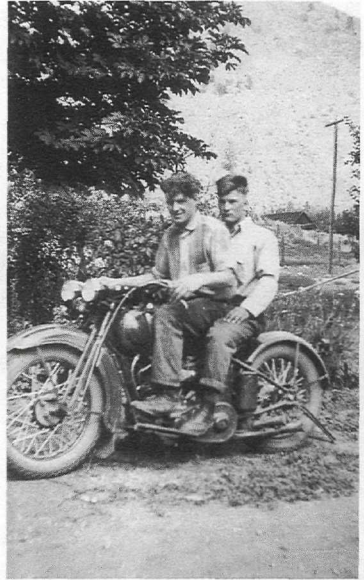
light and no muffler. It was the source of mixed reaction in the family. Mother was sure that Ken would "break his neck" on it. Dad was concerned that the noise would frighten the animals, and advised Ken to coast down the long driveway before starting it. Harley was pleased to have independent transportation for evening and weekend outings, but my sister and I were fascinated. Ken introduced us to chemistry and mechanics when he explained how the headlamp and motor worked. We were also excited by the prospects of a ride on it, though when my turn came, I was less than happy when I burned my bare leg on the manifold.

Romance came into Ken's life along with the motorcycle, as he could now court a lady in appropriate style. It was not long before he was bringing Naomi Kercher to our home regularly to swap recipes and talk flowers with Mother. Ken and Naomi were married in 1936 and established a home of their own; but for many years they "came home" for Christmas. Their son, Ray, was born January 4, 1940.

After their marriage, Ken worked for a season in Walters' Packing House in Lower Summerland, then drove truck for the B.C. Shippers, hauling fruit from various points in the Okanagan to Vernon for shipment east by rail. About 1939, he was hired as labourer on the ditching crew for the replacement of the municipal domestic water system, but soon worked his way up to the position of sub-foreman. Eventually, he became foreman of the municipal water district, a post he held for several years. In 1955, Ken became Municipal Superintendent of Public Works and later Acting Administrator for the Corporation of Summerland. In 1970, after nearly 28 years with the corporation, he suffered a heart attack and was forced to resign his duties.

Idleness was not for Ken. As soon as he recovered his health, he began work with two large engineering firms out of Kelowna, but still maintained his keen interest in civic activities in Summerland, serving two terms as alderman. With the return of temporary heart problems in 1976, Ken gave up his work in engineering, and devoted full time to his involvement with civic affairs.

Waging a successful campaign, Ken won the mayoralty race in the civic elections of November 1977. On the basis of his great practical experience and wide knowledge of regional, provincial and municipal affairs and labour relations, he was easily returned to office in 1979 and 1981.



*Ken and Harley in 1934. Photo courtesy of Marion Hewson.*

Mayor Kenneth M. Blagborne was felled by a fatal heart attack on July 19, 1982, but he left a legacy of wisdom, accomplishment and good fun that will long be remembered.

By contrast, Ken's brother, Harley, was of a quiet, practical nature, endowed with great imagination, a delightful sense of humour. He seemed to fill the role of Mr. Fixit, as it was he who ran the forge, shod the horses and repaired the wagons. For fun, he liked to tinker with materials at hand since everything had potential for second use in the 1930s. One of his contrivances was a small waterwheel on the creek made out of apple-box wood and discarded tin cans.

There was a small cornfield between the barn and the creek. I remember many pleasant hours perched beside Harley on the top rail of the corral, listening to his stories as he watered the corn by playing the hose back and forth over the rows. A few of the stories were of his past, but most were of the sea.

By 1935, the urge to go to sea could no longer be denied. Harley said "goodbye" to the Okanagan on a blustery morning in early March. Ten years slipped by before I met him again.

Harley married in the early forties and set up his home base in an apartment adjacent to Vancouver's City Hall. It was when he was shore-bound for a few months, qualifying for his Master's ticket on powered deep-sea vessels during my first year at school in Vancouver (1944-45), that I had the opportunity to catch up on those lost years. I was a frequent guest in their home, and it was almost like old times. I was still asking questions, and he was still spinning yarns!

Harley started his career as deckhand on coastal tugs towing log booms, but rapidly worked his way up the chain of command on various ships in the merchant marine of the early war years. By 1942-43, he was first mate and skipper of one of the last two remaining commercial deep-sea sailing ships on the west coast, the *City of Alberni*. It was a four-masted schooner which was pressed into service early in World War II to carry cargoes of lumber from British Columbia to Africa and Australia. On the third trip out of the home port of Vancouver, the *City of Alberni* was within sight of Valparaiso, Chile, when it was caught in a typhoon. Murderous winds and mountainous seas carried her over a hundred miles back to sea and held her as its plaything for almost a week. The ship's sails were shredded, the four masts smashed to kindling, the holds were awash, the food stores ruined and the radio was useless. The deck-load of lumber was all that kept the ship afloat. Several days later, searchers found what remained of the once proud ship, and towed it back to Valparaiso where the hulk was sold for scrap.

Because it was wartime and there was a strong German presence in Peru, the crew was placed under semi-arrest. For weeks, they haunted the authorities for clearance to return home, but were told only "...be patient, they are working on the problem." Finally, after six months of desperate waiting, the crew went on an evening tour of destruction through the streets and bars of Valparaiso, with the magical result that on the following day they were given exit permits and advised to leave immediately.



An American business acquaintance heard of their imminent departure, and asked Harley and his mates to take his young daughter with them and see that she arrived safely in Los Angeles, where she was to go to boarding school. Passage was arranged on a slow coastal steamer to Panama, where they had to transfer to train through Mexico to Los Angeles. In Southern Mexico, torrential rain caused a major washout of track, and the train was wrecked. Fortunately, no one was injured, but it meant another delay until a replacement could come from the north to get them. Whether there was an actual shortage of coaches or it was an example of the inefficiency of the rail system at that time, was never determined, but the passengers were obliged to complete the trip to Los Angeles exposed to the elements, aboard open flat cars. The crew's young charge enjoyed the adventure so much that when they finally arrived in Los Angeles, she was reluctant to leave them to return to something as tame as school.

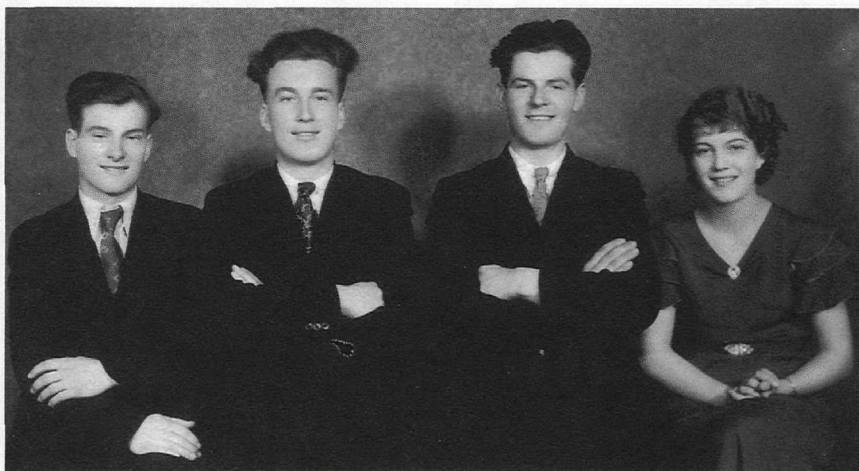
For seven years, Captain Harley Blagborne roamed on his deep-sea freighters to exotic ports around the globe, with only brief and infrequent visits home. By 1953, he had enough, and joined Island Tug and Barge Company, Victoria, where he soon became involved in a series of daring rescue and salvage operations that brought fame to him and the tugs *Sudbury I* and *II*. His first major job was to help tow four tankers through the Panama Canal to Victoria. At the time, this operation was the largest single towing operation in marine history. (*Vancouver Sun*, 12/23/69)

In November and December 1955, for 48 hours, the *Sudbury I* under Harley's command, battled hurricane conditions across the North Pacific to Siberia in aid of the disabled Greek freighter *Makedonia*. They made the miraculous tow through 70 foot seas lashed by 80-100 mph winds, 3100 miles to Vancouver.

In 1957, Harley led the rescue of the crew of a Japanese ship which had gone down in a vicious Pacific storm. Over the following years, Harley, then Captain of the *Sudbury II*, carried out other dramatic rescues in storm-ravaged seas in such varied places as Japan, Midway, the Caribbean and the Oregon coast.

The world lost a hero on December 23, 1969 when Harley, age 59, succumbed to a heart attack while still on the job, supervising the salvage of a runaway log barge off the southern tip of Vancouver Island. He was survived by his wife, Anne and one daughter, Anna.

Between 1930 and 1939, our house in Prairie Valley became a temporary home to three other members of the Blagborne family: Charlie, Ethel and Bruce. Charles W. (born October 21, 1911), handsome and easy-going, rode into our yard one afternoon in the fall of 1931. Dressed in chaps, sheepskin jacket and black Stetson hat, astride an enormous black horse called Tex, he had just finished a job rounding up wild horses up the valley and was moving on. While passing through, he decided to stop by for a few minutes to see how Harley and Ken were. Mother set another place at the table and the "few minutes" became a few years.



*The Blagborne Family in 1934 (from left): Harley, Charlie, Ken and Ethel. A Lumb Stocks photo, courtesy of Marion Hewson.*

Charlie had a passion for horses: the wilder, the better. He was frequently called upon to break them for riding. One of his extra-curricular adventures involved him in herding a band of wild horses from the Okanagan to the coast, over the old Hope-Princeton Trail. In spite of my parents' concern, he left in high spirits one sunny fall morning with a casual "See you!" Many weeks later, he emerged out of a snow storm. Though half-frozen, starved and exhausted, he could still produce a cheerful grin and summed up his adventure by saying, "It wasn't so bad."

Charlie married Pauline Bettuzzi in 1934, and they had two sons, Gary and Richard. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force early in the war and, sadly, was lost on a bombing raid in 1944.

Ken and Harley persuaded their younger sister, Ethel Irene (born Dec 2, 1917), to join our family in the summer of 1932, and for a time, we were a family of eight. On Christmas morning, I was perplexed by the burst of laughter from everyone when I spotted the draped parcel on top of the piano, and after sniffing it curiously, announced that it must be a turkey, for it surely smelled like one. I only understood their amusement later when the item was unveiled. It was a gift to my mother from all the Blagbornes – a pretty canary named Dickie, who was to surround us with song for many years.

Ethel was my mother's "helper" until our numbers were reduced when Charlie married and Harley left to fulfil his destiny. Though ill herself, she ably nursed the family through the flu epidemic in the spring of 1935, then went to work in the fall at a "real" job in one of the local packing houses. She married Walter Bleasdale in December of 1936. They had four children: William, Marion (Marney), Donald (Bobby) and Noreen. Ethel passed away in Penticton on October 8, 1991 at age 74.



Bruce Taylor (born August 8, 1921), the fifth Blagborne to come to our home (1936), was with us a short time until he joined the paratroopers in 1939, and served overseas. He married in Britain, and with Doiran, returned to Summerland after the war. Both worked for the community until their retirement, Bruce with the municipality in various positions, and Doiran in hospital administration. They have two sons, Roger and Nigel.

Donald W. (born May 1923), the youngest of the family, did not come to Summerland until after his war service overseas. Then, with his English bride, Ilene, he returned to become a fruit grower. Later, he worked with heavy machinery and in car sales in Penticton, but is now retired. Their children are Terry, Jane and Kim.

The eldest of the Blagborne family was Medora (Dora, born November 25, 1907), who remained and married in Ontario. Medora is now deceased.

As long as the Blagbornes were with us, they were included in all our family activities and celebrations. I have wonderful memories of Christmas, Saturday night shopping in town or Penticton, and going to the movies (a special treat), to be followed by a visit to Mrs. Cunningham's/ Miss Little's Ice Cream Parlour and Tea Room (Penticton) for something before we returned home. I recall with joy, the winter team-drawn sleigh rides and playful snow fights, and the summer family picnics at Okanagan Falls or Garnet Valley Dam. On these occasions, Harley always volunteered to crank the ice cream freezer, and Ken snapped the events with his fold-out Kodak. Nor will I forget the exciting horseshoe tournaments in the pitch beside the barn, the scrub ball games in whichever stubble field was available, the Sunday fishing trips to Bathfield (leaving home at 4:00 a.m.), or the stories that were told, which embellished all occasions.

---

## THE BAIRDS OF ENDERBY

by Rosa Baird

Andrew Martin Baird arrived in Enderby in 1892 on the *Red Star* from Sicamous. He came from the small community of Thorn Centre near Shawville, Quebec. It was a Scottish-Irish settlement across the Ottawa River from Ottawa. He grew up in a log house on the banks of the Quay River. It was said that his mother cooked meals for crews driving logs at high water on the river. They were a family of ten.

Andrew made his way west, working on the construction of the CPR. He lived and worked in Vancouver for a time, and returned to Quebec where he met his future wife.

At one time, there were five members of the original Baird family living in Enderby: Ida, Henry, Tom, Jim and Andrew.

Ida Baird married John Bogert, and they farmed what is now known as the Karras' place on Gunter-Ellison Road. He built a substantial farmhouse for his family, which included his children Victor, Arnold, Amy and Lavina (who died at age 16). Arnold was in World War I, and he married Marie Paradis. Their son is John Bogert who continues to live in Ashton Creek. Their other children included Antoinette, Yvonne, Marie and Louise.

Harry (Henry) Baird and his wife Ett had two children, Mildred and Marjorie.

Tom Baird and his wife Mary Jane had four children, Herman, Dave, Berta and Minnie. They lived at Hullcar, but later moved to Vancouver.

Jim Baird and his wife, Mammie, along with their children, Lia, Elsie, Katie and Sidney moved to Arnprior and later to Detroit, where Jim worked for the Ford Motor Company.

Andrew bought the brickmaking operation on the Shuswap River bank at the foot of Baird Street in Enderby from his brother, Harry. Besides making bricks, he was also involved in the construction of brick buildings in Enderby, Salmon Arm and Vernon.

In 1905, Andrew once again returned to Shawville, where he married Isabella Hodgens on February 1, 1906. They travelled back to Enderby by train, and they took up a homestead in the Springbend area. The road was along the foot hills and very boggy. There was a log cabin on the homestead. In order to gain title, they had to live there part-time. By 1910, their eldest son, Robert, was two years old, and Wesley, who was born that year, was an infant. The young mother lived on the homestead all summer.

Andrew then built a large family home in Enderby near what is now Riverside Park. It was built of brick from his brickyard. It was here that the remainder of the eleven children were born.

---

**Rosa Baird** is the wife of Audrey Baird, and a long-time resident of the Enderby area.

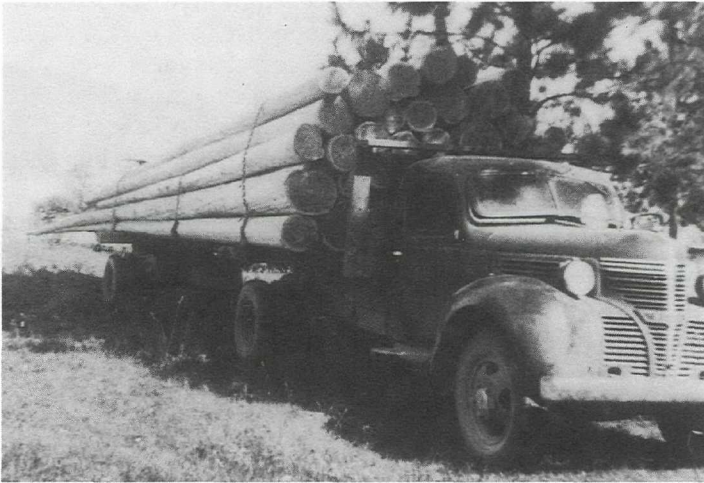


They continued to spend the summers on what they called "The Ranch." Here, they cleared land and planted berries and fruit trees. The cherry tree by the house was always a good producer, and many pounds of fruit were sold off this tree.

By the beginning of the Great Depression, Andrew was ill and was forced to sell the family home in Enderby. Many of the older children had left home and were working. His sons, Audrey and Douglas, were left to help on "The Ranch" and finish their schooling.

By the mid-1930s, Audrey was already doing custom work for his neighbours, like hauling gravel onto the highway with a team and wagon. He cut and sold many cords of wood from "The Ranch." At the age of 13, he hired a man to help, and began demonstrating the entrepreneurial traits that became his hallmark.

He ran his father's stumping machine, clearing land in Grindrod. It was powered by a horse. One day a lever let loose and hit Audrey's rib cage. His fellow workers carried him to Mekalishen's barn, where he regained consciousness. In those days, if you could walk, you simply went back to work. In 1943, he had a bad bout with "Colic of the Kidney," which was thought to be linked to that accident. Later, Dr. Wright re-attached his kidney in its place.



*Audrey Baird driving a Malpass Sawmill truck into the Vernon Pole Yard in 1942.  
Photo courtesy of Rosa Baird.*

He began to work for George Bucknell on the Glenmary Road. Here, he learned many skills including how to fall a tree, skid logs, or to corner bind logs to a sleigh, which he then drove down the Glenmary Road to the Shuswap River. He now had one horse of his own, and it was his pride and joy. At high water, the logs were pushed into the river and floated to the Magee Sawmill where they were held in booms.

He and George Bucknell hewed ties. Audrey learned to score full-length felled trees, and his boss did the hewing with a broadaxe. His boss was meticulous and looked for perfection from his young employee.

In the summer of 1939, Audrey went to fight forest fires in Seymour Arm. Most of the young men from the area went there to earn a few important dollars. They went by barge, and stayed in camp until the rains came at the end of summer. Audrey was then 16, and it was his job to pack the supplies for the camp.

That winter, he went back to work for George Bucknell. His father's health continued to deteriorate, and most of the money he earned went to help out at home. On September 1, 1941, Andrew Baird passed away. The family gathered. Robert, Wesley, Ella, and Osburne came from Vancouver. Ruby lived near "The Ranch" home. At this time, they learned that their mother, Isabella, had diabetes. Audrey was left to take charge.

He knew his mother could no longer live at "The Ranch." In trying to solve his dilemma, he found his mother still owned a small house in Enderby. In more affluent times, the family had owned seven houses. After much trouble evicting the tenants, who never paid rent, he and Douglas moved their mother into the small house. Here, she had electricity and running water.

About this time, Audrey was approached by Tom Malpass to work as a swamper on his new logging truck. His experience with horse hauling proved useful, and he was soon left with the truck and equipment. He had as yet no valid chauffeur's license. World War II was raging and workers were scarce; hence, the local police looked the other way. One day, when Audrey came driving along with a large load of poles, the policeman who saw him declared: "If he can do that, he can have a First Class License right now."

Douglas Baird was working for Kineshanko Bros. hauling logs from Hidden Lake to the Shuswap River. An accident happened while unloading on Friday, February 13, 1942, and Douglas was crushed. He lived for a few hours and died in Enderby Hospital. His mother was stunned. Once more the family gathered and departed. Audrey was left alone to care for his mother. She lived for a while with her eldest daughter, Ella, in Vancouver.

About this time, Audrey began to keep company with a local girl, Rosa Ludwig. Like Audrey, she was the youngest of a large family. She had been employed in neighbourhood homes.

At first, we exchanged a few words while going to or from work. To my surprise, he came knocking on our door. My father thought he was very forward as he asked to see me. It was only a matter of days when I was at work, when Audrey came to tell me what had happened to his brother. His grief was overpowering, and my heart went out to him.

Our new-found friendship soon turned into courtship.

On July 13, 1942, my father had a massive heart attack, and passed away. My family gathered. I remember feeling cold and numb, not really in touch with reality. I worried a great deal about my mother as she was grief-stricken



and became thin. Audrey had a car and we often took our two widowed mothers on little outings.

Audrey continued to drive truck for Tom Malpass. He worked long hours. Any spare money, he saved for a future home. He also took up Timber Limits in the Glenmary Hill area. Here, he intended to work in the off-season.

On September 22, 1943, we were married in the little wooden St. Mary's Catholic Church on Cliff Street. We had a reception at my home. I made the cake, but Sutherland's Bakery decorated it.

Our first home was the log house on the Robert Forster farm. The first winter and spring, Audrey made poles and cut tie logs on the Timber Limit he had acquired. Charlie Parkinson, an older man, was his only employee, and he had a great deal of respect for him. The first truck Audrey bought was a 1934 International with a flat deck. His venture with sawmilling was not successful, and he sold his truck.



*Audrey Baird on his TD9 clearing the airport at Mabel Lake in 1948. Photo courtesy of Rosa Baird.*

With some assistance with financing from B.J. Carney Pole Co., arranged by the Enderby branch manager, Percy Farmer, he purchased his own truck and trailer.

We became parents of a son, Thomas Martin, on February 2, 1945.

When Osburne, or "Ossie," was discharged from the Air Force, he returned to Enderby to join his brother Audrey. They worked side by side, and never looked back for the next twenty-seven years. In the summer of 1946, they hauled poles in Enderby, Lumby and Chase.

They both became the proud fathers of baby girls that year: Maye (Ossie's daughter) born on May 18, 1946, and Diane (Audrey's daughter) born on September 17, 1946.

Additional trucks were purchased. One truck was an old Federal, and the loads it hauled with corner binds would still look big today. Ossie's experience as a welder in the Air Force proved advantageous when the brothers built a temporary home for Audrey and a workshop on Evergreen Avenue.



*Baird Bros. log truck on the Cooke Creek Road. Photo courtesy of Rosa Baird.*

In 1949, the brothers each added a son to their families: Verne born to Audrey and Allen born to Ossie.

They were now logging Timber Limits in Mt. Ida and Trinity Valley. They needed to hire more help because of the post-war economic boom. Another brother, Robert, came from working in Eburn Sawmill in Marpole. He brought with him his wife, Maizie, two sons, Larry and Wayne, and a daughter, Carol. Robert took over some of the truck driving from Audrey, who became a bulldozer driver. By the spring of 1949, they had purchased numerous pieces of equipment, including a T.D. 9 Diesel Bulldozer for road building.

The fall of 1949 was the beginning of Audrey's annual hunting trips. He went to the Cariboo area with Rolly Hill and a number of other hunters, including my brothers Joe and Mike Ludwig. They came home with six big bull moose, which they had bagged in three days.

In the early 1950s, the brothers purchased the Texaco Garage. On July 24, 1950, they formed a limited company, Baird Brothers Ltd. Ossie managed the garage portion of the business for the next ten years with the assistance of his wife Gretta, who did the bookkeeping until 1953, when Marie Smith was hired to look after the books. When Marie left to marry Glenn Stickland, her mother, Dot Smith, did the bookkeeping.

For a time, Audrey and his family lived on Evergreen Avenue, where they used part of a workshop as living quarters. The children got into mischief in the workshop, so they purchased a house and acreage on Bass Road. It was referred to as the Woods place.

With the addition of road building equipment, Audrey began building roads to reach the Smith Sawmill Limits in the Cooke Creek area. Until this time, no one had gone past the canyon of Cooke Creek where the timber



stood thick and sound. The next six years saw Audrey build many miles of roads in this area. They operated a camp and cook house year round.

Audrey introduced "Hot Logging," where they logged and hauled immediately to the Shuswap River. In the post-war period, the demand for lumber was great, and it seemed it would go on forever. The men worked long hours with short hours of sleep. Our family outings consisted of going to the Cooke Creek camp on Sundays.

In 1953, the company purchased the Springbend gravel pit. Here, they did repairs on the logging equipment. They also began screening and crushing gravel. Dump trucks were bought. Cement was brought in by bags in those days. The brothers' young sons often unloaded cement bags from the rail cars even at odd hours of the night.

Audrey took a contract at a pole camp in Seymour Arm area in the summer of 1957. Here, he built many miles of road. All the equipment had to be taken in by barge from Sicamous. For crew members and supplies, they bought a substantial boat to travel the 28 miles. By the end of the summer, he gave it up. That summer, his family with his young daughter, Opal (born March 7, 1955), spent some weeks there in a tent.

The summer of 1960 was hot and dry. Forest fires abounded in the Cooke Creek and Noisy Creek areas. Loggers became full-time fire fighters until the rains finally came just before Labour Day.

About this time, logging operations moved to the Wap River at the north end of Mabel Lake. Audrey built the road from Noisy Creek to the Wap in the early winter of 1960. The day he finished the road, he took his wife to the hospital, when she gave birth to their youngest child, Margaret, on December 15, 1960.

Audrey set up logging camps in the Wap, and they continued the road around Mabel Lake until they met the Lumby Timber road builders at Cottonwood Creek. Up until this time, booms of logs were tugged to the mill in Lumby.

About this time, Crown Zellerbach moved into the interior, purchasing many of the independent mills. Things changed. No longer did you deal with a mill boss and owner, it now was a large corporation. Ways of negotiating changed. Audrey became acquainted with Crown Zellerbach management. They came to know this builder of roads and his deep sense of fairness. He did not come to their office to pass the time of day. He spoke in plain phrases, sometimes laced with words not in the dictionary.

A loggers' association was formed in the interior, because workers and management needed to work out problems together. Audrey and his company



*Audrey Baird snow plowing the Cooke Creek Canyon in 1952. Photo courtesy of Rosa Baird.*

were members from day one. Audrey was on the executive, and was president in 1970-71. He remains a member to this day.

As a hobby, Ossie took up flying. He kept his plane on the hill above the Baird Brothers shop in Springbend in summer. In February 1972, Ossie and his wife, Gretta, left Kelowna for Havasu Lake, Arizona by plane. Bad weather forced them to stay in Pendleton, Oregon for two days. They continued on, but were never heard from again.

When there had been no word, Audrey and Ossie's three children immediately left for Oregon and organized a search. After two fruitless weeks, they returned to Enderby very discouraged. Later, in May, they tried again to locate their plane, but without success. A few months later, a forestry plane spotted their plane high in the mountains above Idaho City. It was now August. The family and friends felt relieved. The double funeral at St. Andrew's United Church in Enderby was a big one.

Audrey had idolized his older brother all his life. He had lost his main business partner. It was he who now had to make all the decisions not only for the business, but also how to divide everything equally between the children. This tragic event also kept Audrey from going daily to the logging operations. Fortunately, he had a good bush foreman in Rob Dale. Rob had come to work for Audrey as a boy of 15 for the first time. This year (1993), after 40 years of continuous logging, Rob is going to retire.

Audrey was left without office staff and increasingly found himself involved in the office. He approached his eldest daughter's husband, Arthur Norlin, an accountant, to join the company. In 1972, he came with much trepidation. He is now (1993) the indispensable office manager. Mrs. Cleo Jones (nee Malpass) joined the office staff also that year. She also continues in the office today.

Audrey was now 48 years old. He still had a lot of drive and much knowledge of road construction. Among the logging roads he built over the years are: the east side of Hidden Lake Road around Hidden Lake for Alex Jones' pole camp; from Potrie's to Cooke Creek into Noisy Creek and from there to the Wap River. He and Omar Clavelle punched in the Iron Creek Road. Audrey also made a jeep road up to the Enderby Cliffs for the Chamber of Commerce (his only pay was fuel for the bulldozer). For the Department of Highways, he widened parts of Black Road, Mallory Road, Edgar Road, Gardom Lake Road, Hidden Lake Road, Trinity Valley Road, and the Mabel Lake Road.

He and his big TD25 International bulldozer also worked on many subdivisions from Kelowna and Vernon through to Cache Creek. He enjoyed the praise that came from a job well done. He could read and follow surveyors' and engineers' instructions, but he was renowned for his ability to successfully "eye ball" a grade and construct it.

These were the years when the hinterland became accessible because of the construction of logging roads. When the Minister of Forests, Ray Williston, announced that the public must also be allowed to travel these roads, it



opened up the wilderness to anyone, including vandals who seemed to enjoy damaging expensive equipment and important logging camps. Audrey had seen this country before the invasion of vandals and environmentalists over the logging roads, and he lamented the passing of a more restricted access to the bush.



*The Audrey and Rosa Baird family. Rosa and Audrey in the front. At the rear, from the left, is Verne, Diane (Norlin), Margaret (Smith), Tom, and Opal (McManus). Photo courtesy of Rosa Baird.*

Audrey's hobby of big game hunting has taken him to the Yukon twice and to the East Kootenay many times. He has bagged over twenty elk in the Kootenay and several sheep and goats in the Yukon. He is also an avid fisherman, often finding the fishing good on Shuswap Lake. He also enjoys traveling to Vancouver Island for salmon fishing.

When the children were still in school, he often took a summer holiday trip to Banff, the Cariboo or the Kootenay. In later years, he began going to California or Arizona for two weeks in February. Gradually, it stretched into the two months of winter.

In June 1988, Audrey had heart surgery in Vancouver. It was necessary to make five by-passes around his heart. He is completely retired now, except for the occasional advice when needed. The company he helped to form is now up for sale. He is the grandfather of seven boys and six girls ranging in age from 7 to 26 years.

---

## THE FISHER FAMILY

by Mary (Fisher) Piddocke

James Boyd Fisher was born in Greenoch, Scotland, in February 1880. He graduated from King Williams College on the Isle of Man and the Glasgow Technical College. Jim came to Canada in 1901, and was connected with the Drake Lumber Company on Lake Winnipeg before coming west to Kelowna in 1906. He settled in Benvoulin, purchasing twenty acres from the adjoining neighbour, Mr. Lyttle.

Mrs. Fisher, the former Rosanna Mabel Mitchell, was born in Omemee, Peterborough, Ontario, 1877. She entered nurses training in Toronto.

While on holidays out west to visit cousins, Mr. & Mrs. J.R. Mitchell of Penticton, she was approached by Dr. Boyce, who had journeyed down on the *Aberdeen*. He persuaded her to help in the Arthur Day home where four of the boys were ill with typhoid fever.

While in Kelowna, she renewed her acquaintance with Jim Fisher, and they were married in Penticton November 28, 1906.



*The Fishers in 1918. From left: Jack, Gordon, Mary (with hat), Angus, Ina, Jim, and Rosanna.*

In the following years, she was often called to assist Dr. Boyce and Dr. Knox in private nursing. She was a midwife to many a mother. Her willingness to help her neighbours was much appreciated by all.

---

**Mary Piddocke** is the daughter of Jim and Rosanna Fisher. She continues to reside in Kelowna.



Their farm consisted of tomatoes, which were hauled by team and wagon to the cannery, corn, which was chopped into silage for the cows, cabbage and other vegetables as well as tobacco which grew well and hardy. Unfortunately, the local tobacco industry went bankrupt. They operated a milk route called "Glenview Dairy" about 1915. Tom Anderson from Berwick-on-Tweed was the driver.

Their home was often open for lawn socials or pot luck suppers. The district sleigh rides usually ended up at the house for a party. Rosanna would play the piano accompanied by Jim on the banjo. A favourite dance tune was "The Grand Old Duke of York."

Mrs. Fisher was a member of the Benvoulin Church, the McMillan Circle, W.C.T.V. and life member of the W.M.S.

Their family consisted of six children – Ina, Gordon, Jack, Mary, Angus and Beatrice.

When Mr. Fisher passed away in July 1946, Angus continued with the farm. Mrs. Fisher died July 1962; Angus followed in 1966. A developer bought the property, which was turned into a sub-division; the road bears the name of "Fisher" in their memory. The only surviving members are Beatrice Verity of Victoria and Mary Piddocke of Kelowna plus eleven grandchildren and several great-and great-great-grandchildren.

---

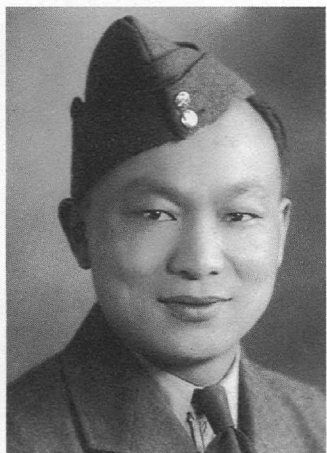
## THE JOE FAMILY OF VERNON

by **Lucy McCormick**

In 1862, a Chinese boy was born in Canton, China. At 16 years of age, he would make his way by sailing ship to the "Land of the Golden Mountains" by way of "Little Russia" (or Alaska). He would be known later as Stanley Joe.

He worked on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with many of his country men. He met Constance On Lee, who was born in 1888, at Yale. Constance and Walter were married at Yale in 1905.

They moved to Vernon in 1908, establishing a coffee shop in the rear of the Kwong Hing Lung Store. Eleven children were born to them over the years: seven daughters, Helen, Edith, Ruth, Margaret, Laura and Hazel, and four sons, Henry, Frank, Walter and Edward.



*Walter Joe in 1943.*

Most of the Chinese living in and around Vernon were single men who sent what money they could spare from their meagre wages to families in China. A very heavy head tax was assessed on the Chinese resident within Canada. In 1886, the tax was \$10.00 per person, but as the years went by, it kept increasing. In 1896, it was \$50.00, and by 1904, the tax was \$500.00. By 1923, Chinese were excluded from entering Canada. This regulation remained in force until 1947 when it was repealed.

Kwong Hing Lung and Sam Chong along with many others who mined for gold near Cherryville were well known to the Joe family. Mr. Kwong later opening two stores in Vernon, one a general store at 28th Street and 35th Avenue, and another which also acted as a labour agency for cooks and farm labourers.

During the W.W. I, the Graham Evaporation Plant employed about 200 Chinese at a very low wage. Because they could not afford to buy land and bring over their families, they rented land for market gardens in various areas such as the Indian Reserve, Bella Vista, and Coldstream/Lavington.

Another Chinese family well known in Vernon in the 1930s was the Rev. George Lim Yuen's family. As an Anglican minister, he was in charge of the Good Angel Mission. There were three sons and two daughters. They were all very good students. One son Paul became a well known diplomat.

---

Lucy McCormick is an O.H.S. life member and Vernon branch editor.



Walter Joe was born on November 6, 1916. In 1922, the Department of Immigration and Colonization required every Chinese child born in Canada to be registered and have photo identification on an official card. Walter was required to have this card. When Walter was going to school, he was surprised that his classmates did not have such a card.

In 1936, when he was 20, Walter opened a fruit and vegetable store on Barnard Avenue. It became a successful business.

When the W.W. II began, Walter tried to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force, but was refused with the statement that there were "No Chinese in the Air Force." He trained with a volunteer militia unit at Camp Vernon, and although he tried twice to enlist, the volunteer group did not become active.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbour, the Dominion Government immediately confiscated all arms belonging to Japanese and Chinese residents. In desperation, Walter wrote to Minister of Justice LaPointe explaining that not only was he born in Canada, but his mother was also born in B.C., and that he should have the right to defend the country of his birth. He received a reply to his letter ending with the sentence "By virtue of your birth you are a Canadian and should be considered as such."

He was finally accepted by the R.C.A.F. and trained as a wireless operator at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal. After graduation, he was posted to Central Navigation School in Rivers, Manitoba. He returned to Vernon after being demobilized and carried on his business.

In 1954, he married Yosh Chiba and three children were born to them, a son Brian, and two daughters, Anna and Vicky.

Walter and Yosh have always been great community workers. Yosh especially with All Saints Anglican Church and Walter in fraternal and service clubs. He was on call to interpret for elderly sick Chinese at the hospital and other clinics.

As a member of Rotary, he had perfect attendance for 38 years and was awarded the Paul Harris Award. He progressed through the Masonic Lodge and the Shriners earning two service awards.

In 1984, he was honoured by the City of Vernon becoming "Good Citizen of the Year." In 1993, he received the 125th Canadian Commemorative Medal.

In 1955, he decided to change his lifestyle by buying a service station. He also ran a taxi service for 22 years closing this in 1977.

Yosh and Walter decided to move out of Vernon in 1971 buying an acreage on Highway 6 where they developed a garden centre. They were very happy there until Yosh's ill health forced them to sell their property and move to a house in Vernon.

Walter has become so well known in Vernon and District that there are few people who do not greet him as he moves about the city. He was a good businessman, a great Canadian, being very fair and honest in all his dealings.

# Tributes

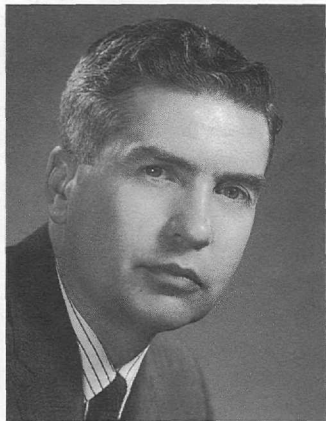
---

## STUART ARCHIBALD FLEMING, 1920-1993

### A TRIBUTE

by Theresia Hurst

While sitting in an Ottawa park during W.W. II, a homesick Stuart Fleming wrote a moving tribute to his hometown entitled "An Airman's Memories." In it he spoke of "...a wide, sun-soaked Interior Valley, where a small town – sheltered from the buffeting winds of the peaks, cradled in the arms of a million years – is home." Undeniably, he loved Vernon. Few of its citizens have manifested that affection as unstintingly as Stuart Fleming.



*Stuart Fleming circa 1960. Photo by John Evans.*

Stuart's maternal grandparents were William and Jean (Mutrie) Forester, from Oakville, Ontario. Jean's nephews, Robert and James Mutrie, came to Vernon around the turn of the century to go into real estate, and persuaded the Foresters to come too. William, a house painter by trade, came out in 1907 to establish his business, with Jean following in 1908 with their seven children, all boys except for Jean (Megaw) and Elizabeth, Stuart's mother.

Elizabeth Margaret (Betty), twelve when her family arrived in Vernon, attended high school here. A close-knit, community-oriented family, the Foresters were very much involved in musical entertainments. Betty was an accomplished piano accompanist and she was described as a "very good soprano singer." She went into nursing in a Seattle hospital, but gave it up in her final (third) year to marry Archibald Fleming.

---

**Theresia Hurst** is a Vernon author and historian, who provided the historical material for *Vernon, An Illustrated History* in 1973. She has been a member of the board for the Vernon Museum and Archives Society for nine years, serving part of that time with Stuart Fleming. **Author's Note:** Many thanks to John Fleming and to Betty Denison for the loan of family scrapbooks and for sharing her memories. Thanks also to Marie Fleming for invaluable input and encouragement.



Archibald (Archie), who was born in Glasgow in 1889, the son of a baker, had ten brothers and sisters. It was a family tradition that each son learn a trade whether he followed it in later life or not. One brother was a joiner, another an accountant, still another a jeweller. Archie worked in the packing and fruit industry in Scotland before emigrating to California to work in its citrus industry. When he learned that he would have to become a citizen to stay in the U.S., he travelled north to the Okanagan where he could continue to work in the fruit business.

He worked at McCulloch's Aerated Waters for a time, and in 1935, he established a tobacco and confectionery wholesale house, ultimately located on Schubert Street (32nd Avenue).

Archie married Betty Forester in 1917. All three of their children, Stuart Archibald, Janet Elizabeth (Betty Jane Denison) and John William Robert, were born in Vernon Jubilee Hospital. Their mother became an associate in the business and worked there until she was 76. Continuing her interest in music, she was a member of the Vernon Operatic Society during the 1920s and 30s. She was also involved in the Girl Guides and the Canadian Cancer Society.

Stuart Fleming was born June 9, 1920, and acquired all his schooling in Vernon. A keen scouter, he took energetic hiking trips to Peters Lake in Monashee Provincial Park, as well as winter survival skiing adventures to Silver Star. He liked to remind pampered present-day skiers that to get a good downhill run in those days, one first had to climb up!

Stuart wrote high school news columns for the *Vernon News* for three years and in Grade 12 he edited the first Vernon High School Annual. When Stuart graduated, the *Vernon News*' editor, W. S. Harris, offered him a job as a cub reporter. In a *Morning Star* interview, Stuart recalled, "I would do all the jobs nobody else wanted."

One of the most popular features at the time was "Town and District" – literally a gossip column. Stuart would spend considerable time at the train station talking to residents about their comings and goings. He also wrote all the obituaries. Stuart remarked, "The person had to be a former mayor before a senior staff member would write it." He covered sports as well, sometimes watching a baseball and a cricket game in the same day. "I sometimes worked 60 to 70 hours a week but I never had so much fun in my life." The experience gave him a life-long interest in sport, which would, years later, greatly benefit Vernon's sporting community.

When World War II began, Stuart tried five times to enlist. "I was too light and I have always had a fast pulse," he explained. After a regimen of milkshakes, he finally passed a medical and was accepted into the R.C.A.F. in 1942. He served in one of the most dangerous assignments of the war: navigating a Lancaster bomber through the flak-filled skies of Germany. With only four missions left in his tour, his plane was shot down over Germany in 1944. Of the seven-man mixed Canadian and British crew, only Stuart and two others survived. Stuart was captured and spent the rest of the war as a prisoner. He and

fellow prisoners were liberated eight months later while being moved to another camp.

Stuart's first love was writing, though it would always remain a sideline for him. Even as a prisoner-of-war he helped to write the camp newsletter, which was typed on parcel wrapping and posted on a wall.

Following the war, he was offered a job with British United Press, but he felt he wasn't ready. He never would be. The call of his hometown was too strong.

Back home, in 1946, Stuart was offered a \$10 increase in salary at the *Vernon News*, but because Archie's business was thriving, Stuart went to work at the Fleming warehouse. His writing was not neglected: he wrote a weekly column for the *Vernon News* and became the local correspondent for both the *Vancouver Province* and the *Vancouver Sun*.

His earliest weekly columns were headed "The World at Large" – which he soon concluded was too grandiose a title to live up to. However, even at the tender age of 26, Stuart had a remarkably mature view of society and the machinations of politics. The title was changed to "Most Anything," which, ungrammatical as it was, he grumbled about for two years before changing it again to "Once Over, Lightly." Often astute, occasionally funny, and generally entertaining, the column continued for some years to be a vehicle for his reflections on politics, world events and community affairs.

While the column drew criticism as well as praise, it certainly established Stuart Fleming as a voice to be heard in the community. His good sense, his patent concern for Vernon and the Okanagan, and his clear interest in politics were undoubtedly factors in his eventual nomination for Member of Parliament.

Stuart's first stab at politics came in June of 1957 when, running on the Conservative ticket, he lost to George McLeod (Social Credit) by 63 votes. A turbulent minority government disintegrated in only a few months, resulting in another election in the following March. Stuart, swept along with the Diefenbaker juggernaut, was victorious over McLeod by more than double his opponent's votes.

In the election of June 1962, Stuart defeated his N.D.P. rival, Les McLean, by 1500 votes.

In less than a year, after months of parliamentary chaos, the minority Conservatives once again went to the electorate. Stuart, who had repeatedly announced his retirement citing the pressure of business, was persuaded to run. He was returned for a third term, defeating Liberal Everard Clarke by more than 2000 votes.

When another election was called in 1965, Stuart retired from federal politics. His father had died in 1962 and the business needed him.

Stuart's record during his parliamentary years was one of quiet, dogged service to his party as a back bencher. In 1958, he was a parliamentary observer with the Canadian delegation to the United Nations. In 1961-62, he was elected president of the Progressive Conservative Association of B.C. While involved in the Columbia River Treaty negotiations, Stuart was adamant



that Premier Bennett should not sell power for a lump sum, but by kilowatts.

Stuart was also one of the first to foresee the importance of Pacific Rim nations as future trading partners for Canada.

However, public life had not ended for Stuart, merely changed venues. In 1970, he was elected alderman for the City of Vernon, and in 1971, he successfully challenged William Halina for mayor, serving for the next six years.

Vernon at the time was booming. New malls, hotels and housing were pushing the city's infrastructure to its limits. Stuart's councils made some unpopular decisions at the time, taking on projects which would later be recognized as some of the city's proudest accomplishments. With the urging of Dave McKay, Stuart pushed through the spray irrigation project, seeing it, correctly, as the solution to the region's waste disposal problems.

The project was not accomplished without some opposition. When the Grandview Flats area of Spallumcheen was suggested as a possible disposal site, Stuart tried to persuade the farmers that they would not only be solving the city's sewage problem, but providing themselves with a long-term source of enriched water on crops not destined for human consumption. When the farmers vehemently refused to cooperate, the city managed to procure land in the Commonage for the project. Thanks to the persistence of Stuart Fleming and Dave McKay, Vernon possesses one of the cleanest and most efficient sewage systems in the country.

Stuart's efforts to establish a regional airport in Spallumcheen met with equal resistance from the outraged residents of that farming municipality, as well as from local naturalists.

One project of which he was later to be very proud, was the closing of the old garbage-burning site off Old Kamloops Road and the establishment of a land-fill site.

A huge recreation referendum put to the voters in the early 1970s was given little chance of approval. *The Morning Star*, in its tribute to Stuart, commented, "Fleming formed a committee to perform the impossible...get the referendum passed. During a six week period (Fleming) was at his best, calling in favours and making deals. Only days before voters were to go to the polls, he realized it was too close to call."

*The Star* continued: "He met with the Vernon Curling Club executive and promised to pave the club's parking lot if the referendum passed. Curlers, who had long complained about the dust and potholes, climbed on the bandwagon. The referendum passed by less than one percent."

Without the passage of that referendum, we might not now have the Priest Valley Arena and Gymnasium.

One of Stuart's finest accomplishments as mayor was the implementation of Plan Vernon, a visionary guide for the city's future growth. Unfortunately, succeeding councils deviated from the plan, causing zoning headaches throughout the city which escalated to the point where a new plan had to be drawn up.

It was on a visit to the Quebec Winter Carnival while he was still an M.P. in the early 1960s that Stuart conceived the idea of a local winter festival. His idea, criticized at the time because it was felt no one would come, germinated, flourished and blossomed to the point where the Vernon Winter Carnival is now the largest such event in western Canada.

The Carnival's Jopo Award for exemplary service was Stuart's idea. He was later to be a recipient as well.

In 1973, during his term as mayor, Stuart married Marie Neilson, a widow and businesswoman who was as community-minded as he. Suddenly at 52, the confirmed bachelor became not just a husband, but step-father to four children, and, in time, grandfather of ten.

The marriage was a happy and interesting one as Stuart and Marie shared their commitment to both community and family. His new family held him in deep affection, and he was the all-wise source of knowledge for his school-age grandchildren on every subject from compasses and Indian lore to history and politics.

Although they did not live together latterly, Marie and Stuart maintained a loving and caring relationship to the end.

Elizabeth Fleming's love of music was passed on to her son. While in prison camp in Germany, Stuart had access to a library where he spent hours devouring books on music history. Stuart possessed a huge record library, which he utilized in a weekly classical music program on CJIB. He was also music critic for the *Vernon News* and latterly for *The Morning Star*.

Stuart's early interest in sport culminated in his helping to establish the Funtastic Baseball Tournament, one of Vernon's most renowned sporting events. With John Topping, he worked on all the Funtastic public relations news releases and programs, including the historical program for Vernon's 1992 Centennial. Stuart was honoured posthumously by having a local ball diamond named after him.

Among the many organizations in which Stuart participated were the Boy Scouts Association as both a uniformed leader and regional president, the Kinsmen Club, the Rotary Club, Vernon Little Theatre Society, the Board of the Greater Vernon Museum and Archives, the Okanagan Historical Society, the O'Keefe Ranch and Interior Heritage Society, the Canadian Legion, and the Funtastic Sports Society. A Freemason, Fleming was a member of Miriam Lodge #20 AF and AM, Scottish Rite, Okanagan Lodge of Perfection, Moray Chapter of Rose Croix and Vancouver Consistory.

In recent years, Stuart spent prodigious amounts of time researching and computer-indexing the history of the Okanagan Valley in preparation for publication of a university level text on the subject. Only a few chapters were completed. Stuart's painstaking research, his perceptive, elegant writing, and his extraordinary insight into the complexities of the valley's early settlement are an incalculable loss to the valley's historical annals. His computer data, however, are in the possession of the Okanagan Historical Society.



More than 200 of Stuart Fleming's friends and family attended the memorial service following his death on February 24, 1993. He choreographed the service himself from his hospital bed, leaving stern instructions that there were to be no eulogies. His final goodbye was a reflection of his life as a politician and community leader: though modest and unassuming, he invariably took a leading role in the organizations in which he was involved.

Stuart is survived by his wife Marie, brother and sister-in-law John and Mary Fleming, and his sister and brother-in-law Betty Jane and Eric Denison. Also surviving are his nephews and nieces, Doug and Karen Fleming, Robert and Penny Fleming, Rick Denison, Janet Denison and Phyllis and Tom Turner; step-children Nola Stone, Shala Grindlay, Belva Underwood, daughter-in-law Judy Hoy; and ten step-grandchildren.

In its tribute, *The Morning Star* commented that Stuart's "...friendly nature and likable character is what people will especially miss. He was always ready to extend a friendly hand to greet people, no matter how long it had been since he last saw them. Fleming was quick with compliments and an engaging conversationalist on an untold number of topics...It is doubtful that anyone knew as much about Vernon, or gave as much to the city, as Stuart Fleming."

---

# JACK DYCK

by James Foord

Jack was reared on his parents' farm, near Plum Coulee, Manitoba, where he was born in 1913. He attended Low Farm public school, and completed his academic education at Plum Coulee High School.

In his late teens, Jack went to work with Dueck Brothers' automotive firm in Vancouver. During W.W. II, he managed the miners' commissary at a mercury mine near Pinchy Lake in northern B.C. In 1946, Jack bought a real-estate and insurance business in Keremeos. In 1953, Jack joined the Vernon company of Mac and Mac, dealing in automotive parts. Later, he became a sales representative for a firm called Rena Ware.

Jack purchased M.L.A. Hugh Schantz's insurance agency in Vernon in 1958, which he developed into one of Fruit Growers Mutual Insurance's largest branches before he retired in 1979.

Ever displaying the courage of his convictions, Jack not only extolled the virtues and principles of co-operative insurance but also of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and its successor, the New Democratic Party. Frequently, his office was the scene (and sound) of warm and lengthy political discussions.

In later years, tending more and more towards the deeper aspects of Jack's philosophical perceptions, his son, Terry, during a recent *Vernon Daily News* interview, said: "I think he will be remembered most for his grand philosophy of life. He must have been in his fifties when people were coming through that period (the 1960s) and a lot of people looked up to him. During that period, he was kind of a guide – almost like a guru – to a lot of people who were searching for something better."

Wherever good-natured Jack travelled, his many acquaintances across B.C. and Canada, and especially throughout the North Okanagan, showed and expressed their genuine joy in seeing him again. It was my privilege and pleasure to work for Jack and travel with him, nearly a third of a century ago, visiting his clients and prospects (friends all). As much as I appreciated that experience, I appreciated Jack very much more.



*Jack Dyck*

---

**James Foord** is a long-time friend of Jack Dyck. The former owner of Lumby Agencies, he retired in 1976 and presently lives in Okanagan Landing.



Jack Dyck was a visionary who openly and respectfully advocated political and economic fair play to all people, a world-wide egalitarianism, a universal socio-economic system that would guarantee full justice and equal opportunity to every human being on earth. After six months in India during 1967, studying under the tutorship of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Jack returned home even more dedicated and committed to his philosophy; he was a pioneer in introducing to North America the technique of relaxation by transcendental meditation...and I am but one of the many beneficiaries of Jack's teaching.

As dedicated and committed as Jack was to his community and to his town, being active in various local organizations such as the Masons, the Vernon Peace Coalition, the Good Sam Club, and the Stardusters Square Dance Club, no less was he dedicated and committed to his family and home.

Jack Dyck and Esther Wall were married at Vancouver in 1939. Terry, their only child, was born in 1944. He is as much like his father as a son could be, urging and encouraging his friends and acquaintances to promote their own good health and well-being. His ever-more-popular health food store impressively attests to that fact.

Jack frequently represented his fellow members at constituency, provincial and federal conferences and conventions. Vernon C.C.F. members made Jack their party candidate in the late 1950s federal general elections. Unfortunately, he was a decade or more ahead of the time(s)!

The New Democratic Party Convention awarded Jack an honorary lifetime membership. Jack was elected to a two-year term as alderman of Coldstream Municipality. He also served on that municipality's Board of Variance for some 20 years.

Jack's friends and community will sorely miss him, though they can never forget him, for generous Jack kindly impressed upon us all his firm but gentle mark.

---

## LILY McKECHNIE 1909-1992

by Craig McKechnie

On board the first westbound C.P.R. train through the Rogers Pass following the disastrous avalanche of March 1910, was a young family migrating from Manitoba to the Okanagan Valley.

This family comprised John Halfpenny Wilson, a native of Scotland; his wife, the former Alice Harvey, who had come from Ontario with her family when they took up land in the Swan River Valley of Manitoba; and their eleven-month-old daughter, Lily, who had been born on April 18, 1909.

They were coming to Armstrong where Mrs. Wilson's brother, Will Harvey, was living. The doctors had recommended a change of climate to improve Mrs. Wilson's health. They arrived in Armstrong on March 18, 1910, wearing their heavy Manitoba winter coats, but in Armstrong the sun was shining, and the dust was blowing in the streets.

Although the stay in Armstrong was intended to be short term, all three remained there for the rest of their lives. The family grew with the arrival of three more girls, Edna in 1910, Edith in 1917, and Doris in 1922.

Over the years, Mr. Wilson became involved in the vegetable trade and was very active in civic affairs. A report of his life appears in the *42nd Report of the Okanagan Historical Society*.

Lily attended school in Armstrong. In 1929, she entered Nurses' Training School at the Vernon Jubilee Hospital. When that school closed in 1931, her class was transferred to the Royal Columbian in New Westminster, where she graduated in 1932, a graduate of Vernon Jubilee Hospital and an affiliate of Royal Columbian Hospital. She was very proud of her connection with Vernon Jubilee and had many fond memories of the people she met there during those two years. Later, she would see names in the Vernon paper, and would remember when that person or some relative had been born, or had been hospitalized for one reason or another.

Lily used to say that when people are ill and feel that their end is near, they confess certain secrets about their lives. As a nurse, she had heard quite a few secrets (many from people who later got better and lived many more years). She often wondered if these people ever remembered sharing their secrets. However, they need not have worried as their secrets never passed her lips.

Jobs were scarce in 1932, so Lily returned home to help in her father's packing house office. Gradually, she procured more and more work at the Armstrong Hospital. She always remembered the twelve-hour shifts, seven days a week. The night shift nurse also had to stoke the wood furnace. All that for \$30.00 per month.

---

Craig McKechnie is the youngest son of Lily. With his wife Sjoukje and family, he continues to farm on the family property on Schubert Road.



In May 1935, she left active nursing to marry Kenneth McKechnie and become a farm wife, something new in her life. She lived on the farm for the rest of her life, some 57 years.

Ken had come from Vancouver in 1920 with his family. His father, Dr. W.B. McKechnie, had decided to retire from the medical profession and take up farming.

Lily was kept busy learning to be a housewife plus the added job of feeding the haying and thrashing crews. She had many stories to tell about the men and boys who worked on the farm. George Aitkin, a teenager from Victoria, had been sent out to learn farming. He was the subject of numerous stories. A favourite story was about the time when one very cold January day, Gerald Landon, a neighbour, said he would give George \$5.00 if he would walk to the Landon home, about a quarter of a mile distant, wearing only his bathing suit and carrying an umbrella. As \$5.00 represented ten days' wages, George prepared to take up the challenge. Lily could see a case of pneumonia coming, so great consternation prevailed in the house. George was finally persuaded to return to the house after he had reached the farm gate, much to Lily's relief – and to George's dismay at not getting the \$5.00. When George moved on, he went to the Chilcotin country to take up cattle ranching. He is mentioned in books written by both Rick Hobson and Dude Lavington. Many of the people who worked on the farm became life-long friends.



*Lily McKechnie seated with her daughter Joan on her 80th birthday. Standing from the left are her sons, John, David, and Craig.*

Four children were born to Lily and Ken: John in 1938, Joan in 1940, David in 1942, and Craig in 1944. All of the children attended school in Armstrong. John and Craig still farm in Spallumcheen.

During the war years, the neighbourhood ladies organized a Red Cross quilting circle in which Lily was active until it disbanded in the early 1960s.



*The McKechnie Farm circa 1950s. The house was built by Augustus Schubert (circa 1880s) on Schubert Road in Spallumcheen. It burned in 1962. Photo courtesy of Craig McKechnie.*

Besides her family, Lily's abiding interest was in the work of the church. She and Ken were devout Christians and active members of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Armstrong. Lily was the official church historian. She was also involved with the Women's Missionary Society (or W.M.S.). Over the years, she held each executive position in the Kamloops Presbyterial of the W.M.S.

Ken died in December 1976, and Lily continued to live in the house that they had built in 1963, following a fire in the original house. She welcomed friends and family to her home, never seeming to tire of her grandchildren's visits.

Having lived in the Armstrong district for most of her life, Lily was very knowledgeable about local history and was often sought out to identify old photos and to give historical data. Lily's father was an early member of the Okanagan Historical Society and Lily was a life-long supporter of the same organization, attending the annual general meeting for years.

Lily died on June 25, 1992, two days after suffering a heart attack. She left her family and friends many memories of her life.



---

## WILLIAM DAVID BLACKBURN, 1915-1994

by Mary E. Blackburn

William David "Dave" Blackburn was born in Armstrong on February 20, 1915, with Dr. Peter Van Kleek in attendance. Dave took his schooling at Armstrong, and later, joined his father in their trucking and draying business.

In those days, few farmers owned their own trucks. There was a large contingent of Chinese farmers who grew celery and lettuce on the fertile "flats" that surrounded the downtown core. Armstrong was known as the "Celery City" in those days, and Blackburn's trucks were always in demand.



*David Blackburn in 1941.*

David married Mary Barton in November 1936. Later, they had two daughters: Penny, who married Robert Caley, and now lives in Kelowna, and Susan, who married Ken Schwartz, and now lives in Williams Lake.

Joining the cadets at an early age, David had been a member of the Rocky Mountain Rangers. The military was one of his real loves. He was proud of the fact that he was the first man from Armstrong in uniform in 1939. When he joined Major Tenor, who then lived in Falkland, they organized a force of Rangers to guard the railways and bridges in and around Jasper and Red Pass Junction.

Later, many of the Rangers were seconded to the Canadian Scottish for a short time for training, and eventually, many of them became reinforcements to the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, a permanent regiment

based in Vancouver. They went overseas with the First Division. He arrived in England in July 1940. Later, the Seaforths became an enthusiastic part of the landing in Sicily and the invasion of Italy.

David was a Major by then. He returned to Canada in 1944 to help in training reinforcements at Camp Petawawa. Following the war, he returned to his former regiment, the Rocky Mountain Rangers. He conducted special militia training courses for the R.M.R. at Revelstoke, Salmon Arm and Prince George. He remained a Ranger until his automatic retirement age. He continued to enjoy the comradeship of his friends in both the Seaforths and Rangers all his life.

---

**Mary E. Blackburn** married David in 1936. She is an artist, and active in the Armstrong-Spallumcheen Museum and Arts Society.

David was asked by the Enderby Legion, when things were at a very low ebb, to take over the management of their bar and lounge to try to reverse their financial problems. They were definitely operating on a "short shoe-string." He and Leslie Mellish, another Armstrong veteran employed by the Enderby Legion to work in the lounge, managed very slowly to bring the affairs of the Enderby Legion to a sounder and happier state. They had some very amusing times. For instance, when there was enough in the till to cover a purchase, it was not unusual for one of them to dash over to the Liquor Store, conveniently situated across the street, to replenish their meagre stock.

With the care and good management of the executive committee, they brought the Enderby Legion to the point where they were not only solvent, but were able to build a new Legion. As might be imagined, this was a source of great satisfaction to David. He made many friends in Enderby during those years and he continued to drop in to the club to visit his old pals whenever he was able.

After the war, the Armstrong Legion built a new clubhouse on Patterson Avenue, which unfortunately burned to the ground in the late 1970s. Dave joined with the other local veterans to build a new club. Most of the labour was volunteer with members using their own vehicles to help out. Blackburn's trucks were useful at this time. It was a very handsome and welcoming building and was doubly appreciated by the local veterans and their spouses because of their active participation in its construction. It was at this time that the Ladies Auxiliary to Branch #35 was formed. This auxiliary has proven to be a tower of strength and help to the branch ever since.

In addition to his trucking business and army life, David had a continuing interest in the history of the North Okanagan and could often be relied on to provide background to important historical information.

Continuing ill health during the last years of his life kept him close to home, and he died on January 19, 1994 at Vernon Hospital. The Seaforth Highlanders and Rocky Mountain Rangers, as well as Armstrong Legion Comrades, were represented at his funeral and at the cemetery.



---

## VICTOR NANCOLLAS – A TRIBUTE

by Yvonne McDonald

Victor Nancollas was born in Stanley, England, June 16, 1906. In 1928, he emigrated to Canada, coming to live with an uncle, Joseph Nancollas, who had a furniture store in Salmon Arm. He came in the spring when the young fruit trees were blooming, and Colonel Scott's Dilkusha Tulip Farm (now the Orchard House restaurant) was patches of brilliant red, white and yellow. The air was perfumed, and the lake was sparkling. "Coming to Salmon Arm from the Old Country was like travelling from hell to heaven," said Vic in an interview many years later. He grew up as the eldest child in a family from a very industrialized part of Britain.

Life became even happier for Vic when he met Jennie Miller, the daughter of a pioneer family with a farm in the Salmon River Valley. In 1934, they were married by the Rev. C. S. Fleming in the Salmon Arm United Church. Jennie shared Vic's commitment to the community, and was responsible for the start-up and growth of many of the cultural activities still carried on today.

It was not long before young Vic became involved in affairs of the small community. After assisting the Fire Brigade with a large fire on Front Street in 1929, he became a volunteer fireman, and served in that capacity, and as secretary for the Fire Brigade, for the next 33 years.

As well, he was active in the Masonic Lodge. He was president of the first Junior Chamber of Commerce in Salmon Arm, president of the United Church Young People, and a Boy Scout leader. As a veteran of World War II, he was a life-member of the Salmon Arm Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion, and served for many years as secretary-manager.

Vic had a keen interest in politics. In 1913, the Municipality of Salmon Arm was served by two governing bodies: the City of Salmon Arm and the Village of Salmon Arm. Victor served as an Alderman for the City from 1943 to 1955, then as Mayor in 1955 and 1956. Following this, he served as Chairman of the Village from 1958 to 1970, when amalgamation finally took place. Salmon Arm became the District of Salmon Arm, and Vic served as deputy mayor until an election was held. He was especially proud to have helped during these difficult years, when the community was struggling with its identity.



*Victor Nancollas in 1974.*

---

**Yvonne McDonald** is past-president and editor of the Salmon Arm Branch of the O.H.S. Retired, she has lived most of her life in the Oliver and Salmon Arm areas.



*From left, Jennie Miller (bride), Victor Nancollas (groom), Winnifred (Harper) Hayden (bridesmaid), and Arthur Sladen (best man) in 1934.*

He was a member of the combined water board for some twenty-five years. He was chairman of the Columbia-Shuswap Regional District, and the Columbia-Shuswap Regional Hospital District. In 1964, he was honoured with the Good Citizen of the year award.

Vic is survived by his wife Jennie and three daughters: Barbara Bassermann of Prince George, Mary Hamilton of Irvine, California, and Joan Lyons of Kamloops.



---

## DOREEN MARY M. (GORDON) TAIT, 1930-1993

by Jack Tait

Doreen was born in Kelowna on March 12, 1930. Her parents were George and Violet Gordon.

Doreen's roots go very deep in the history of Kelowna. Her grandfather, Sandy Gordon, arrived in the Okanagan Valley a hundred years ago. In 1893, he homesteaded in the Glenmore area and later on a large ranch on what is now Gordon Drive. Her uncle, D.K. Gordon, was the mayor of Kelowna during the early 1930s, and her father, George, was a bookkeeper with the Kelowna Creamery. Her family was deeply involved in the development of Kelowna, and this influenced the type of person that she became.

When Doreen was a young girl, life in Kelowna was simpler and quieter. A somewhat isolated rural community, it was two days travel to Vancouver and



*Doreen Tait in 1984. Photo courtesy of Jack Tait.*

three to Calgary. The social centres of town were the Post Office, the Aquatic Club, and the CPR docks at the foot of Bernard Avenue. During the Depression, life was difficult for many people. Doreen was expected to help out the family by working on her grandparents' farm, which she did every day after school. Although it was hard work, Doreen had many fond memories of life on the farm. Her family was also very involved in the life of the First United Church. She was christened here. She attended Sunday school and the CGIT group. Later, she would be married in this church, and have both her daughters christened here.

After completing senior matriculation at Kelowna High School, Doreen left to attend U.B.C., where she studied history and Latin. She returned to Kelowna during the summers to work in the cannery and packing houses, where as she often recalled, the boys were paid 15 cents an hour more than the girls, just

because they were male. While studying at U.B.C., she and Jack became engaged. They both completed training to become teachers and headed off to the Kootenays for a year. Doreen taught school in Nelson and Jack in the nearby community of Riondel. In June 1954, they were married.

---

**Jack Tait**, husband of Doreen, is a retired educator and former student essay chair for the O.H.S. He lives in Kelowna, and gave this eulogy on November 4, 1993.

They returned to Kelowna, and Doreen taught one year at Kelowna Junior High. Her first daughter, Catherine, was born in 1957, followed by the second, Nancy, in 1962. During these years, Doreen's focus was on her family. She was busy baking bread, sewing clothes and raising the girls. She was a devoted wife and mother who contributed much to the lives of her children and husband.

In 1971, her former school principal asked her to consider coming back to work. With both girls in school, she decided to pick up teaching again. She taught a year at Quigley Elementary before returning to U.B.C. to learn the skills of a librarian. She served as the librarian at three elementary schools: East Kelowna, Lakeview Heights in Peachland, and finally A.S. Matheson. In 1986, she and Jack decided to take some time for themselves, and retired.

After retirement, Doreen was able to pursue her love of history and became an active member of the Okanagan Historical Society. She and Jack also took some time to travel. She enjoyed immensely their last trip to Britain, taken just this June. They toured England and Scotland, and were able to visit the Island of Iona in the Hebrides of Scotland. This island, the seat of the ancient Celtic church, had always held a special fascination for Doreen. On an earlier trip, she and Jack visited her family's ancestral home in Aberdeenshire. Doreen felt a strong connection to her roots in Scotland.

Doreen, in many ways, was a balance of town and country. She loved getting out into the open. She had a great knowledge of local plants and geology. She was a rock hounder, and even took up gold panning. She and Jack spent many happy summer days at their cabin north of Fintry enjoying a rustic lifestyle on the lake's edge.

Doreen was skilled with her hands and enjoyed leatherwork and copperwork. She was also a wonderful seamstress, a talent she passed on to her daughter, Nancy, who has pursued a career in theatre costume design. In the past few years, Doreen turned this skill in a new direction and became an avid quilter. She very much enjoyed her involvement with the Kelowna Quilters' Guild.

To us, Doreen has been a devoted wife and mother. She and Jack had a strong relationship, built on mutual respect and love – a true partnership. Doreen always provided a solid support to her family, and never backed away from its responsibilities. She strove to be fair and caring in all her dealings with people. She touched our lives in so many ways; we will miss her energy and support.



---

## MARY SUTHERLAND – 1921-1992

by Ken Harding

Mary Sutherland was the kind of friend who had an uncanny sense of when she was needed. I have known Mary Sutherland most of my life. We were neighbours for twelve years on Leon Avenue. How do you reveal a lifetime of her goodness, her virtues, her feelings, her beliefs, her aspirations, her wisdom, her inner strength, in just a few words?

Some words best described our Mary: kind-hearted, generous, thoughtful, stubborn, gregarious, sensitive, conundrum, sense of humour, pussy cat, unrelenting wit, nighthawk – slow-riser, frugal, conniver, bridge and crossword nut, impulsive, a real character, community-minded, organizer, disturber, telephonicitis and loveableness (we thought Mary would like that one).

No one will ever know all the gestures of kindness and generosity Mary made to others, particularly to the elderly. Someone wrote, “A noble deed is a step toward God.” Mary made enough steps for ten people.

Kevin, my son, spent a lot of time over at the Sutherlands. At Mary’s invitation, he would often stay to eat with them. Kevin always was a big eater. One day, Doug said they couldn’t afford to feed him and put a chain around the fridge! But Kevin still went over to Mary’s.

Only once did I get one up on her. Most of you will have heard this story of my moment of victory.

One night, about midnight, we were already in bed when the phone rang. Mary gaily announced, “You’ve got five minutes to come over here or we’re coming over there!” No way was that crew getting into our house! I pulled on a dressing gown and slippers, slapped an old straw hat on my head, and hustled over to the Sutherlands, a likely candidate for a vagrancy charge.

I was met at the door by an Englishman who intoned, “Are you the chap that Mary just phoned.” I replied, “You’re looking at him!” The party was for this fellow who represented the company that made Doug’s marzipan. Two hours later, home I went – but who could sleep after that?

My comment to Gwen next morning was, “We have to get rid of those neighbours!”

Later that morning, down at Terry’s Signs, I told him I needed a big “FOR SALE” sign, and at the top in BIG letters I needed the following words: “NEIGHBOURS WILL HELP RAISE DOWNPAYMENT.”



*Mary Sutherland*

---

**Ken Harding** is a retired Insurance Broker and has lived in the Kelowna area all his life. He gave this eulogy at Mary’s funeral.

When no one was around, I erected the sign in the Sutherland's planter. People drove up Leon – stopped – looked – then went away grinning! I don't know how long that sign stayed there before it was discovered. Jean Bennett had something to do with it. Jean was with the firm of Carruthers and Meikle. She was a long time friend of Mary's and lived across the street. The dialogue went something like this:

"Why are you selling your house, Mary?"

"Shin Bennett, are you crazy?"

"Well, from what I can see the sign says, "FOR QUICK SALE."

Out rushed Mary – and yes, I finally had her – the one and only time! Cameron says that infamous sign is still in their basement.

Yesterday, I had a good laugh with myself, wondering what will happen up there when Mary and Phil Weddell greet. I don't think even God will be able to handle that!

Mary's greatest joy was her family: Doug, Cameron and Marilyn, Christine and Chris, and of course, Kimberly and Tyler. The support they have given their Dad these past few days exemplifies their love for him and their Mom.

MEMORIES: that's all we have left now – but they are wonderful.



---

## WILLIAM JOHN DIXON SHORT, 1891-1967

by Marilyn Newman

William John Dixon Short was born in Dover, Kent, England. He was one of four children born to John and Alice Short. As a young boy, he was musically inclined, perhaps because his father was a musician by trade. When he was fourteen (December 11, 1906), he enlisted in the army and was sent to India, and later France. He was a certified wireless operator. He was gravely wounded on March 22, 1917, and was left for dead on the battle field. He was found two days later and sent to military hospital.



William John Dixon Short in 1958.  
Photo courtesy of Marilyn Newman

His injuries were significant. After several operations the doctors were able to remove some shrapnel from his arm and leg, but one piece, lodged too close to his spine, they decided to leave. Eventually, with much courage and therapy, he was able to walk again. He was then transferred to hospital in England to complete his recovery. It was here that he met my Mother, Ethel Florence Ginks. She was with the land army and was on kitchen duty at the hospital.

They were married on April 10, 1918 in Milford in the county of South Hampton. Times were so tough and food rationed that Mom's family did not eat meat for a month so that they could have enough to serve their few wedding guests on that day. After their marriage, my father was stationed in Dover, Kent as a wireless operator on *The Lady Duncannon*, a salvage tug. Later, he served as a clerk in the Royal Artillery Record Office.

After the war, they heard that there were great opportunities in Canada, so they applied to immigrate in 1921. In 1922, they packed a few belongings in a steamer trunk, said their "good-byes" to their families (whom they did not see again for almost 40 years), and set sail on the *S.S. Alannia*.

They arrived in Montreal to discover that contrary to reports, there was no work for them. They were told to look on the prairies. They travelled to Winnipeg. There my Dad found farm work. He worked long hours, seven days a week. My Mother found a job on another farm working for the Whatleys. Mrs. Whatley was very ill, so it became her job to look after six children (aged one to seven), cook for the sixteen hired men, and do all the other household chores. At one point, because of a shortage of water, she was forced to bathe all six children in an inch of water. Because of their working arrangements, my parents often went weeks at a time without seeing one another.

---

**Marilyn Newman** is the daughter of William John Dixon Short. She grew up in Kelowna, and presently resides in Enderby, where she is a director on the board of the Enderby & District Museum Society.

It did not take them long to realize that there was no future for them in this environment, so they decided to move on to Vancouver, where my father would have a better chance of finding work as a wireless operator. Dad was not able to find employment there, but Mom found a housekeeping job. In 1927, Dad heard that there was work in the Okanagan Valley, so they once again packed their meagre belongings and moved.

They arrived in Kelowna. The orchard work was plentiful, but housing was scarce, so they bought a tent (on their word they would pay later) from the O.L. Jones Hardware Store. They lived in it for a short time until Dad found work on Mr. Barrat's orchard in Glenmore. The orchardist had a small cottage which they moved into. They both worked long hard hours in the orchard doing everything from pruning to digging irrigation ditches. They loved Glenmore, so decided to settle there.

Unable to have children of their own, they decided to adopt. After months of waiting in 1940, they were told that there were two babies in Vancouver that needed a family. So they drove down in their 1930 Studebaker. The six-week-old little girl was screaming at the top of her lungs, so they decided to adopt me. Mom often reminded me of our return trip after my official adoption on March 18th. The only way to transport me back to Kelowna was in an apple box they had brought with them!

Shortly after they arrived home, they discovered that I had colic so bad that Dr. Underhill did not think I would survive. Fortunately, they discovered that goat's milk cured the problem, and they promptly bought two goats.

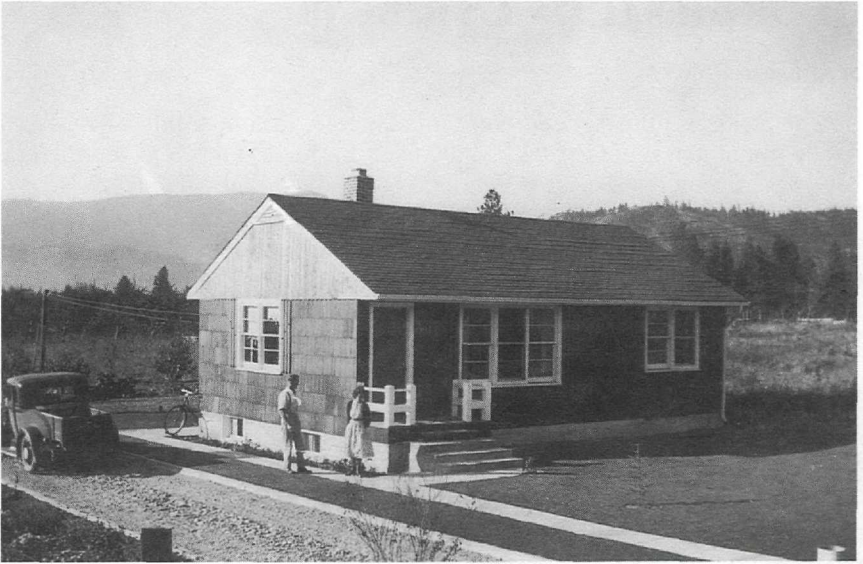
In 1941, Dad enlisted and was posted to Cranbrook as a Staff Sergeant in charge of instruction. His World War I injuries did not allow him to engage in active duty. We lived there until 1946. While there, Dad nearly lost his life again when he fell asleep at the wheel of an army jeep and went over an embankment. With the jeep up-side down, battery acid dripped all over him completely shredding his clothes. As a three-year-old, I can still remember him walking through the door in shreds and black all over.

After the war, we moved back to Kelowna. Dad was hired on the Okanagan Lake ferry as a purser. Dad worked on the ferries until 1958, when the bridge was opened. He issued the last ticket on the *M.V. Pendozi*.



*William and Ethel Short in 1938 with their dog Sandy. Photo courtesy of Marilyn Newman.*





*The Short home located on Glenmore Road across from the Kelowna Golf and Country Club in 1946. Photo courtesy of Marilyn Newman.*

We were fortunate to have the opportunity to purchase ten acres in Glenmore. It was here that Dad built a two-bedroom home, where we lived until his death in March, 1967. After 1958, he retired and they travelled to England. By then, both their parents had passed away. Upon their return, he became a volunteer secretary of Kelowna Legion Branch #26, and served on the board of directors of the Kelowna Credit Union. His greatest happiness was his family and grandchildren: Barbara, Bradley, Ken and Jim.

In 1970, Mom married long-time Glenmore friend, Ray Corner. He passed away in 1978. Mom continues to reside at Cottonwoods Extended Care in Kelowna.

---

## GEORGE SALT – A TRIBUTE

by Gordon Dale

George Salt was a third-generation Canadian. His grandparents, Gerald and Agnes, emigrated to Canada in 1894 from England. They briefly settled in Deep Creek on a homestead, but found better land at Springbend (please see *The 55th Report of the O.H.S.*, page 106). They settled on a river-front farm they purchased from Proctor. George's Dad, Bob Salt, later married Susan Monk from Grindrod and took over the farm. They had seven children: George and Art, and their five sisters, Jean, Marjorie, Betty, Elenor, and Iris. George's boyhood friend, Dean Weddick and his wife now live on the farm, in the original house.

George got his early education in a typical rural school – one room, lots of grades, one teacher. He finished his schooling at Springbend with Grade 8 and then attended high school in Enderby for a couple of years. He later took correspondence courses and attended refrigeration school in Winnipeg.

George often reminisced about those early days – fixing up old bikes, and later, old cars; working on the farm or on neighbouring farms; fishing and swimming in the river. They were good years, free from the stresses and anxieties that now face our children and grandchildren.

When war broke out, George joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and was stationed in the Maritime Provinces. His experiences awakened two life-long interests: aviation and travel. Much of his leave was spent travelling by train, bus, or hitchhiking around the north-eastern United States and eastern Canada. Following his discharge, George headed to the warmer climates of Mexico, and he briefly considered settling there. However, Enderby pulled him back, and he arrived here in the midst of a snow storm.

George retained his interest in both the military and Air Force. He was an active member of Branch #98 of the Royal Canadian Legion for 31 years, serving on the executive for several years. Every year he made a trip to Abbotsford for the Air Show to check out what was new in the air industry.

On his return to Enderby, George spent some time reorienting himself. He briefly lived in Lumby, helping his brother, Art, establish a garage and taxi business. Then he ventured into business himself, operating a garage and small store at Edgar's Corner, more recently known as Danforth's Corner.

While in Lumby, George met Shirley Forester and they were married in Vernon in 1952.

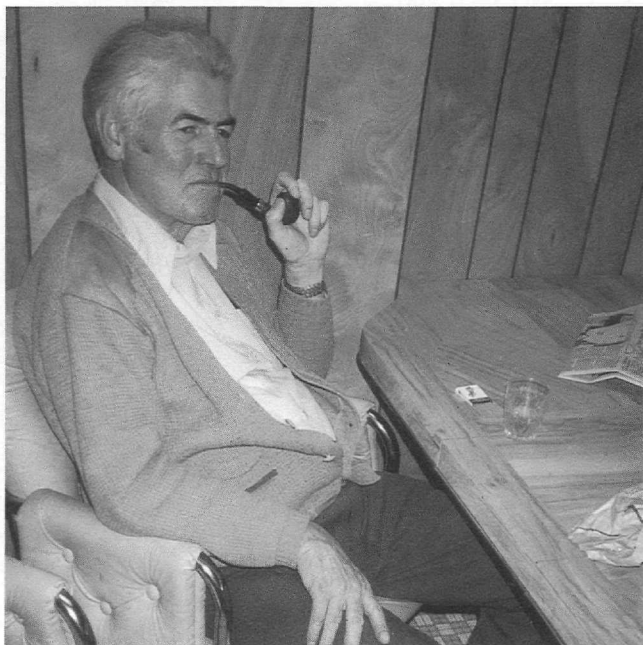
In 1955, George bought out Cyril Lee's Insurance and Real Estate Business. He had found his real calling. The real estate business has changed drastically in the past four decades, but the one constant in the North Okanagan was George Salt. The business became Enderby Agencies Ltd., and

---

Gordon Dale has lived most of his life in the Enderby/Mabel Lake area. He has been a friend of George Salt for over twenty years and gave this eulogy at his funeral, 5 May 1993.



eventually, Enderby Lands Ltd. George started various people in the business including his former partner, Henry Desnoyer and his current partner, Elmer Halvorson along with salesmen, George Green and, another partner, Irwin Jones, who predeceased him several years ago. George was a founding member of the Okanagan-Mainline Real Estate Board, serving on the board of directors, and as president for a year.



*George Salt in 1988.*

He was very active in civic and community affairs. He was an member of the Board of Trade, and later, the Enderby and District Chamber of Commerce. He was an alderman of the City of Enderby and ran unsuccessfully for mayor. He was a member of the Lion's Club in earlier years and a member of the Vernon Club. George spent countless hours in an advisory capacity to the city on economic development.

George and Shirley settled in the "Big House" on the corner of Cliff and Sicamous in 1957 and raised their family. Their three children all live in Enderby. Patsy and Doug are well established in their businesses, and Bob followed his dad into real estate. A few years ago, he and Shirley moved into the house on Stanley Street, and Patsy, Tony, and family moved into the "Big House."

Their family was always close and has grown closer since George's health began to decline. Patsy has been a constant strength for her mother and brothers in the past months. The family dynasty continues with seven

grandchildren: Richard, Stuart, Desiree, Sam, Alan, Michelle, and Quin. He was particularly proud of his grandchildren's achievements – academic and athletic. He enjoyed watching them develop their special talents and their individual personalities.

In 1940, George was stricken by tuberculosis. He was hospitalized for many months at Tranquille and Vancouver General. Eventually, he had a lung removed. The experience filled him with the resolve not to end his life on life-support systems. He respected hospitals, but didn't want to end up in one.

The loss of his lung limited his physical activities somewhat and steered him into his two favourite sports: trapshooting and fishing. George and Art were part of a contingent of North Okanagan Trapshooters that enjoyed great success in competitive trapshooting. He became one of the top shooters in the Pacific Northwest, taking the championship one year in Nevada.

His main passion, though, was fishing with his children, grandchildren, and friends. He loved fishing for salmon in the Shuswap River or trolling Mara and Shuswap Lakes. He went trophy fishing in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. Bob and Doug are both avid fishermen.

Many of us called George "The Senator." He had a vital interest in current events, and in politics at all levels. He campaigned for various politicians in federal, provincial, and municipal elections. His support was always accompanied by advice. He was the elder statesman of local politics, advising mayors and aldermen. He was always front and centre in encouraging younger people to get involved in politics, run for council, or attend meetings. He could see both sides to a debate or a dispute and make positive suggestions. He didn't look at life as being black and white, and knew there were lots of grey areas. He was a strong supporter of the campaign to bring sewer services to Enderby, and an ardent worker for the arena and curling rink. He was involved in the establishment of the Enderby TV Syndicate which brought television to town. He and his partners developed the Riverdale Subdivision. George was a strong supporter of Downtown Revitalization and the development of Riverside Park.

I met George in the late 1960s and got to know him well in the past twenty years. He was a special friend of my great-uncles, the Dale Boys: George, Douglas and Billy. At times, he was my advisor, my competition, and more recently, my boss. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the word. He had his own pace, and he was consistent. He could give advice without moralizing. The generation gap didn't exist with him; he was always interested in what was going on with younger people. He had a great respect for the rights of the individual. He had a good sense of humour.

George loved to travel. Unfortunately, in the last few years, he was tied down by his health. One of his favourite trips was a fishing trip he took to the Baja and Cabo San Lucas with Bob and Doug. A more recent trip was with Shirley and members of his family to Georgia.

He was a great travelling companion, and we made a lot of trips together. We called it business at the time, but it was always a pleasure to travel with him. We worked projects in Texas at Padre Island and Horseshoe Bay, and



in the Bahamas at Norman's Cay and San Andros. We didn't make any money from them, but we saw a lot of that part of the world. He fit in anywhere, making friends easily. The only problem I had travelling with George was that, no matter where we were, or how our return tickets read, we always seemed to fly back home through Reno or Las Vegas. George wasn't a serious gambler, but he loved to watch the action and the people.



*The Salt residence at 806 Sicamous Street. Originally built by the A.R. Rogers Sawmill for their manager, it has been a landmark in the City of Enderby since 1906. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

George was a real man's man in the old sense of the word. He wouldn't be considered politically correct in certain circles these days. He loved hanging out with his buddies, whether it was around his kitchen table, the back room of the office, or at the Legion. His buddies came in a variety of ages and occupations. Lifelong friends included Audrey Baird; partners Elmer Halvorson and Henry Desnoyer; business friends Cliff Kjelgren, Paul King, Terry Fergus, Howie Gillis, and Wes McCune. Many of George's special friends predeceased him, including T.K. Smith, Irwin Jones, Ted Dockstader, Jack Heal and Patty Duke.

My favourite memory of George is sailing around the harbour of Norman's Cay in a 12-foot hobycat in the moonlight. We were under the influence of some local spirits, looking for Norman the Pirate. Needless to say, we totally terrorized the yachts anchored in the harbour.

We had our last visit with George in the back room a short time ago. We talked about local politics, the municipal election this fall, and had a wee touch of scotch. That was the way he would have wanted it.

---

## DR. CECIL DAVID NEWBY

by Dr. R.B. Emslie

Cecil David Newby was born in 1902 in the Fraser Valley community of Sardis, B.C. He was one of a large family of six boys and six girls. All six girls are now deceased, and of the six boys, only two are still alive: Cece and his brother Raymond ("Chick"), a retired M.D., who lives in Victoria.

Cece grew up on a dairy farm, went through the usual schooling system, graduated from Chilliwack High School and continued on to the University of British Columbia, where he received his B.A. in 1927.

He taught English and history to junior high school students from 1927 until 1929, and then resigned from teaching, because, in his own words, "The appeal wasn't there." Dentistry offered certain distinct advantages to teaching in those days, and with a brother already practising dentistry in Chilliwack, Cece decided this was the profession he wanted to pursue. In 1929, he enrolled as a freshman at the North Pacific College of Dentistry in Portland, Oregon, graduating with distinction in 1933 at the top of his class.

Searching for new worlds to conquer, he came to Kelowna that same year, and set up practice in the Willits Block. At that time, Kelowna had a population of 4,500 and a dental population of four: Nelson Sheperd, Lloyd Day, Bob Matheson and Dr. Wright. Some of them didn't like the idea of a newcomer joining their ranks, but despite a less than enthusiastic welcome, Cece built up a thriving practice and retired in 1962 at the age of 60.

Cece was one of Kelowna's most eligible bachelors for five years, but ultimately love prevailed, and on July 7, 1938, Gwen Edgell Emslie and Cecil David Newby were united in marriage in St. Michael and All Angels' church in Kelowna. Out of this union came three girls and one boy, ten grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Having grown up on a farm, it was almost inevitable that Cece would turn his attention to horses. He and Gwen and their family were active members of the Kelowna Riding Club. They rode and showed Palominos at the Interior Provincial Exhibition (or I.P.E.) in Armstrong for 20 years. Cece was president of the I.P.E. in 1968 and made a life member in 1970.

He is also a life member of the Kelowna Curling Club, a charter member of the Yacht Club, a member of the Masonic Order, and an ex-Gyro. He was an alderman of the city of Kelowna in 1945 - 1946.



*Dr. Cecil Newby.*

---

Dr. R.B. Emslie is a retired Kelowna dentist and a brother-in-law of Cecil Newby.





50th Anniversary, July 7, 1938-July 7, 1988. Pictured, left to right: daughters Diane (Schell), Linda (Dirom); Gwen and Cece Newby; son David and daughter Lorraine (McDonald).

Sports played an important part in his life. He participated in track and field, played a mean game of baseball, basketball, football and golf. He was president of the Kelowna Golf and Country Club in 1944 and 1946, club champion in 1951 and made a life member in 1975.

At 90 years of age, Cece still enjoys sports – from the comfort of his chair – on television. He has left his mark in this community, and can truly be considered one of Kelowna's pioneers of modern times.

# Student Essay

---

The Student Essay Contest was cancelled this year. A package of material was not sent to the various branches for distribution to schools, as had been done in the past.

At a workshop in mid-April, the branch editors met to discuss this situation. It was resolved that in future the contest would be run by the branches. They will determine whether or not to use the package approach or develop a local theme. Their branch essay contest chair will then submit the best from the branch to the editor for his/her consideration. The editor will select a winner in the junior and senior categories with prizes awarded at the Annual General Meeting as in the past.

In the absence of essays this year, the Enderby & District Museum has kindly consented, with the permission of the author, to allow us to publish a student essay that was presented to Miss Beattie at the Fortune School in Enderby in 1943. Written by Myrla (nee Lantz) Kilburn, it discusses the pole industry in the Shuswap\North Okanagan area. The author is the daughter of one of the major players in the pole industry, Havelock Leroy (Lockie) Lantz (see *O.H.S. Report* #54, page 139).

Robert Cowan  
Editor

## **The Cedar Pole Industry: Kamloops Forest District**

**by Myrla (nee Lantz) Kilburn**

The cedar pole industry springs from the need of light, strong, straight and element-resisting timbers required by hydro-electric power companies and telephone companies on which to carry their overhead lines to convey power and light from the source to the consumers.

---

**Myrla Kilburn** resides in Toronto, but often returns to the Okanagan Valley to visit her mother, Marion Baird, in Enderby.



An offshoot of the production of cedar poles is piling, which is made out of shorter, heavier cedar poles with large butt ends and greater circumference. Piling is used for bridge building, yard arms, and where strong supports are required in road building and trestle work. It is also used when sturdier, heavier, timber is required for holding electrical power transformers and for the building of towers holding wires for conveying power from power dams to the point of distribution. About five to ten percent of all cedar poles cut necessarily includes this type of pole which is classed as a piling of different lengths and sizes.

The province of British Columbia is divided into five Forest Districts: Fort George, Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Kamloops, and Nelson. These districts include such a vast area that I will mention only one, namely the Kamloops Forest District. This district is situated in the southern interior of British Columbia and extends to the United States border. It includes the Okanagan Valley and the Thompson River system.

Owing to climatic conditions, parts of British Columbia are especially suited to the growth of cedar trees favoured by the pole industry. These trees grow rapidly and are tall, slim, and straight without many side limbs.

The pole industry of British Columbia is very important as it supplies poles for the United States and Canadian markets including the prairies. The prairie provinces mainly do not grow trees suitable for this industry but require the poles. Therefore, it is necessary to import from British Columbia or elsewhere.

This industry throughout British Columbia is of great importance to the province. It employs many men and brings in much revenue, second only to the extensive logging for saw and pulp mills.

The future of cedar pole production is bright, as there are vast forests of this type of timber yet untouched. The demand will keep pace with the output for many years to come. There will always be power needed for the opening up of new industries and the expansion of those already established. Cedar poles will carry this power and will be used for telephone lines. As long as cedar poles are needed, so also will there be need for men to produce them; therefore, it is almost certain that in the future there will be jobs open in the bush or in the pole yards for the skilled or unskilled workman.

After the tract of timber is bought, cruisers are sent into the area. Their job is to give an estimation of merchantable timber and allocate the cutting of the same. They map the area and choose the best location for main roads and dump locations. Then a suitable camp site is chosen. Sometimes cruisers' reports include the cost and labour requirement forecasts. Cruisers must be in good health and wear suitable clothing at work as the undergrowth is dense and the forest is often damp. Cruisers are usually paid by the day, though large companies pay a monthly salary. Their remuneration is fairly high, the general wage being \$10.00 per day.

Following the cruising of the timber limit, the next step is the road building. The roads are located and blazed by the cruiser. Then the road construction crew bring in their steam shovels, bulldozers and other equipment and

lay the grade and level it with ballast. It is a long hard job pushing through the forest. As the work is heavy, the workers must be in the best of health and be reliable. The road contractor is paid by the mile or works on contract. He usually supplies the equipment and organizes his road gang. Workers are paid by the hour. A "cat" driver with a blade receives a minimum of \$1.45 per hour. Working conditions vary. Sometimes the road gang camp on the site of the road-making or live in bunk houses provided by the logging superintendent. The road gang must have a knowledge of how to run the different road making machinery, and how to make minor repairs. Any of the road gang may rise to foreman's position or road construction contractor.

After the roads are made, another construction crew goes in and builds the camp, which usually consists of a cookhouse and dining hall, bunkhouses, commissary, tool or machine shop and shelters for teams and machinery.



*A Logging Camp near Hidden Lake east of Enderby circa 1945. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

The camp foreman helps in the planning and execution of camp operations. He must have a pleasing personality and the ability to handle men. He requires at least a working knowledge of the various branches of woods operations. His future opportunities will depend to a large extent on the amount of experience he possesses. He must adapt himself easily and a good education always helps in future jobs. A camp foreman receives a very good salary.

In a camp, there is always a cook who must be able, through experience or special training, to provide wholesome, appetizing meals for large numbers of men. He must have a good knowledge of nutritional requirements, be clean and neat about his person and insist on the same standards of cleanliness in his help, his cookhouse, and his dining hall. A good cook's wages are high, the



general salary being about \$125.00 per month net. A good cook is very much in demand.

The cook's helper, "cookee or flunkey," is generally trained on the job and in general requires only to be clean and neat, useful and energetic. His pay is fair.

Every camp requires a clerk. His job consists of keeping the men's time and all piece-work tallies, keeping a record of camp and various operating costs plus ordering supplies. The clerk is a very important cog in the machinery of camp operations. The ability and personality of the clerk will be clearly reflected in the efficiency of camp operations. He requires a pleasing personality, equable temperament and must be dependable with at least a high school or business education with emphasis on mathematics. A clerk's remuneration is fairly high, about \$125.00 per month, because he is generally required to live in the camp.

In a logging camp of a certain size, say employing at least fifteen men, there must be one man who holds a St. John's Ambulance Industrial First Aid Certificate so that in case of accidents, he can render first aid to the injured before the arrival of a doctor or sending him out of camp for medical treatment. Usually the clerk holds this certificate in consideration of which he commands an additional wage.

In all camps employing three or more men, there must be a First Aid Kit, and in a larger camp, there must be a small room set aside for first aid treatment, supplied with first aid essentials according to Workmen's Compensation Regulations.

In case of injury, the Workmen's Compensation Board pay for all medical and hospital care. They also pay part of the man's wage or salary during his time of unemployment. All this is paid for out of funds of the Workmen's Compensation Board set up by the government. All employees contribute a certain small amount daily to cover such injuries and resulting unemployment.

The government also regulates what minimum wage is to be paid to each different worker so that he will get a fair salary.

Once the road has been built, fallers are sent to the section of timber allocated to them. The faller cuts the tree down with a crosscut or a power saw. He must have good health and good physical strength. He is required to be a skilled operator so that the tree may be dropped at a predetermined spot, and that when dropped, it will not suffer damage or damage any other trees nearby. There are many disadvantages to this occupation. The faller is doing dangerous and heavy work. They acquire the agility of cats as they make their way over rough stones and boulders, sharp twisted tree branches and slippery



*Peeling cedar trees in the bush. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

bark. The main advantage of a faller's job is his ability to make top money in good timber, as he is paid by piece-work.

The tree now felled, the swamper cuts the limbs off it, and clears the ground from fallen trees stumps and other obstructions, preparatory to the clearing of skidding roads. He must be a good axeman, strong and healthy. The work is strenuous, but the wages and hours are fairly good. The general wage a swamper receives is about \$ .90 an hour.

After the swamper has de-limbed the tree, the peeler takes the bark off by means of an axe or "spud." The work is hazardous, and the peeler must be strong, alert, and an experienced axeman. His wages and hours are fair. The general wage of a peeler is approximately \$ .90 per hour.

The poles have been peeled and are ready for skidding. The skidder drags the poles by means of a horse or tractor to a landing, where he decks them for winter hauling or trucking. Sometimes they are taken to a flume, a means by which poles are floated on water, running in a wooden trough on supports for long or short distances, sometimes five miles in length to the lakeshore or river bank for towing or driving. The poles may also be skidded to a dumping ground on a lakeshore or river bank for driving during high water. The skidder must be healthy and an experienced teamster or "cat" driver. Work is strenuous, but as he works on a piece-work basis, the steadier he works, the more he earns. Poles on skidways or in decks are often left to season before the next operation is proceeded with.

Preliminary scaling is usually done as the poles are decked in the woods in order to give the faller and skidder a piece-work tally. The scaler must hold a government scaler's license. He measures the poles with a steel tape, marks the length and class on the end of each pole with a crayon and records them in a book. He must have good vision and health, be alert and have endurance for outdoor work in a rough country. A scaler commands good wages as his work requires accuracy. He is usually paid by a monthly salary, the general wage being about \$200.00.

From the decks or skidways, the truck driver loads the poles on the truck



*Scaling peeled cedar logs in the bush.  
Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

and hauls them to the yard or to the dumping ground on the river bank or lakeshore for driving or towing purposes. He must be able to load and unload poles, do minor repair work on his truck, and be able to keep a tally of poles handled. Also, he should be able to drive a truck under all weather and road conditions. He must also have good eyesight and hearing. His work is very hazardous, and the hours are long. Often, hauling is done by piece-work when a trucker owns his truck, receiving a certain stated amount for various classes and lengths of poles according to the hauling distance. The general salary of a trucker is from



\$1.05 to \$1.25 per hour, if the trucker is driving the employer's truck. As he generally hauls poles to a yard which has a railway siding, he usually makes his home in town.

If the poles are to be sent in a drive down the river, drivers or rivermen are required. They must be healthy, as they work in all weather and often get wet during the drive. The work is dangerous, and they must be agile and quick on their feet. Pay is good.

The poles are driven to boomed off areas and hooked onto cables and taken out of the water into the loading yard. An experienced teamster or "cat" driver is needed to take the poles out of the water. The general wage for a "cat" driver is about \$1.20 per hour.



*Hauling Poles near south Mabel Lake. Standing on the load are Duke Proctor and Ella Sigalet. Photo courtesy of the Enderby Museum.*

Poles are sometimes taken out of the water by means of a jack-ladder, powered by electricity in the larger operations.

The yardman then decks the poles in piles according to their sizes and class which were marked by the scaler. The yardman must be an experienced teamster. A top-loader is required to load the poles on the flat cars. The yardman and top-loader are paid by the day. The yardman receives about \$ .90 per hour and the top-loader a little more.

After several months of seasoning, the poles are loaded and shipped on flat cars to the purchaser, and are often treated by a creosoting plant en route.

# Book Reviews

---

## A SHADOW PASSES

Ursula Surtees, Kelowna, 1993.

Reviewed by Bernard Webber.

With *A Shadow Passes*, Ursula Surtees has written a praiseworthy first novel that deserves a wide circulation. The book identifies the influences at work in the Central Okanagan roughly within the first two decades of the current century. It is not formally divided into sections, but falls informally into clearly-differentiated phases of the life of the times.

First came a wave of settlers from the United Kingdom, often well-born but not always wealthy, attracted perhaps by advertisements placed in Old Country publications written in glowing terms about the opportunities ready for the taking in the Okanagan. The Bassetts, central to the novel, were such a family: Edward, father, Elizabeth, mother, and their three children, Gilbert (the eldest at nine years of age), Algernon, and Gwynlyn. They arrived in 1901.

It was 1906 before the Bassetts were able to acquire a twenty-acre orchard and a good house. For a few years, crops were plentiful and of a high quality. Then tragedy struck. Edward fell ill and died.

By that time, talk of war was everywhere. When it came in 1914, young and middle-aged men, many of them not long from the Old Country, felt an irresistible pull homewards to help defend the land of their birth. Some went home to rejoin their old regiments. Others joined up in Canada. Mrs. Surtees writes with sensitivity and compassion about the reverse movement of men and women from the New World to the Old World.

Gilbert was the first Bassett to join the Colours, and trained to become a first-aid man, skilled in helping men wounded in battle and getting them to Casualty Clearing Stations. Back home in the Okanagan, Gilbert's friend Willie joined up to rescue horses under fire. This part of the novel reveals Mrs. Surtees' understanding of how artillery guns were drawn into position by horses harnessed to gun carriages. It takes little imagination to realize what could happen to a horse whose companion was killed in harness. I asked Mrs. Surtees how she gained such an exact knowledge about the functioning of horse artillery. She said that much of her information came from a relation who was in the Royal Artillery during the Great War.

---

**Bernard Webber** is a life-member and past-president of the O.H.S. A retired educator, he resides in Osoyoos.



In such close combat as prevailed in that war, it was inevitable that casualty lists would be long and frequent. So many men were killed that it often was a relief to hear that a son was just "Missing in Action." When Elizabeth Bassett's second son, Algernon, was blown up in his tank and was reported missing, Elizabeth gained consolation that he had not been declared "Killed in Action." Mrs. Surtees deals sensitively with the anguish and despair visited upon parents whose telegrams from the army authorities left no doubt that a loved one had been killed.

In the meantime, Gilbert, on leave in Wales, met Rowena. Their love develops into one of the most appealing romances that you will read anywhere. Here, once again, Mrs. Surtees shows her great ability to suit her writing to the occasion. Delicacy in love is set in counterpoint to the cut and thrust of war.

The book ends not with the end of the war, but with the end of the Battle of Vimy Ridge in which Gilbert is severely wounded. He cannot force himself back into life until Rowena is at his bedside. Gilbert's survival seems to stand as an augury that all will come right in the end.

Mrs. Surtees is to be complimented in having written a fine novel. It is accurate in its history, sensitive in its expression of emotions, and distinguished in its writing. I hope you will like it as much as I did.

## **VERNON: A GEOLOGICAL GUIDE.**

**Jamie Kidston, Vernon, 1993.**

**Reviewed by Robert Cowan.**

In a slim pamphlet of thirty-two pages, Jamie Kidston has given readers an interesting introduction to the geological history of the Vernon area. Basically, the text is divided into three sections: a chronology of rock formations; the effect of glaciation on the landscape; and interesting points of geology that can be easily viewed in the Vernon area.

Mr. Kidston provides us with some fascinating data, including the depth of bedrock in the Okanagan Valley which in some cases is 190m (or 620 feet) below sea level. There are colourful maps to indicate the various rock assemblages or the extent of the glacial lake that covered much of the area as recently as 10,000 years ago. There are numerous tidbits of information scattered throughout; one of the more interesting was the discussion of the artesian well drilled in 1965 adjacent to Kalamalka Road in Coldstream (p. 23).

---

**Robert Cowan** is Chairman of the Enderby and District Museum Society, and editor of the *58th Report*.

The only problem with the text is in the part dealing with the development of rock formations. Here he lapses into the language of the geologist, e.g. "The Complex consists of a basement of Early Proterozoic orthogneiss (derived from plutonic rocks) and Lower Proterozoic paragneiss (derived from sedimentary rocks) overlain unconformably by Upper Proterozoic and possibly Cambrian sediments." (p. 8) Perhaps there are no other words to suitably describe the phenomena. Fortunately for the reader, he has provided a substantial glossary of geological terms at the rear to assist in translating parts of the text similar to the example above.

In all, however, Mr. Kidston has done us a great service by providing a readable, concise handbook for interpreting the interesting geological formations in the Vernon area. It is well worth the six dollars and fifty cents, and is available in the Vernon Museum.

## SHUSWAP CHRONICLES: VOLUME 4, 1993.

Edited by Mary Zoretich and Vera Ellaschuk. The North Shuswap Historical Society, Celista, B.C.

Reviewed by Yvonne McDonald

Formed in 1985, the North Shuswap Historical Society has again produced an interesting and informative book to add to the three volumes already in print. The goals of the society, to gather and record the history of the North Shuswap are being admirably met. In Volume Two, one of the former editors, Jim Cooperman, states that "In the North Shuswap School library is a growing archival collection of diaries, letters, articles, and documents. We now have close to one thousand photos that have been copied from the originals." Presumably, this collection has further increased. This is an impressive achievement for such a young, small group.

The format of Volume Four is similar to that of the previous three volumes. There are more cartoons from the clever pen of Howard Smith, gleaned from the *Chase Tribune* of 1912; an illustration of The Acme Charm Steel Range from a *Sears, Roebuck Catalogue* of 1908 (\$15.95), listing all the wonders of this "heart of the kitchen." As well, the many photographs add interest to the reminiscences. These, however, appear somewhat out of focus.

"Recipes From The Past" are scattered throughout the book. Mrs. May (Buckingham) Smith shares a recipe for "Scrappel," a palatable meat and cornmeal dish made from scraps of pork and served sliced and fried as a "...cheap and delicious breakfast dish." (p. 7) A recipe for "Poppy Seed Cake"

---

Yvonne McDonald is editor and past-president of the Salmon Arm Branch. Retired, she has lived most of her life in the Oliver and Salmon Arm areas.



is accompanied by an interesting comment from Mrs. Sandy Williamson: "Until the mid-1940s, my mother used her own poppy seeds for this cake. Then the police, stamping out the opium menace, told her to pull up all her poppies." (p. 27)

Much of Volume Four consists of reminiscences of pioneers of the area, and small vignettes. Editor Mary Zoretich, in her introduction, says "...we have told some of the stories of the people of the Shuswap region from early settlement days to the mid-fifties. Although the setting for these stories is one particular region of British Columbia, the experiences and emotions are universal. These are people who lived, loved, worked, played and managed to laugh a good deal along the way." (p. 3)

Of more than local interest is Helen Akrigg's account of "Anstey of Anstey Arm." (p. 11) Included here is an 1880 map of the original homestead, and the "Certificate of Pre-Emption Record" of Francis S. Anstey, dated October 16th, 1880. The three hundred and twenty acres situated "...at the head northeast arm of Shuswap Lake..." (p.12) was subsequently named Anstey Arm by the famous explorer and geologist George M. Dawson, when he came through the Shuswap country in the 1880s.

Two reprints from the *Kamloops Sentinel* are included in this volume. "Frank Anestey's (sic) Shipwreck" (July 30, 1892, p. 4) adds interest to the saga of this gentleman. The other, entitled "Head of Spallumcheen Lake" (Nov. 9, 1882, p. 3), is an account of a journey taken October 27, 1882 aboard the *Spallumcheen* up the Thompson River, through the Shuswap and Spallumcheen (Mara) Lakes, up the Spallumcheen (Shuswap) River to Fortune's Landing. The article is rich with descriptions of the farms along the way, and the names of pioneers after whom many spots have been named, including Mr. Anstey, Mr. Hartney, Mr. Lambly, Mr. Fortune, and Mr. Lumby. No explanation is given as to who wrote the article, or why. It concludes by saying "The healthy look and cheerful manner of the people argue that contentment prevails throughout this part of the Province. Whatever may be before us in our travels, we are certain that grand openings to intending settlers are in the neighbourhood of the places visited to-day."

The "Ratchford - Pettipiece Trail" by Betty Golata (1983) is an account of a neglected historic trail. Formerly known as the Big Bend Trail, then later the Moberly Gold Trail, it was the route in 1866 from the Hudson Bay Company's post at Seymour Arm to the gold discoveries on the Columbia River. This brief gold rush, later to be called the "Big Bend Bilk" was responsible for the making of a city at Seymour Arm, and the building by the HBC of the first steamer to operate on the Shuswap as a commercial vessel, the *SS Marten*.

The trail has been neglected for over one hundred years. In 1972, BC Hydro followed the trail when building its transmission line from Mica Dam. In 1974, the Government Parks Branch sent a reconnaissance crew to investigate the trail as to its condition and historic value. Their recommendations were that this trail should be protected and "reserved," because of its historical, ecological and recreational significance. Betty Golata ends with a plea:

"Nothing has been done about the recommendations in this report. The trail lies as it always has, neglected and disintegrating. What will be its future? Will it be desecrated by transmission lines, mine scars, bulldozers and indiscriminate logging roads, or will it remain remote, serene and beautiful, protected as a memorial to those who died in the turbulent making of the history of a Province? It could, if someone cares." (p. 15)

"My North Shuswap Connections" is further entertaining reminiscences from the pen of Roland Jamieson, beginning when he was a lad of fourteen visiting the area, to when he was in the plumbing and heating business. Often he was a "working guest," and enjoyed the hospitality of the homes where a job might take ten days to complete.

The North Shuswap Historical Society is to be congratulated for this latest publication. For not much more than the price of a magazine (\$5.95), it is great reading.

## **A HISTORY OF THE SALMON ARM GOLF COURSE, 1928-1992.**

**Dennis Reid and Tudor Davies. Multi-Media Productions, Salmon Arm, 1993.**

**Reviewed by Shirley Cumberland**

Most of the early history of this small readable book was taken from the files of the *Salmon Arm Observer*. In the short time since the book's publication, much work and planning have been done on the course.

The book has sixty-five pages, bold headings, and large easy-to-read print. The narrative and photos are in chronological order. There are a number of appendices listing member contributions and trophy winners.

Golf began in Salmon Arm in 1928 on farm land obtained from a tax sale, and with land purchased from the municipality. Shares were sold for \$25. The official opening of the six hole course was June 20, 1928. The book contains photographs of the early days. Interestingly enough, sheep were used on the course to cut and fertilize the greens from 1929 until the mid-fifties.

The book has a few anecdotes such as "Lost Ball," and could use a few more stories to liven it up. As well, there are two diagram sketches of the course in 1963 and 1968. These are interesting, and more diagrams of the course in the mid-eighties and the projected course would have been useful.

Traditions continue. Today, the manager of the Salmon Arm Golf Course is the grand-nephew of the first volunteer pro in 1928. This course, developed in the past, remains today an attractive, challenging, evolving, well-run public golf course.

---

**Shirley Cumberland** is a retired school teacher. She has lived in Salmon Arm for twenty-two years.



---

## **GLENROSA 1892-1969, "THE EARLY DAYS."**

**Irene (Wingerter) Morrison, The Kelowna Copy Centre, 1993.**

**Reviewed by Dorothy Zoellner.**

"In the following pages I have endeavoured to talk about early Glenrosa and some of its earliest settlers. Many of these people still live in the area or have family members who do. Without the tremendous help and co-operation of many of these people, this book could not have been written and it is, in reality, their story."

With these words, Irene Morrison gives the reader an insight into the numerous cassettes she recorded while interviewing present and past residents of Glenrosa. Putting these interviews on the printed page, Mrs. Morrison establishes a style that reads like a family diary.

The author, one of seven children, came from the Prairies with her family in December 1945. They arrived in Glenrosa, living in a house that at one time had been the Post Office and General Store for the community. Growing up in this close-knit community, Irene shows her love of the area in her painstaking recording of its hitherto unwritten history.

The 107 pages of the book are presented in a handy-size volume with spiral binding. The print is large and the names of families are in bold type and listed alphabetically. Included with the text are almost 100 clear pictures plus a two-page map, showing the location of 61 Glenrosa properties.

Irene (Wingerter) Morrison is to be congratulated for having the imagination and foresight to realize the need for this history, and then to devote the time necessary to bring it to life. Succeeding generations of Glenrosa families will most assuredly thank her for her publication, in the author's words, a "...collection of statistics and anecdotes of early Glenrosa days."

It can be obtained from the author (1097 Kelview Street, Kelowna, B.C., V1Y 3N9, Phone: (604) 762-0440) and from various Kelowna outlets, including: Mosaic Books, Marika's Books, B.C. Orchard Museum, and both the Orchard Plaza and Westbank Town Centre Overwaitea stores.

---

**Dorothy Zoellner** is a past-president and life member of the O.H.S. A retired educator, she resides in Kelowna.

---

## OBITUARIES

**ADVOCAAT, Aart.** b. The Hague, Holland, 4 August 1910. d. Keremeos, 30 August 1993. Survived by wife, Bertha; sons Donald and Harold; daughter Alice. Son of Cornelius and Wilhelmina Advocaat, he came to Keremeos with his family in 1925. He took an active part in community affairs through his association with B.P.O.E. and the Royal Canadian Legion.

**ALLINGHAM, F. Evalyn (nee Greene).** b. Winnipeg, Manitoba. d. Vernon, 14 March 1993. She was a member of the first class in Public Health Nursing, University of Manitoba, and was Supervisor of Public Health Nursing for the North Okanagan Health Unit for over 20 years.

**ALMAAS, Jorgen Olsen.** b. Norway, 15 September 1905. d. Enderby, 1 April 1993. Survived by wife Josie; sons Gordon, Ole and Gerald; daughters Ruby Baran, Loraine Miller, Marilyn and Fay. He moved to Enderby in 1945 and opened a sash and door shop on Regent St. After retirement, he made Norwegian spinning wheels.

**BLACKBURN, William David.** Please see Tribute on page 149.

**BONNETT, Ronald Victor W.** b. Victoria, 29 December 1918. d. Oliver, 17 February 1994. Survived by wife Dorothy; sons Robin, Kevin, Clifford, Glen; daughters Joan Erickson and Beverley Kovak. Raised in Rock Creek, he came to Oliver with his family in 1930. He served overseas with the RCAF during W.W. II. As an orchardist, he spent many years on the Board of the B.C.F.G.A. He was chairman of the Rural Fire Protection District, and a member of the Jaycees, Kinsmen Club, Kiwanis Club, and Royal Canadian Legion.

**BROMLEY, Martha Ann.** b. Similkameen, 8 April 1899. d. Keremeos, 23 August 1993. Survived by daughters Irene Campbell, Helene Read, and Bobbie Docherty. She lived in Penticton for 61 years.

**BUCKLAND, John Holden.** b. Kelowna, 20 October 1904. d. Kelowna, 30 June 1993. Survived by wife Kaye; son Terry; daughters Leslie, Lisa, Lara, and step-daughter Barbara Ellis. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan Buckland, an early pioneer family who came to Kelowna in 1904. His father was a charter member of the Okanagan Historical Society in 1925. He owned and operated Buckland's Ltd., an electric light and small appliance store in Kelowna for 37 years.

**BUNCE, Mary Helen (nee Marshall).** d. Kelowna, 24 March 1994. Predeceased by husband Fred, 22 September 1992. Survived by son Rob; daughter Sharon Davis. She was a nurse at Kelowna General Hospital for 8 years. A very active member of the Eastern Star, she was also a member of the Past Matrons' Club and a member of the George McKenzie circle of the First United Church.

**BURTCH, Robert S.** b. Kelowna, 26 November 1901. d. Kelowna, 30 September 1993. Predeceased by wife Adeleine in 1973 and son William. Survived by sons Donald and David; daughters Margaret Hickling and Roberta. He was the son of Kelowna pioneers Henry and Gertrude Burtch. He later took over the family farm in the Five Bridges area of Kelowna and operated it for many years.

**CAREY, Charles Corbett.** b. Medicine Hat, Alberta, 1903. d. Vernon, 23 December 1993. Predeceased by wife Anne; survived by daughter May Taylor. He moved to the Enderby area in 1924 where he worked in agriculture and forestry. During W.W. II, he served with the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, the Forestry Corps, and the Engineers. After his return, he worked for Hoover's Sawmill and Tolko Industries in the bush. He was involved in numerous community organizations including the Fish and Game Club and the Search and Rescue.

**CHRISTENSEN, Alice (nee McCall).** b. Vernon, 1914. d. Vernon, 6 February 1994. Predeceased by husband Lloyd in 1989. Survived by son Alan; daughters Yvonne Good and Karen Goodwin. The family operated the Maple Leaf Grocery.



- COURSIER, Geraldine Florence.** b. 1898. d. Vernon, 26 November 1993. Predeceased by husband Dr. Leon Coursier in 1989. Survived by daughters Marjorie Wise, Doreen Ratta, and Joan Lansdell. She was the first woman alderman in Vernon, and responsible for getting the first floral clock in western Canada in Polson Park. She was a member of many community organizations such as the Girl Guides, Trustee of School Board No. 22, the Vernon Winter Carnival Committee and the Hospital Auxiliary.
- DAVENPORT, Patricia (nee McArdle).** b. Comox, 20 October 1893. d. Osoyoos, 6 September 1993. Predeceased by husband Kenneth in 1965. Survived by daughters Joan Johnson and Phyllis Winter. She was the first teacher at Poplar Grove School, Penticton in 1913, and married orchardist Ken Davenport in 1914. She was Regent of Diamond Jubilee Chapter I.O.D.E. (8 yrs. vice president of Provincial Chapter), member of Penticton Women's Institute, past president Soroptimist Club, active member of Business and Professional Women, and first president of Women's Auxiliary to Peach Festival. In 1965, she moved to Osoyoos to work with her daughter who owned Phyllis Fashions. She was Osoyoos' first Citizen of the Year and a life member of Osoyoos Golf Club.
- DAY, Lillian Catherine (nee Von Kricheldorff).** b. London, England, 6 April 1895. d. Ottawa, 19 June 1993. Predeceased by husband Frederick James in 1984. Survived by daughters Barbara Catherine Day, Dr. Allison Elizabeth Carter, and Brenda Wachmann. She was an educator, a pioneer, and a woman of the arts. She taught school in Prince Rupert before coming to Kelowna in the early twenties to marry Frederick James Day, son of Kelowna pioneers Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ephriam Day who farmed on Burtch Road in Benvoulin. She founded the Shakespeare Club.
- DAY, George.** b. Kelowna, 13 February 1899. d. Kelowna, 13 December 1993. Predeceased by wife Kathleen (nee McCarthy) in 1992. Survived by sons, Ephriam Arthur, Douglas, George Ernest, Kenneth, and Colin; daughter Kathleen Marshall. He was the son of one of Kelowna's early settlers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ephriam Day. He was an orchardist for many years in Rutland. He was on the Rutland School Board for 10 years. He served on various committees and executive positions in the B.C.F.G.A. as well as on the Board of Directors of the Kelowna Growers' Exchange. One of his hobbies was making violins and he was a member of the Old Time Fiddlers' club.
- DeMERCHANT, Marguerite (nee Kehoe).** b. Bridesville, 29 March 1907. d. Osoyoos, 8 August 1993. Predeceased by husband Les in 1981. Survived by sons Dale, Stanley, and Floyd; daughter Jean Rounds. She came to Osoyoos in 1940 from the K-7 Ranch in Bridesville. From 1956 to 1974, she lived in Nakusp, Burns Lake, Fort St. James, then returned to Osoyoos. She served on the Women's Auxiliary of her church and in the Women's Institute.
- DOERFLER, Charlotte "Lottie" McQueen Lyon (nee McNair).** b. Aberdeen, Scotland, 27 November 1913. d. Oliver, 18 February 1994. Predeceased by husband Norman in 1991. Survived by sons John and Fred; daughter June. She came to White Lake area with her parents in 1926. At age 12, she went to live with and work for rancher Mary Walker (Highland Mary). She married Norman in 1938. They worked for the Oliver Sawmill until they bought the ranch where she grew up. There they raised horses and cattle, and were among the first breeders of purebred Arabians in the area. They moved to Okanagan Falls in 1964. She was a member of Rebekah Lodge and a volunteer at Penticton Regional Hospital Extended Care.
- DUMONT, Nora (nee Wright).** b. Armstrong, 1900. d. Vernon, 10 July 1993. Predeceased by husbands Charles T. Horrex in 1964 and Marc DuMont in 1980. Survived by daughter Bev Mathews. The DuMont family was in the lumber industry.
- DYCK, Jacob "Jack."** Please see Tribute on page 144.
- EISENHUT, Stephen Frederick.** b. Hungary, 12 January 1904. d. Summerland, 27 October 1993. Predeceased by wife Helen in 1971. Survived by second wife Marion and daughters Agnes Schmok, Doris Frost, and Katie Wooster. He came from Alberta in 1931 to Oliver where he operated the family orchard for 35 years. He loved music, was an excellent pianist and played in a local orchestra for many years.

- ELLIOTT, Margaret E. (nee Gore).** b. Kelowna, 9 July 1907. d. Kelowna, 30 November 1993. Predeceased by husband Sherman in 1991. She was a daughter of a pioneer family, Mr. and Mrs. S.M. Gore, founders of the Kelowna Steam Laundry in 1911. She graduated with a Bachelor of Librarian Science from McGill University and was on the staff of Okanagan Regional Library in Kelowna from 1937 to 1975.
- ELLIOTT, Peter Hardy.** b. Oyama, 7 June 1920. d. Vernon, 21 June 1993. Survived by wife Doreen; daughter Katherine. As a veteran of W.W. II, he was active in the Royal Canadian Legion, serving a term as president. He was a partner in Bloom & Sigalet Ltd. He was also active in ranching and the fruit industry.
- FALCONER, George Edward.** b. Bruce County, Ontario, 1906. d. Vancouver, 1994. Survived by wife Ruth; sons David and Neil; daughter Janet. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto in Theology. He taught school in Lumby from 1930 to 1939. He was the secondary school principal from 1945 to 1963. He taught overseas with the D.N.D. from 1963 to 1972. He was active in the Kinsmen, Rotary and Trinity United Church, Vernon.
- FAULKNER, Eleanor Constance.** b. England, 6 June 1908. d. Vernon, 6 June 1993. Predeceased by husband Arthur Dill. Survived by second husband William; daughter Lillian Fiddar; son Herbert Dill. She was the matron of Enderby & District Memorial Hospital for over 30 years. She also nursed in Armstrong for 10 years.
- FAULKNER, William Turner.** b. Windsor, New Brunswick, 30 May 1898. d. Enderby, 10 March 1994. Predeceased by wives Blanche in 1952, Alice in 1962, Eleanor in 1993, and son Andy. Survived by daughters Dawn Riemer, Margaret Roy, and Elinor Hagardt; sons Jim and Jack. He came to Enderby in 1904, and with the exception of three years in Toronto at university and eleven years working in the Coquihalla, he worked in the logging industry in the Enderby area all his life.
- FEAD, Helen Lenora (nee Armstrong).** b. Similkameen Crossing, 26 December 1907. d. Penticton, 7 December 1993. Her grandfather, Robert D.C. Armstrong, ran the ferry across the Similkameen River at Similkameen Crossing. She lived at Shingle Creek Ranch until the family moved to Penticton in 1913. She was active in the Presbyterian Church, the Canadian Red Cross, and the Hospital Auxiliary.
- FINLAISON, Dorothy Alice.** b. New Brunswick, 1898. d. Vernon, 8 July 1993. Predeceased by husband George in 1972 and daughter Jean Wiffin in 1993. Survived by son George; daughter Eleanor Derby. She came to Lumby in 1915 and taught school in the Mabel Lake area for many years.
- GALLON, John Louis.** b. 1901. d. Vernon, 22 May 1993. Predeceased by wife Rhea in 1988. Survived by sons Bert, Les, Henry, and Glen; daughters Rhea Husdup, Noella Dodge, and Carole Kruger. He was a well-known early settler of Lumby.
- GAWNE, Kathleen "Kitty" (nee Warrington).** b. England, 12 August 1915. d. Naramata, 17 March 1993. Survived by husband J.E. "Bud" Gawne; sons Albert, Bill, and Geoff; daughters Jeanne Lamb and Nancy Brosseuk. Both the Warrington and Gawne families are pioneers in Naramata. She was a member of the Naramata Women's Institute, secretary to the Southern Interior Stockmen's Association and the Naramata Community Church Women's Association.
- GOFFINET, Willy L.J.G.** b. Liege, Belgium, 1931. d. Falkland, 8 March 1994. Survived by wife Diana; sons Serge and George. He arrived with his family in 1958. He was a director of the Chamber of Commerce and the Falkland Park Museum. He was also involved with the North Okanagan Vintage Car Club.
- GORDON, William Carleton.** b. New Westminster, 5 January 1917. d. Kelowna, 20 January 1994. Survived by wife Nancy (nee McLaws); sons Robert and Stephen; daughter Eileen. He was the son of R.J. Gordon, a pioneer Kelowna grocer who operated the grocery store Holmes and Gordon in 1921 at Pandosy and Bernard Avenues. He later bought out Holmes' interest and started a new store at Bernard and Water called Gordon's Grocery. Later, William and his brother Jack took over their father's business, and in 1955 opened a new Super Valu store on Bernard Ave. They ran at this location



until 1965, when they built a larger Super Valu store across the lane from their previous store. They ran this store until they retired in 1978.

**GRAHAM, Janet Eileen (nee Moodie).** b. Ladybran, Orange River Colony, South Africa, 24 May 1904. d. Kelowna, 16 February 1994. Predeceased by husband Richard Thorely in 1970. Survived by daughter Eileen Powell. She came to Kelowna in 1910. She attended U.B.C. and the Vancouver Normal School, and taught school at Ewings Landing near Fintry. In 1928, she married Richard Graham. She was involved with the Okanagan Music Festival from its inception in 1926, and president of the Kelowna Branch from 1948 to 1960. Co-founder with Muriel Foulkes in forming the Arts Council in Kelowna, she received the first honorary membership in the Kelowna and District Arts Council in 1970.

**GRAY, Wilson (Bill).** b. Inverness, Nova Scotia, 11 September 1908. d. Vernon, 28 October 1993. Predeceased by son Will. Survived by wife Phyllis; daughter Patricia Ann Delane; stepson Allen. He joined the Vernon Fire Department in 1930 as a volunteer. In June 1950, he became Deputy Fire Chief, becoming Vernon's first paid Deputy. He was awarded a Fire Services Exemplary Service medal by the Chancellery of Canadian Orders and Decorations. He was an ardent sportsman.

**GREENING, Margaret (nee Casorso).** b. Kelowna, 3 October 1916. d. Kelowna, 20 February 1994. Survived by daughter Ann Chan. She was the daughter of Kelowna pioneers Anthony and Margaret Casorso. Anthony arrived in 1884 from Italy with his mother, Rosa, to join his father, John, who was then working for Father Pandosy at the Mission. She lived all her life in the same house she was born in. She attended school at the Mission Creek School and was actively involved with the Catholic Women's League, Meals on Wheels, Crisis Phone Line, and a volunteer helper at Cottonwoods Nursing Home.

**HALKSWORTH, Kathleen Margaret (nee Monk).** b. Bromley, Kent, England, 8 December 1902. d. Enderby, 29 January 1994. Predeceased by husband George in 1984. Survived by daughters Joan Bailey, Betty Honeyman, and Lois Roberts. She came to Grindrod in 1906 with her parents Jack and Elizabeth Monk. A life member of the Grindrod Women's Institute, she was also involved with the Grindrod Players Club from its inception in the 1920s. She was assistant post mistress at the Grindrod Post Office from 1929 until 1968, and helped to run J. Monk and Son's store in Grindrod with her husband until they retired in 1968.

**HANDLEN, Margaret Helen (nee Sutherland).** b. Kelowna, 15 May 1906. d. Kelowna, 23 December 1993. Predeceased by husband Thomas and son Russell. Survived by daughter Barbara Fennig. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D.W. Sutherland, pioneer Kelowna residents. Her father became Kelowna's first school teacher in 1892 and later mayor for 17 years. She was a life member and Past Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star Chapter #26, and a valuable worker for 42 years in their cancer dressing station.

**HARDWICK, Clifford M.** b. Miller, South Dakota, 1902. d. Kelowna, 15 March 1994. Predeceased by first wife Hilda in 1961. Survived by second wife Rose; daughter Mayme Richards; stepson Les Ashdown; stepdaughter Janice Dugan. For his life history refer to *O.H.S. Report #56*, page 110.

**HANKEY, Mary Mitchell (nee Wadge).** b. Brandon, Manitoba, 11 August 1909. d. Oliver, 26 May 1993. Predeceased by husband John in 1956. Survived by son Jack. After her marriage in 1939, she and John operated Hankey's Bakery and Tea Room in Kelowna. She was an active member of St. Michael and All Angels Anglican Church, past president of Kelowna Business and Professional Women's Assoc. and active member of Women's Aglow Ministry, assisting refugees in the community.

**HARRIS, Wilbur Joseph "Bud."** b. Armstrong, 1921. d. Vernon, 13 October 1993. Survived by wife Bebe; son Terry; daughter Chesa McLaws. He was a veteran of World War II and later operated a cattle ranch.

**HAYWARD, Gertrude (nee Wilson).** b. Vernon, 29 August 1900. d. Vernon, 31 May 1993. Predeceased by husband Melford in 1980. Survived by daughter Shirley Hopps. She was one of the first telephone operators in the Okanagan.

- IRWIN, Mary (nee Vicary).** b. North Island, New Zealand, 15 January 1901. d. Kelowna, 24 January 1994. Predeceased by husband Ron in 1965. Survived by son Michael. She came to Peachland in 1904, later moving with her mother to Vancouver in 1916. She, husband Ron and son Michael returned to the Okanagan in 1944 and bought property in Kelowna. She spent nearly 50 years supporting and participating in arts-related activities in Kelowna. She was a founding member of Kelowna Little Theatre and the Kelowna and District Arts Council. She received the Honor in the Arts Award and a lifetime membership with Theatre Kelowna Society.
- JACK, Christine.** b. Vernon, 1920. d. Vernon, 10 March 1994. Survived by sons Jack, Robert and Terry; daughter Delphine. The family farmed at Six Mile Creek.
- JAMIESON, John McKillop "Jack."** b. Calgary, Alberta, 7 March 1918. d. Salmon Arm, 9 March 1994. Predeceased by wife Rene in 1985. Survived by sons William Douglas and Kenneth John; daughter Carolyn Rene Reum. He came to Salmon Arm when he was six years old. After his working years with Calvert Construction and Jamieson Plumbing and Heating, he answered many a call as a "fix-it" person, asking only a "thank you" for his work.
- JENNENS, John William "Buster."** b. Kelowna, 17 January 1919. d. Kelowna, 2 August 1993. Survived by wife Madeleine (nee Gagnon); sons John, Trevor, Chris, and Allan; daughters Rhonda Quayle and Janet Williams. He was a member of a well-known Kelowna pioneer family. Except for his services in the R.C.A.F. in W.W. II, he lived all his life in Kelowna and carpentry was his trade. He was a lifetime member of the Carpenters Union, Local #1370.
- JONES, Octavia Marie.** b. Mannville, Alberta, 30 April 1913. d. Penticton, 1 December 1993. She was a member of the O.H.S., the Lawn Bowling Club, life member of the Penticton and District Retirement Centre, and a 48-year member of the Pythian Sisters.
- JOHNSTON, Dona Armena.** b. Leroy, North Dakota, 9 July 1897. d. Vernon, 3 March 1994. Predeceased by husband Joseph, sons James and Hubert, daughter Violet Antilla. Survived by daughter Charmaine. A resident of Vernon since 1937, she sewed with her sister, Rose, at the Singer Shop for three years, and then went to work for The Bay. After W.W. II, she worked for Campbell Brothers in drapery. She was very active in the Catholic Women's League.
- KYLES, Kenneth Alexander.** b. Manson, Manitoba, 22 October 1903. d. Salmon Arm, 16 August 1993. Survived by wife Alice; son Rodney; daughter Marjorie Berryman. He led an active retirement, notably as a member of the Golden Tones. This orchestra gave freely of their time and ability to the shut-ins of our community.
- LeDUKE, James Gordon.** b. Endako, B.C., 28 April 1918; d. Vernon, 21 August 1993. Survived by wife Olive; sons Michael, Cecil, Daniel, Paul, and Anthony; daughters Eileen Corbeille and Barbara Wourms. He served with the Royal Canadian Engineers in World War II. He was also a long-time member of the Knights of Columbus. He worked for Union Carbide for 35 years, and managed their Vernon plant.
- LEGER, Elseor Sr.** b. Lumby, 7 November 1910. d. Vernon, 8 January 1994. Predeceased by wife Verna in 1993 and daughter Linda Thompson in 1980. Survived by daughters Shirley Hume, Dewey Thompson, Ina Dyck, Mamie Blaney, Leah Leger and Verna Heather; sons Wayne, Evon, Elseor Jr., and Darryl. A life-long resident of Lumby, he was very involved with the community. He was an active sportsman.
- LIDSTONE, Thomas Clifford.** b. Swan River, Manitoba, 8 June 1903. d. Vernon, 13 October 1993. Predeceased by wife Ruby in 1987. Survived by daughter Eleanore Bolton. His family moved to Winfield in 1910, and in 1913 they homesteaded on Grandview Bench. After farming in North Enderby, he moved his family to Enderby in 1945. He was the school janitor for many years, and was active in the Lions Club, Knights of Pythias, and Oddfellows.
- LIEBEL, Edward.** b. Poland, 9 December 1914. d. Oliver, 5 February 1994. Survived by wife Eleanor; sons Edgar and Jim; daughters Blanche Wingenback and Shirley Campbell. He came to Osoyoos from Saskatchewan in 1943. He operated the family orchard as



- well as working at his mechanic's trade. His 33 years in the Knights of Columbus earned him an honorary life membership.
- LOVE, Jean Margaret (nee Mabee).** b. Penticton, 30 October 1921. d. Penticton, 25 February 1994. Survived by husband Doug; sons Terry and Kelly. Brought up in Oliver, she returned to the community after earning her B.A. at U.B.C., married, then worked as office manager for Geo. E. Mabee Ltd. while she raised her family. She was a member of the Eastern Star for 27 years, and spent many hours canvassing for Canadian Cancer Society and the Heart Fund.
- LURKINS, Alice Irene (nee Montgomery).** b. Grandview Flats, 24 September 1916. d. Kelowna, 7 March 1994. Predeceased by husbands Harry Scott, Connie Krebs and Eric Lurkens, and son James. Survived by daughter Ida Koepke. She attended school at Glenemma and Falkland. Living most of her adult years in Deep Creek, she was well known in Kamloops, Kelowna and Salmon Arm and loved for her bright personality and generosity.
- McCARTHY, Frances Winnifred (nee Harrigan).** b. Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, 8 December 1906. d. Salmon Arm, 15 March 1994. Survived by son Charlie; daughter Dawna Dinning. A volunteer and community worker, she gave of her talents to the Hospital Extended Care, Pioneer Lodge, High Street Rest Home – playing the piano and visiting every week. She was for many years pianist for the Rebekah Lodge. She was a United Church Explorer leader.
- McCULLOCH, Vera Mabel.** b. Vernon, 6 December 1905. d. Vernon, 17 March 1994. Predeceased by husband John in 1951 and son Derry in 1956. Survived by son Malcolm; daughter Sheane O'Sullivan. A 1925 graduate of U.B.C., she was a past chairman of Vernon School Board, founding member of Okanagan University College, life member of Knox Presbyterian Church, and a past president of the Business and Professional Women.
- MACDONELL, Kathleen Winifred.** b. Summerland, 1900. d. Vancouver, 5 November 1993. Predeceased by husband Lawrence in 1957. Survived by son Judge Alan Macdonell. She was a well-known teacher and lived all her adult life in Vernon.
- McDOUGALL, Hazel Mervyn (nee Ritchie).** b. Vancouver, 6 February 1897. d. Kelowna, 15 January 1994. Predeceased by husband Dougald in 1948. Survived by daughters Helen Ramsey and Jean Livingstone. She came to Kelowna with her parents in 1906. She trained for the teaching profession and was one of the pioneer Kelowna teachers.
- McKAY, George Halman.** b. Kelowna, 1916. d. Kamloops, 30 April 1993. Survived by wife Florence (Fay); son Ross; daughter Wendy Neilson. He was the son of a pioneer Kelowna family; G.A. McKay Sr. was one of the first druggists in Kelowna. He lived in Kelowna from 1916 to 1948 before moving to Kamloops where he was employed as a bookkeeper. He had a keen interest in curling and hockey.
- McKECHNIE, Lily.** Please see Tribute on page 146.
- MARTIN, Joseph.** b. Lumby, 1909. d. Lumby, 9 October 1993. Survived by wife Josie; son Leroy; daughter Gail Koski. From a pioneer Lumby family, he was a member of 1930-31 Lumby Flying Frenchmen hockey team and Coy Cup winners. He was also a member of Lumby Golf Club, Knights of Pythias, Village Council and Fish and Game Club.
- NANCOLLAS, Victor.** Please see Tribute on page 151.
- OGILVIE, George Francis.** b. Vernon, 5 September 1906. d. Kamloops, 1 July 1993. Survived by sons Bill and Bruce; daughters Joan Fox and Dawn Herrling. A life-long resident of the Vernon area, he was the son of a prominent Vernon building contractor, Henry Ogilvie. He farmed and worked for the Forest Service for many years.
- PAULSEN, Hazel (nee Sutherland).** b. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 12 July 1916. d. Penticton, 10 November 1993. Survived by husband Karl; son Don; daughters Heather Van Diemen, Lorene Lyons, and Valerie. She was an active member of Beaver Lodge in Oliver, and Sagebrush Volunteer Auxiliary in Osoyoos.
- PETTMAN, Charles Arthur.** b. Kelowna, 20 September 1910. d. Kelowna, 8 April 1994. Survived by wife Kay; sons Ken, Don, Doug, and Len. A life-long Kelowna resident, he was a fireman for 47 years. From 1956 until 1980, he served as Fire Chief. In younger

years, he was very active in sports, particularly basketball. He loved music, forming his own orchestra, Pettman's Imperials, which participated in several musical productions. He was a founding member of the Kelowna Kinsmen Club, and a past president of the Downtown Kelowna Rotary Club.

**PICKERING, Trevor.** b. Port Arthur, Ontario, 27 November 1916. d. Kelowna, 3 May 1993. Survived by wife Verna (nee Van Blairicombe); son Rodger; daughters Susan Steinke and Linda Sterling. He served in the R.C.A.F. as a navigator in W.W. II. After graduating from the College of Optometry, he moved to Kelowna where he set up practice. Very community-minded, he was a past president of the Rotary Club, and sat on committees of the local curling, golf and ski clubs. He was continually active in the Masons from 1946 until his death.

**POPP, Charlotte Mary (nee Lindley).** b. Westbank Indian Reserve, 29 March 1924. d. Kelowna, 10 July 1993. Survived by husband Elmer; daughters Marsha King and Margaret Pierre. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lindley, long-time residents of the Westbank Indian Reserve #10. She lived all her life on the Reserve. Her brother Norman was Chief of the Band for a number of years.

**PRENTICE, Thomas Sr.** b. Hamilton, Scotland, 14 November 1895. d. Vernon, 18 October 1993. Predeceased by wife Nan in 1991, son Bob in 1992. Survived by sons Tom and Gordon; daughters Pearl Shaw-McLaren and Isobel Crosby. He, his wife and family came from Scotland to Vernon in 1926. A veteran of W.W. I, he was the last surviving veteran in Vernon to fight at the Battle of Vimy Ridge. He was a life member of the Royal Canadian Legion. In 1947, he moved to Osoyoos where he was an orchardist, and served several terms on the Village Council. He returned to Vernon in 1964.

**PRINGLE, Pearl (nee Schweb).** b. Schweb's Bridge, B.C., 15 April 1897. d. Armstrong, 16 April 1994. Predeceased by husband Alex in 1976 and son Philip in 1981. Survived by daughter Jean Robinson. A long-time resident of Westwold, she was the last surviving member of the pioneer Schweb family.

**PROCTER, Annie.** b. Mabel Lake, 4 July 1898. d. Vernon, 9 December 1993. Annie was a member of the pioneer Procter family and lived all her life in the Mabel Lake community near Lumby.

**PROSSER, Alice Wilson (nee Pillsbury).** b. Prince Rupert, 4 January 1909. d. Kelowna, 27 March 1994. Predeceased by husband Ronald in 1991. Survived by daughters Katherine Manning and Carolyn Wyngaards. She was the first white girl born in Prince Rupert. She came to Kelowna, later marrying Ron Prosser, a well-known auto dealer. She was very active in the Aquatic Association, the Kelowna Hospital Society, and the Canadian Red Cross Society.

**PURDABY, Peter.** b. Salmon Arm, 28 August 1927. d. Kamloops, 5 April 1994. He will be remembered for his support of local baseball and hockey games as the unofficial cheerleader, giving advice to players and officials (he once presented an umpire with a pair of glasses). A life-long resident of the Shuswap, he was an elder with the Neskonalith Band.

**REED, Robert Elroy "Bric."** b. Ohaton, Alberta, 2 May 1924. d. Vernon, 6 May 1993. Survived by wife Phebe (nee Reber); daughter Colleen; sons Michael and Neil. He moved to Enderby in 1972 where he operated Sutherland's Bakery and later Hannigans Drive-In. After 1978, he was an advisor for the Federal Business Development Bank. He was very active in the community, serving several terms as president of the Chamber of Commerce.

**REID, Charles Edward.** b. Morris, Manitoba, 5 October 1887. d. Surrey, 2 December 1993. Survived by son Ernest. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Reid who came to the Benvoulin district in 1903 and started to farm on acreage on Byrnes Road. It is still operated today as a mixed farm.

**ROBERTS, Bernice (nee Abel).** b. Strasbourg, Saskatachewan, 21 August 1914. d. Oliver, 3 December 1993. Predeceased by husband Wayne in 1953 and son James in 1993. Survived by son Gerry. For many years she was receptionist for Osoyoos dentist, Dr. Granger, while she raised her family. She returned to college and then managed the office of Murray and Wood Nurseries in Vancouver. She retired to Osoyoos.



- ROWLAND, Greville Jackson.** b. Papineauville, Quebec, 1909. d. Penticton, 16 December 1993. A veteran newspaperman, he was news editor of the *Vernon News* for ten years before he became owner/publisher of the *Penticton Herald*. He sold the *Herald* to Thomson Newspapers in 1956 and continued as publisher until his retirement in 1980. He was editor of the *34th Report of the OHS*.
- RUSCH, Rosa Alexanderina (nee Lum).** b. Rock Creek, 27 January 1902. d. Oliver, 11 March 1993. Predeceased by husband Roscoe in 1989. Survived by daughters Jacqueline Vroom and Mae. She came to Osoyoos in 1946 and was employed in local packing houses. She was a member of the Women's Institute and active in community work, particularly in the Welfare Committee, a group dedicated to helping those in need before government agencies were established.
- SALT, George.** Please see Tribute on page 160.
- SARGENIA, Leonie Josephine Marie (nee Marty).** b. Kelowna, 8 March 1908. d. Kelowna, 29 December 1993. Predeceased by daughter Josephine Sundin in 1983. Survived by son Lawrence; daughter Yvonne Kendall. She was the daughter of Kelowna pioneers Charles and Odila Marty who came here in 1906 from Oak Lake, Manitoba. In 1939, she took a beauty course, and in 1942 she opened up her own beauty salon. In 1947, she opened the first beauty school in the Interior of B.C. She was a member of the Royal Canadian Legion Ladies Auxiliary, recently receiving a lifetime membership. She was active also in the Canadian Italian Club.
- SCHMIDT, Reinold Valentine "RV."** b. Vernon, 4 April 1911. d. Vernon, 23 October 1993. Survived by wife Esther; sons Gerald, Cliff, Rodney and Reg; daughter Sue Muchowski. He lived all his life in the area and was in the logging and sawmill industry from the time he was very young.
- SCOTT, Hazel (nee Holmes).** b. North Gate, North Dakota, 12 January 1916. d. New Westminster, 22 February 1994. Predeceased by husband Hec. Survived by son Roy; daughters Judyth Stanley, Victoria Scott, and Alexandra Maas. She was brought to Saskatchewan as a baby and grew up there, marrying Hec in 1939. The couple hitchhiked to Penticton. When Hec returned from military service, they moved to Oliver where she owned and operated Scott's Sewing until Parkinson's Disease forced her to close her business. She was an active member of the United Church and a life member of OORP Lodge #63.
- SCOTT, W. Laurie.** b. Kelowna, 17 April 1913. d. Kelowna, 1 May 1993. Predeceased by wife Dorothy (nee Taggart) in 1981. Survived by sons Barry, Terry and Dennis. His father was one of the early plumbers in Kelowna, and he took over his father's business in the 1940s. He was a charter member of the Kelowna Elks Club.
- SEATON, Peter Donald.** b. Vernon, 29 April 1924. d. Vernon, 19 December 1993. Survived by wife Doreen. A 1950 graduate of U.B.C. in law, he joined the Vernon law firm of Morrow & Co. after graduation. In 1966, he was appointed a justice of the B.C. Supreme Court. He was elevated to the Appeal Court, B.C.'s highest court, in 1973. He was chairman of five royal commissions including, most recently, The Royal Commission of Health Care and Costs. This study set in motion a new direction for health care in B.C.
- SEYMOUR, Edna Maud (nee Beck) "Peggy."** b. Vernon, 1917. d. Vernon, 7 July 1993. Predeceased by her daughter Eileen Yamada. Survived by husband Eldon; sons Dennis and Sid. The Seymour family are pioneers and well known to the business community in this area.
- SHEPHERD, Charles Powne.** b. Erskine, Alberta, 21 October 1918. d. Vernon, 24 February 1994. Predeceased by wife Verna in 1993. Survived by daughters Jessie Ann Gamble and Jean. He grew up in Armstrong and later bought his parents' business, Shepherd's Hardware. He was in this business for 33 years before retiring to Vernon. In Vernon, he was a founding member and president of the Cardiac Rehabilitation Group.
- SHEPHERD, Verna Hannah (nee Roberts).** b. Trochu, Alberta, 12 August 1919. d. Vernon, 5 September 1993. Survived by husband Charles; daughters Jessie Ann Gamble and

Jean. For many seasons, she ran the Christmas Toy Store in the upstairs of Shepherd's Hardware in Armstrong. While living in Vernon in her retirement, she spent time listening to and counselling others.

**SMITH, Charles.** b. Fingeringhoe, England, 25 January 1913. d. Westbank, 8 August 1993. Predeceased by first wife, Maude. Survived by wife Clare; daughter Marlene Locker. The family moved to Hanna, Alberta in 1915, and to Keremeos in 1916. At age 30, in 1943, he took his family to Kelowna and worked as Packing Foreman at the Cascade Packing House. Eventually he became Production Manager for B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd., travelling the valley and across Canada, inspecting fruit.

**SMITH, Katie (nee James).** b. Birch Hills, Sask., 1905. d. Oliver, 2 September 1993. Predeceased by husband Wallace in 1982. Survived by son Laird; daughters Marion, Wilma Corriveau, and Patricia Churchland. She and Wallace arrived in Oliver from Alberta in 1934. Having taken nurse's training at Hazelton, she was able to relieve the Victorian Order nurse and to nurse at St. Martin's Hospital. She was an active member of Oliver United Church, Order of the Eastern Star, Girl Guides Assoc., Red Cross Loan Cupboard, and Oliver-Osoyoos Naturalists.

**SONNE, William.** b. Hazenmore, Sask., 21 April 1926. d. Salmom Arm, 16 June 1993. Survived by wife Evie; son Bob. A veteran of W.W. II, serving with the RCAF, he will be remembered for his dedicated work with Branch #62 of the Royal Canadian Legion, serving on committees and lending aid to senior veterans in need of help. He was an active member of the Masonic Lodge.

**SPRING, Joan Marian (nee Gore).** b. Kelowna, 12 December 1908. d. New Westminster, 15 November 1993. Survived by husband Alan Melville. She was born in the old McDougall house on the Guisachan Ranch, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S.M. Gore, Kelowna pioneers who founded the Kelowna Steam Laundry in 1911. She followed the nursing profession, living mostly in New Westminster.

**STANLEY, Vern.** b. Vernon, 13 December 1911. d. Vernon, 1 December 1993. Survived by wife Alice; daughters Joy Wild, Valerie Cross, and Anne. During W.W. I, the Stanley family moved to England but returned to the Okanagan in 1924. He worked for CP Telecommunications for 46 years.

**SUCKLING, Madeline Florence (nee McDermot).** b. Calgary, Alberta, 19 July 1922. d. Salmon Arm, 16 March 1994. Survived by husband George; son Bill; daughter Anne Ainslie. She spent her childhood years in Golden. After coming to Salmon Arm, she worked for many years as a stenographer for the School District. She gave over fifty years of volunteer service to the community.

**SUTHERLAND, Mary.** Please see Tribute on page 155.

**TAIT, Doreen Marion Margaret (nee Gordon).** Please see Tribute on page 153.

**THORLAKSON, Solvi.** b. Vernon, 1902. d. Vernon, 22 May 1993. Survived by wife Mary; daughters Noeda Jean Behrick and Kenna Nyffeler. He was a member of a well-known pioneer family, living in the Vernon area all his life. He ranched on the Commonage until 1944, then operated an orchard in Oyama until retirement.

**TOWERS, Hartley Murray.** b. Wellington County, Ontario, 14 June 1907. d. Vernon, 20 August 1993. Survived by wife Vera; daughters Margaret Sharman and Ruth Johansen; son Murray. Arriving in Enderby in the mid-1950s, he was a strong community supporter. He was a life member of Legion Branch #98 and Past Master of Enderby Lodge #40 A.F. & A.M.

**VADER, Isabella Beaton (nee Chute).** See story on page 96.

**VIEL, Sally K.M. (nee Heggie).** b. Vernon, 1922. d. Vernon, 23 January 1994. Predeceased by husband Les in 1984. Survived by son James; daughters Robin Brown and Joy. She was well known for her love of riding. She lived all her life in the Vernon area, belonging to a well-known pioneer family.

**WARDLAW, Gordon Thomas.** b. Kelowna, 3 September 1912. d. Kelowna, 3 December 1993. Predeceased by wife Dorothy (nee Graves) in 1989. Survived by sons Harold and William. He worked for S.M. Simpson Mill for 41 years and was a member of the Kelowna Branch of the Independent Order of Foresters.



**WHITE, Minnie Dorothy "Dolly" (nee Monford).** b. Simpson Ranch, Ellison, 4 January 1906. d. Kelowna, 11 April 1993. Predeceased by husbands George Elliot in 1949 and Bob White in 1970. Survived by sons Alan Elliot and Doug Elliot. She was the daughter of a pioneer Rutland family, Mr. and Mrs. George Monford, who farmed in the Reid's Corner area for many years. She lived in Winfield for nearly 25 years, then in Rutland and Kelowna. She was a great worker in the Winfield Women's Institute.

**WOODHOUSE, Freda (nee Fitzpatrick).** b. Regina, Sask., 21 August 1918. d. Kelowna, 13 April 1994. Survived by son Michael Bruce. She loomed large in Canadian journalism for many years, beginning her career as a reporter in the 1930s. Her career spanned print, radio, and television. At her death, she was writing a weekly column for the *Daily Courier* and recording a national broadcast spot from the seniors' point of view weekly for the C.B.C. She was public relations representative with the Kelowna Branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association, and on the board of several charitable organizations, including the I.O.D.E.

**WOODS, James Edward.** b. Vernon, 1935. d. Vernon, 16 October 1993. Survived by wife Patricia; sons Robert, Doug, Russell, and Colin; daughters Diana Ryan, Shelly Foley, Linda Rodger, Sandy Stickney, and Susan Whitehead. He belonged to one of Vernon's pioneer families, and worked for OK Builders for over thirty years.

## ERRATA

### For the 57th Report:

page 19 Wild Horse Canyon should have read Wild Horse Creek.

page 55 In his article, "The History of the Okanagan Mission Post Office," Michael Painter stated: "Bernard (Lequime) ran the Post Office until 1905, then moved his store to Kelowna, where he live until his death in 1942."

Kelowna historian, Winston Shilvock, wrote this correction to the above statement: "The facts are that the Kelowna Lequime store was built on Bernard Ave. in the spring of 1892. The Mission store was also operated until Bernard relinquished his position as postmaster in 1905, and in early 1906, moved the stock to the Kelowna store. He didn't live in Kelowna until his death in 1942. In 1912, he left to join Billy Powers (Powers Creek) in a sawmill business at Midway. In 1914, he moved to Grand Forks and ran a creamery and lumber business for 26 years until 1940 when he returned to Kelowna for an old-timers' reunion staged by the Rotary Club. He remained in Kelowna until his death in 1942."

page 110 In the caption to the picture of the Canada Hotel in Salmon Arm, the last sentence should have read: "It later became the Hudson Hotel, and while no longer a hotel, the Hudson Restaurant and several other shops are located there."

page 127 The "Stokes brothers" mentioned in the first paragraph should read the "Stocks brothers."

page 154 The title, Donald Sherman McTavish, should have read: Donald Sherwood McTavish.

page 174 Heal, Alexandra "Sandra" Effield (nee Gordon) was survived by husband Ronald, not Donald.

page 183 Titchmarsh, Mary Dudley, "Billie" was a nickname, not a maiden name.

# *Business of the Okanagan Historical Society*

---

## **NOTICE**

of the 70th Annual General Meeting  
The Okanagan Historical Society  
1995

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting  
of the Okanagan Historical Society  
will be held

**Sunday, May 7, 1995  
at 10:00 A.M.**

at the Armstrong Centennial Hall  
Armstrong, B.C.

**Luncheon at 12:30 P.M.**

All Members and Guests are welcome.



# MINUTES OF THE 69TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Sunday, May 1, 1994

President Jessie Ann Gamble called the meeting to order at 10:00 a.m. A minute of silence was observed in memory of those who had died since the last annual meeting. They will be missed.

1. NOTICE OF CALL was read by the secretary. Agenda was presented by the chairman.
2. MINUTES of the 68th Annual Meeting were adopted as printed in the 57th Report on motion by J. Sharman, seconded by H. Powley.
3. BUSINESS arising out of Minutes. Nil.
4. CORRESPONDENCE: dealt with by the Executive Council.
5. REPORTS OF OFFICERS: see below. The audited financial statement for the year ending December 31, 1993 was accepted on motion by Treasurer, seconded by D. MacInnis.
6. BRANCH REPORTS AND SPECIAL COMMITTEES: see below.
7. UNFINISHED BUSINESS: Nil. A request from the floor that in future the prepared agenda of Annual Meetings include itemized old and new business is being referred to the July 1994 meeting of the Executive Council.
8. NEW BUSINESS:

(a) SPECIAL RESOLUTION – RESOLVED that Article 2 of the Constitution of the Okanagan Historical Society be amended to read:

2. OPERATIONS: The operations of the Society will be carried on chiefly in the Okanagan, Similkameen, and Shuswap areas in the Province of British Columbia. and be it further RESOLVED that Article 3(c) of the Constitution of the Okanagan Historical Society be amended to read:

3.(c) From time to time and as circumstances permit, to accurately record and publish the current and past history of the Okanagan, Similkameen, and Shuswap areas and other matters of significant interest to the Society and be it further RESOLVED that Article 15 of the By-Laws of the Okanagan Historical Society be amended to read:

15. ANNUAL REPORT: The Society may publish, each year, and from time to time as circumstances permit, an Okanagan Historical Society Report dealing chiefly with matters of historical import to the Society's areas of operation. Members who have paid their fees for the year shall be entitled to receive a copy of the Report for that year. Postage shall be an additional charge. Moved by R. Cowan, seconded by R. de Pfyffer. Carried unanimously.

(b) Annual Field Day. Similkameen Branch is prepared to host this affair June 19th, commencing 11:00 a.m. Boundary Historical Society will be notified as agreed between the two societies.

(c) Margaret Ormsby Scholarship Committee (based in Victoria). Peter Tassie and Jessie Ann Gamble represent the O.H.S. on the committee. Peter reported on this matter briefly.

9. ELECTION OF OFFICERS: Immediate Past President, Robert de Pfyffer, presented a full slate. Elected by acclamation were:

President .....	Jessie Ann Gamble
1st Vice-Pres. ....	A. David MacDonald
2nd Vice-Pres. ....	Denis MacInnis
Secretary.....	Helen Inglis
Treasurer .....	Elizabeth Tassie
Editor.....	Robert Cowan

10. APPOINTMENT OF AUDITOR:

Moved by G. Thomson, seconded by R. Cowan, that Leonard G. Miller be appointed to serve as Auditor for the ensuing year.

11. COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS:

Moved by H. Powley, seconded by D. Zoellner, that the usual complimentary resolutions follow the customary format. Carried.

12. SETTING DATE AND PLACE OF NEXT ANNUAL MEETING: moved by J. Sharman, seconded by W. Whitehead, that the 70th Annual Meeting be held Sunday, May 7, 1995 in the Centennial Hall at Armstrong. Carried.

ADJOURNED at 12:00 noon on a motion by A. Lundy, seconded by W. Whitehead.

Respectfully submitted,

R.F. Marriage for

O. Arthur Strandquist,

Secretary

### LUNCH PROGRAMME

About 70 members and guests enjoyed roast beef and trimmings followed by strawberry shortcake served by the Catholic Women's League.

An intriguing display of early day photographs was on view, courtesy of the Vernon Museum.

Following "O Canada," accompanied at the piano by Paddy Mackie, grace was said by life-member Hilda Cochrane. An address of civic welcome was offered by Mayor Wayne McGrath of Vernon. With the essay contests cancelled for this year, no presentations could be made, but 13 Life members were present and certificates were presented to 2 new Life Members - Doug Kermode (unfortunately absent) and Lucy McCormick. Guest speaker, Ken Mather, was introduced by Helen Inglis and thanked by Peter Tassie. Bob de Pfyffer presided in place of Jack Morrison, absent on business in Toronto.

The proceedings closed with "God Save the Queen."

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT - 1993-1994

The Okanagan Historical Society Parent Body acts as an umbrella for our seven individual branches from Salmon Arm to Oliver-Osoyoos. Each of the branches has its own meeting schedule, historical emphasis, and special projects. Yet all are connected to the Parent Society by representation on the Executive Council. The full Parent Body Executive meets three times a year, plus the Annual General Meeting.

The top priority of the O.H.S. is the publication of our annual book, *Okanagan History*. This year, thanks to the excellent work of our editor, Bob Cowan, and the Branch Editorial Committees, we have again produced an outstanding local history book.

Our second priority is the Pandosy Mission. I should like to thank Denis MacInnis and his committee for all their hard work in caring, on our behalf, for one of the Okanagan's prime historic sites.

While we have a long term lease on the Pandosy Mission, we actually own two lots at Fairview, located on the bench west of Oliver. The Oliver-Osoyoos Branch, with extra effort from the MacNaughtons, has maintained this view and picnic site for us and I wish to thank them for this effort at this time.

Examples of other Parent Body priorities include Historic Trails, Bagnall Book Fund, the Student Essay Contest, and the CHBC Food Bank Bear.

All of our members in all our branches are to be thanked for the efforts that they have put into all these priorities, but I would particularly like to thank everyone for the efforts they have made to sell *Okanagan History*. There is little point in having an excellent publication if old and new customers are not introduced to it.

Last June, I represented the O.H.S. at Midway for the Boundary Historical Society's Picnic. In August, I worked with Historic Trail Chair Peter Tassie, Vernon Branch President Jack Morrison, and Greater Vernon Parks and Recreation employee Betty Jean Goodwin to have the Alexander Mackenzie Voyageurs present their re-enactment programme at Okanagan Landing. I was also able to attend four Branch Annual Meetings.



I should like to thank Art Strandquist for all his hard work as Secretary to the Parent Body. Due to poor health, Art is not able to carry on, but I know that he will continue to be a keen supporter of all our O.H.S. activities. A special "thank you" also goes to Dorothy Strandquist for the stenography help that she was able to give Art.

On a personal note, I should like to thank all the Executive members for their incredible support at the time of my parents' deaths. To Dave MacDonald for stepping in on very short notice and to all the people who sent their expressions of sympathy – thank you.

The coming year promises to be a busy one with more accomplishments and successes as we pursue our goal of preserving our Okanagan, Shuswap, and Similkameen heritage.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jessie Ann Gamble  
President

### SECRETARY'S REPORT

The minutes of the 68th Annual Meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society, along with reports of the various officers and committees have been circulated by publication in the 57th Report. The complimentary resolutions have been sent out following the customary format. Three quarterly meetings of the Executive Council were held with an average attendance of 22 executive officers and directors and all correspondence was dealt with as directed by the Council.

During the year my health deteriorated to the extent that I found it difficult to sit for any length of time. It is a form of arthritis so it is not life-threatening. However, in all fairness to the Executive Council I have submitted my resignation as secretary. I am most appreciative of the support that I received from all Branches and the members of the Executive Council.

If I am able to assist in furthering the aims of the society, in any way, I would be pleased to do so.

Respectfully submitted,  
O. Arthur Strandquist

### EDITOR'S REPORT

It's been a year of workshops. In October, I hosted a workshop to reconsider the Obituary Section. My concern was that branches were ignoring the criteria for inclusion in this section. The entire Kelowna branch executive turned out to argue that this section was important and should be left as it is. The Penticton branch argued, as they have in the past, that it be abolished. After much discussion, it was agreed to leave the section alone. The branches promised greater diligence in their selection and I promised to find ways of reducing the size of the inclusion on the page which may mean smaller type for that section.

The most recent workshop in April was a direct result of a crisis in the student essay contest this year. Our essay chair found it difficult to work with the person creating the packages that are usually sent off to the schools. Time passed, and branch editors, who had waited patiently since the October workshop, were frantic by the end of January. With little prospect of the material even reaching the classroom until mid-February, and a first of April deadline, I called off the contest this year. At the workshop it was decided to leave the contest to the branches with the top essays in the junior and senior category being sent to the editor by March 15th of each year for judging. The winning essay will receive the annual award and be included in the forthcoming Report. It should be noted that branch editors who believe that non-winning essays should be printed in a future edition of the Report, are encouraged to turn them into the editor for consideration the next year as part of their regular submissions.

I have requested that the executive locate a replacement for me. The 58th Report will most likely be my last. At this time, I would like to thank all of the branch editors, many of whom have changed over my tenure, for a job well done. Special thanks to Lorna Carter, branch editor for Armstrong/Enderby, who has shouldered the burden of the Obituary Section for the past six years. Also, Ernie Laviolette of Cherryville deserves a very big thank

you for the photographic work he has done on the front covers for the last six years. Dorothy Zoellner, past-president and Kelowna historian, and Betty Bork, Penticton branch editor, deserve a big thank you for having done an excellent job of reading the galley proofs for the last six years. Many thanks must be given to Osoyoos Branch and past editor, Jean Webber, who has been a major source of inspiration, information and support these six years. Last, but far from least, a special thank you to my wife, Joani, curator of the Enderby Museum, who has served as proof reader, critic, photo supplier, and major supporter of this project. It has been an honour to serve as your editor.

Respectfully submitted,  
Robert Cowan  
Editor

### AUDITOR'S REPORT

To the Members of the Okanagan Historical Society

March 21, 1994

Attached are the Financial Statements of the Society for the year ending December 31, 1993, including the General Account, Bagnall Trust Account and the Father Pandosy Mission Committee Account.

All the pertinent banking records and statements, revenue and disbursement vouchers have been examined in this audit procedure. These records have been verified as a true and correct accounting of the financial business of the Society as presented by your treasurer, Elizabeth M. Tassie.

These statements are presented to show the true worth of the Society as of December 31, 1993, and include the outstanding amounts of both Accounts Receivable and Payable.

Leonard G. Miller  
Accountant



*O.H.S. officers at the Annual General Meeting in Vernon, May 1, 1994. From left: John Ortiz, Penticton Branch President; Denis MacInnis, Father Pandosy Mission Chairman and Second Vice-President; Libby Tassie, Treasurer; Bob de Pfiffer, Past-President; Bob Cowan, Editor; Jessie Ann Gamble, President; and Helen Inglis, Secretary. Photo courtesy of Len Gamble..*



**Statement of Receipts and Disbursements**  
**(General Account)**  
**Year Ended December 31, 1993**

RECEIPTS	1993	1992
Memberships and sales		
Armstrong/Enderby	\$ 3,550.26	\$ 2,360.38
Kelowna	3,070.25	2,960.64
Oliver/Osoyoos	1,335.88	1,080.00
Penticton/Summerland	2,557.04	2,059.37
Vernon	2,868.36	3,215.00
Salmon Arm	1,851.19	1,047.78
Similkameen	336.18	60.00
Treasurer Index Sales	0.00	63.00
Treasurer and commercial	2,676.30	3,997.25
	<u>18,245.46</u>	<u>16,843.64</u>
Less Acct's Receivable 1992	(1,325.20)	
Interest and exchange	1,298.89	2,323.34
Prepaid Insurance	455.00	195.00
G.S.T. Rebate	404.64	454.03
Essay Contest	400.00	400.00
Christmas Food Bank	250.00	0.00
Postage and Handling	384.55	265.50
Donations	249.00	225.14
	<u>20,362.34</u>	<u>20,706.65</u>
DISBURSEMENTS		
Editor's Honorarium & Expenses	1,558.96	750.00
E. & E. Marketing	0.00	2,140.00
Postage and office supplies	507.94	1,220.00
Printing & Stationery	10,960.69	9,709.18
Essay Contest	400.00	400.00
Audit Expense	317.00	756.28
President's Expenses	131.16	320.79
Secretary's Expenses	189.40	323.63
Treasurer's Expenses	738.43	947.31
Insurance	440.00	400.00
Annual Meeting Expense	140.00	60.00
Christmas Food Bank	474.61	0.00
Donation...Kelowna	25.00	0.00
Safety Deposit & Box Rentals	91.49	0.00
Index Committee	0.00	1,521.55
Telephone and miscellaneous	112.29	128.02
	<u>15,579.03</u>	<u>18,261.75</u>
EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER DISBURSEMENTS	4,783.31	2,444.90
CASH ON HAND BEGINNING OF YEAR	32,955.57	30,551.00
CASH ON HAND END OF YEAR	<u>\$37,778.88</u>	<u>\$32,955.57</u>

### REPORT OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

There were few problems this past year and the committee had only one formal meeting. A few minor problems were decided by phone. Thank you to the other members for their dedication to the affairs of the Society.

Respectfully submitted,  
Gifford Thomson

### ARMSTRONG/ENDERBY BRANCH REPORT

Armstrong/Enderby Branch had another happy and informative year. Last fall at our meeting in Armstrong, we all shared memories of early days at the Armstrong Fair (I.P.E.). Many of our members go back a long way in the history of the fair. Stories of fun and rivalry among exhibitors sparked a warm and friendly meeting.

Our members pitched in and manned our sales table at the local supermarket again before Christmas, and we sold all the several hundred back copies of the Annual Report that we had in stock, plus many of the current issue.

This spring, we held our Annual General Meeting and Pot Luck Supper in Enderby. Denis MacInnis of the Kelowna Branch, who is in charge of the Father Pandosy Mission Committee, was our guest speaker. Denis gave us a warm, spell-binding account of the life and times of Father Pandosy. Included was the excitement surrounding the location of the graveyard near the Mission and the discovery of Father Pandosy's remains. Our deepest thanks to you, Denis.

We look forward to hosting the 1995 Annual General Meeting, to be held Sunday, May 7, 1995 at the Centennial Hall in Armstrong and invite you all to be part of this exciting day.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jim Sharman, President

### KELOWNA BRANCH REPORT

It has been a very busy year for the executive and members of the Kelowna Branch.

1. The Branch again offered, in co-operation with the local Okanagan University/College, our popular fall "lecture series" in September and October of 1993. Topics were varied and attendance far outstripped previous years.
2. Our Branch continued to keep the members up-to-date through our twice-yearly newsletters.
3. Bus tours continued to be a very popular event. This spring we will again be offering tours. Members take the opportunity to get out and actually see our history.
4. This past year the Branch finished production of a video tape of local history. It contains many fine pictures, each with an accompanying narrative.
5. Our Street Names Committee has published its book describing the origins of many local street names.
6. The Branch has continued close ties with the local Okanagan Military Museum.
7. Our Branch continues to lobby local government to consider use of pioneer names when assigning names to local streets and roads. Our success in this regard has been very limited.
8. Our editorial committee assembles local articles to do with the history of our area.
9. The Executive of the Kelowna Branch continues to be vigilant of the local media to ensure that our local history is reported accurately.

Thank you, everyone, for your help and support.

Respectfully submitted,  
Robert M. Hayes, President



### OLIVER-OSOYOOS BRANCH REPORT

The branch held two general meetings and five executive meetings during the year. All were well attended. Membership support continues to be good and our programs are well supported.

In October, we again participated in the Oliver Home and Trade Show. Our booth was adjacent to a display by the Oliver Heritage Society. Sales of past editions of the Annual Report went well, as did sale of memberships. The current Annual Report was not available. Our location was not conducive to a lot of advertising but our presence was felt.

Sales of the 57th Report have gone well through our local outlets and at our general meetings.

Our semi-annual meeting in November featured Victor Casorso speaking on the historical significance of place names and street names in the South Okanagan. Vic is a long-time resident of the area and was able to add interest to the names with his personal knowledge of some of the families.

Our Annual Meeting in March featured local historian and naturalist, Carleton MacNaughton. His topic on interesting characters and events in the history of our area proved to be a very entertaining program. Election of officers at our A.G.M. saw Joan Casorso named president, Victor Casorso as vice-president, Elaine Shannon as secretary and Alice Francis as treasurer.

During the year, we have donated funds to the Osoyoos area for one of their lights along the Beach Pioneer Walkway with a plaque from the Okanagan Historical Society. We provided a list of pioneer names to be used for Osoyoos street names.

Our Pioneer Awards in both communities continue to be popular. In January, the Osoyoos award was presented to the Goodman family, and in June, the Oliver award will be presented to the Fairweather families. These awards are presented in conjunction with the annual Chamber of Commerce awards.

Members are currently being encouraged to attend the picnic and visit the Grist Mill in Keremeos in June. An executive meeting will be held in early September to plan activities for the 1994-95 year.

Respectfully submitted,  
T.J. Sarell  
President

### PENTICTON BRANCH REPORT

The Penticton Branch had another successful year in 1993-94. Four executive meetings were held along with three regular meetings. Speakers at our meetings included: Ted Gane, Harvey Quamme, and Randy Manuel. They were very interesting. We were pleased to have O.H.S. President Jessie Ann Gamble attend our A.G.M. in April.

It was a very good year for book sales with our annual sale at the Cherry Lane Mall. Our membership remains approximately the same as last year, i.e. 127 members.

Our Strawberry Social held in May was very well received and we are looking forward to a better social in 1994.

Respectfully submitted,  
John Ortiz  
President

### SALMON ARM BRANCH REPORT

This past year has been interesting for our Historical Society. More people in the community are taking an interest in our history and are coming forward with their stories and pictures. Current events, which will be tomorrow's history, such as the Salmon River Restoration Project, are being noted, and material is being gathered for written records.

The District Council has, as promised, added the old historical street name to every street sign which needed replacing, and there has been quite a number this year. Our Street

Names Committee is gathering stories and pictures for a book which will feature old homes as well as stories of the naming of some streets.

We have continued with our efforts to interview the old-timers and to write their stories.

An outing to the O'Keefe Historic Ranch last August was enjoyed by about forty-five members, despite the lack of co-operation from the weather.

Our Christmas Social was well attended. Julia Armstrong gave a talk on her experience interviewing Gordon Mackie for her article on the tug *Stephanie*, as it plied the waters of the Shuswap Lake.

The 57th Report has been well received in Salmon Arm. We had our usual book sale at Askew's Shop Easy in December, and the books went on sale in Elaine's Bookstore and in Coulton's Books. We have sold most of the one hundred books purchased, as well as many back issues of the Report, which are now in very short supply.

In February, to mark Heritage Week, we joined with the museum in a display at Piccadilly Mall, a two day affair, at which many people stopped to chat and to buy books.

Two weeks ago, we held our AGM, our fifth, and it was a great success, with over one hundred people in attendance. We honoured three remaining members of the pioneer Laitinen family. Their parents came to Salmon Arm in 1902 and raised a large family, many of whom contributed greatly to the building of the community. Our guest speaker was Mayor Gordon Mackie of Sicamous, who gave a wonderful talk on the boats of the Shuswap, from the *Marten* in 1866 to the *Phoebe Ann*, which makes regular runs to Seymour Arm today.

Respectfully submitted,  
Yvonne McDonald, President

#### **SIMILKAMEEN BRANCH REPORT**

For a number of years the Similkameen Branch has been struggling financially, but I am pleased to report the latter part of 1993 gave us quite a monetary boost, and the outlook for 1994 is good.

A particular highlight of 1993 was the Annual Christmas Light-up in Keremeos. This occurred on December 3rd and 4th and included a craft display and sale at the Victory Hall. Mr. J.C. Stranart, editor of the *Gazette*, and past vice-president of the branch, arranged for this branch to provide catering at the Victory Hall.

Cass Robinson, editor in 1993, did a magnificent job of organizing the catering, and with the help of several members, it proved a financial success. In addition, several memberships along with present and past Annual Reports were sold.

In 1993, the Branch awarded a cash prize to a local student in the Essay Competition. The essay project has been deferred for 1994. However, in its place we are promoting a Family Tree Project under the direction of our 1994 editor, Michael Burn. Family Tree is a computer programme which graphically displays a family tree once one has entered the historical information.

During 1993, we were fortunate to have guest speakers at our regular meetings who presented interesting topics on long term residents and the history of the Similkameen. In addition, we continue to conduct interviews with senior residents relating to their early experiences in the valley.

Many of our branch members are also members of the Museum Society. Thus, it seemed reasonable to create a liaison with the Museum Society. This is under way, and the spirit of the co-operation is clearly evident. More on this in the next annual report.

We are optimistic that the endeavours of Similkameen Branch will constitute a viable record of the early and current history of the Similkameen Valley.

Top on the agenda for 1994 is the Annual Picnic, which this Branch will host on June 19, 1994.

Respectfully submitted,  
Richard. S. Coleman  
President



### VERNON BRANCH REPORT

Our years activities began when we helped host the Alexander MacKenzie Voyageurs at Paddlewheel Park in August. A good turn out of people enjoyed the show put on by the Voyageurs.

Bob de Pfyffer hosted a bus trip down the west side of Okanagan Lake to examine the early examples of log buildings still standing and to visit sections of the Brigade Trail along with rock paintings. Bob is having to retire as director of bus trips due to other commitments, but will remain as director on the board. Thanks, Bob, for your many fine bus trips!

We have held six general meetings and one annual general meeting pot luck supper. Our meetings brought out a good selection of speakers. We also held several executive meetings to plan those activities.

Some long time directors have had to retire due to health including Beryl Wambolt, Doug Scott and Julia Tessier. Thank-you all for many years of service to the Historical Society.

Much effort has gone into planning the up-coming Parent Body Annual General Meeting under the chairmanship of Libby Tassie and Phylis MacKay.

I wish to thank the executive and membership for their support. Our ambition for the new year is to find and attract some new young members to assist our hard working older members.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jack Morrison  
President

### HISTORICAL TRAILS COMMITTEE REPORT

While the committee has not held any meetings this year, nevertheless it has kept abreast of current activity in historical trails in the following ways:

- (1) by maintaining a watch on the Okanagan Brigade Trail in the Central Okanagan. The O.H.S. was successful in having the Regional District of Central Okanagan prepare a study on preservation of the Okanagan Brigade Trail and other historical features. The study aroused a great deal of interest, not all of it favourable, but will eventually result in preservation of some parts of the trail; and,
- (2) by participating in the Sir Alexander MacKenzie Canada Sea-to-Sea Bicentennial Expeditions Roadshow at Okanagan Landing. Near the conclusion of the program, O.H.S. President Jessie Ann Gamble, Vernon Branch President Jack Morrison, and myself presented each of the Voyageur participants with the 57th Report that included a special insert to commemorate Alexander MacKenzie's journey and the re-enactment of the evening.

In considering future activities, the committee should recognize that there is an ever-increasing interest in both the environment and in outdoor recreation, that there are a number of groups active in these areas, and that we might take advantage of this interest in the following ways:

- (a) by widening our area of interest. There is now interest in regional, provincial and national transportation routes and trails as was evidenced in the Alexander MacKenzie Bicentennial Expedition. The committee might contact historical groups in adjoining areas such as the B.C. Historical Federation, the Boundary Historical Society or the Okanagan County Historical Society, to see if there are any activities we could work on jointly; and,
- (b) by widening our sphere of interest. There are a group of outdoor enthusiasts that are interested in non-motorized activities such as walking, horseback riding, or mountain bicycling with whom we might have liaison. They include those interested in linear parks, preservation of abandoned railway rights-of-way, and back country trails such as the 50 kilometre Okanagan High Rim Trail between Kalamalka Lake Provincial Park and Highway 33.

There appears to be lots of scope for the committee, although as I mentioned in my report of a year ago, I would like to retire when a successor can be found.

Respectfully submitted,  
Peter Tassie  
Chairman

#### **FATHER PANDOSY MISSION REPORT**

Once again we have experienced a successful year at the Mission.

Our donations for this year remain the same and I believe it will continue at this level as long as it is on a voluntary basis (\$4,000.00).

By taking advantage of the government work grant, we employed a qualified guide.

Again maintenance and repairs, as well as completing the main display section in the Christian House, kept us busy. We replaced the stove and fridge in the caretaker's house, and assumed the financial responsibility of all utilities on the site.

The Father Pandosy Knights of Columbus Council are helping us meet the cost of insurance coverage for the site and have donated \$800.00 this year.

With a continuing increase in the cost of operation and maintenance, we were able to show a bank balance of \$3,482.10. Our caretaker, Judy Toms, continues to look after the site and keep it in good shape.

Respectfully submitted,  
Denis MacInnis, Chairman

#### **CENTURY FARMS REPORT**

I am pleased to report as follows:

On April 28th, 1994, the Director of the South Interior Region of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (Agriculture Division) called me to inform me that the "Century Farms" project is nearing fruition. He could not tell me anything really official until the Minister made the official announcement which should be about the 10th of May 1994.

He did tell me, however, that orders have gone to the Queen's Printer to produce application forms and other documents relative to this subject.

It might be of interest to some members that this was first broached by Bob Marriage as far back as October 1988. It will be nice to have it finished.

I expect to receive a package with all the information soon. At that time, I shall forward it to the president in the absence of other instructions.

Respectfully submitted,  
O. Arthur Strandquist



---

**O.H.S. LOCAL BRANCH OFFICERS**

**1994-1995**

**SALMON ARM**

PRESIDENT: Tom Smith; VICE-PRESIDENT: Mary Harrington; SECRETARY/TREASURER: Nancy Gale; DIRECTORS: Florence Farmer, Joan Idington, Kay Currie, Hubert Peterson, Hjalmer Peterson, MaryLou Tapson-Jones, Wonne Saunders; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Wonne McDonald, Roland and Jean Jamieson.

**ARMSTRONG-ENDERBY**

PRESIDENT: Jim Sharman; VICE-PRESIDENT: Gerrie Danforth; SECRETARY: Kathy Fabische; TREASURER: Eleanore Bolton; DIRECTORS: Pat Romaine, Ellen Laine, Bob Cowan; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Lorna Carter, Bob Nitchie, Jessie Ann Gamble, Bill Whitehead.

**VERNON**

HONOURARY PRESIDENT: Dr. Margaret Ormsby; PRESIDENT: Jack Morrison; VICE-PRESIDENT: Phyllis MacKay; SECRETARY/TREASURER: Betty Holtskog; DIRECTORS: Graden Alexis, Pat Collins, Audley Holt, Jean Humphreys, Len MacLeod, Russell Hamilton, Bob de Pfyffer; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Lucy McCormick, Carol Mellows.

**KELOWNA**

PRESIDENT: Alice Lundy; VICE-PRESIDENT: Peter Stirling; SECRETARY: Linda Ghezzi; TREASURER: Gifford Thomson; DIRECTORS: Pat Carew, Eric Chapman, James Hayes, Bill Knowles, Robert Marriage, Val Rampone, Jack Ritch, Denis MacInnis, Hugh McLarty, Marie Wostradowski, Dorothy Zoellner; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Hume Powley, Fred Coe.

**PENTICTON**

HONOURARY PRESIDENT: Harley Hatfield; HONOURARY DIRECTOR: Angie Waterman; PRESIDENT: John Ortiz; VICE-PRESIDENT: Enabelle Gorek; SECRETARY/TREASURER: Bob Elder; DIRECTORS: Louise Atkinson, Joe Biollo, Mollie Broderick, Bob Gibbard, Randy Manuel, David MacDonald, Art Hinchliffe, Dianne Truant, Ethel Tily, Betty Williams; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Betty Bork, Claude Hammell, Effie MacRae-Fraser, Olive Evans, Doreen Tait.

**OLIVER-OSOYOOS**

PRESIDENT: Joan Casorso; VICE-PRESIDENT: Victor Casorso; SECRETARY: Elaine Shannon; TREASURER: Alice Francis; DIRECTORS: Connie Cumine, Stanley Dickson, Blaine Francis, Aileen Porteous, Leslie Doerr, Bernard Webber, Carleton MacNaughton, Cyril Headey; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Mary Englesby, Sandy Albo, Alicia Oslund.

**SIMILKAMEEN**

PRESIDENT: Richard Coleman; VICE-PRESIDENT: Edward Minshull; SECRETARY/TREASURER: Cass Robinson; DIRECTORS: Dorothy Clark, Hildred Finch, Ross Innis, Mildred Johnston; EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Michael Burn.

# MEMBERSHIP LIST 1994

## OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### LIFE MEMBERS

Berry, Mrs. A.E., Vernon  
Broderick, Mrs. Mollie, Okanagan Falls  
Cochrane, Mrs. Hilda, Vernon  
Corbishley, Donald, Oliver  
Ellison, Kenneth V., Oyama  
Gamble, Mrs. Jessie Ann, Armstrong  
Gardner, Mrs. Beryl, Vernon  
Harris, Joseph, Penticton  
Hatfield, Harley R., Penticton  
Iceton, Mrs. Ernie, Oliver  
Kermode, Douglas, Vernon  
Lewis, Mrs. Dorothea, Osoyoos  
McCormick, Mrs. Lucy, Vernon  
MacDonald, David, Penticton

MacNaughton, F. Carleton, Oliver  
Marriage, Robert, Kelowna  
Ormsby, Dr. Margaret, Vernon  
Powley, Hume M., Kelowna  
Robey, Ronald, Vernon  
Tassie, Peter, Vernon  
Wamboldt, Mrs. Beryl, Vernon  
Waterman, Mrs. Angeline, Osoyoos  
Waterman, Miss Dolly, Penticton  
Webber, Bernard, Osoyoos  
Webber, Mrs. Jean, Osoyoos  
Whitehead, William J., Armstrong  
Zoellner, Mrs. Dorothy, Kelowna

### INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS

Abel, William & Edith, Winfield  
Adair, Clara, Salmon Arm  
Advocaat, Bertha, Keremeos  
Agar, Mr. & Mrs. G., White Rock  
Aguilar, Patrick, Armstrong  
Akrigg, Helen, Vancouver  
Alison, Florence, Salmon Arm  
Allan, Olive, Kelowna  
Allen, Mrs. B., Langley  
Allen, Marian, Surrey  
Amis, Dorothy A., Hot Springs, Arizona  
Anderson, Catherine, Kelowna  
Andrews, C.F., Burnaby  
Arens, Janet & Craig, Vernon  
Armstrong, Irene, Delta  
Arnold, Gilbert, Winfield  
Aschenmeier, Joe, Falkland  
Askew, Loyd & Dorothy, Salmon Arm  
Atkins, Fay & David, Vernon  
Atkinson, Betty, Armstrong  
Atkinson, E. Louise, Summerland  
Atkinson, Mrs. William, Summerland

Bailee, Blair, North Vancouver  
Bailey, Mary E., Armstrong  
Bailey, Helen, Vernon  
Baird, A. & R., Enderby  
Baird, Marion, Enderby

Balcombe, Stella, Vernon  
Barkwill, Harry J., Summerland  
Barman, Jean, Vancouver  
Barnay, Marylin, Penticton  
Bartlett, William, Cawston  
Basham, Dave & Betty, Creston  
Batten, Marion, Osoyoos  
Battye, Clement, Penticton  
Bawtree, Ruth, Enderby  
Bayliss, Mr. & Mrs. G., Vernon  
Beairsto, Colin, Old Crow, Yukon  
Beames, T.B., Ladysmith  
Beaton, Mr. & Mrs. J., Vernon  
Beckett, Bernice, Armstrong  
Beckett, Ray, Victoria  
Bedwell, Sid, Salmon Arm  
Bell, Mrs. Marcella, Kelowna  
Bidwell, William, Kelowna  
Bieber, Noelle, Armstrong  
Bird, Cecil, Armstrong  
Biro, John W., Keremeos  
Blackman, W.D., Armstrong  
Blackburne, Ernest & Sylvia, Kelowna  
Blore, Vera, Sidney  
Blow, Robert H., Armstrong  
Blundell, Peter, Vernon  
Bolton, Bruce & Eleanore, Vernon  
Booth, Margaret, Salmon Arm



Bork, Elizabeth, Okanagan Falls  
 Borszcz, Fred, Kelowna  
 Boss, Bernice K., Armstrong  
 Boss, Rawleigh, Armstrong  
 Bowen-Colthurst, Mr. & Mrs. T.G.,  
     Ladysmith  
 Bradford, William, Armstrong  
 Brearley, E., Osoyoos  
 Brennan, Terrance, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Brent, Frederick, Burnaby  
 Brett, Phyllis, Armstrong  
 Briscall, Miss C.M., Vancouver  
 Broeder, Vern & Alice, Salmon Arm  
 Brown, Mrs. Ada, West Vancouver  
 Brown, Jessie C., Armstrong  
 Brown, Pat, Kelowna  
 Brown, Ron & Betty, Vernon  
 Browne-Clayton, Bob & Pat, Kelowna  
 Brydon, Mrs. Alice, Vernon  
 Bulach, Nick, Kelowna  
 Bull, Mary, Okanagan Mission  
 Burn, Michael, Cawston  
 Burns, Robert E., Williams Lake  
 Burns, R.E., Armstrong  
 Burns, Sharon, Armstrong  
 Burtch, A.H., Winfield  
 Bush, Mrs. Agnes S., Cawston  
 Buyer, Dennis, Armstrong  
 Buyer, P.N., Armstrong  
  
 Cail, Anna, Vernon  
 Cain, Mrs. G., Armstrong  
 Caley, Hugh & Ruth, Vernon  
 Caley, Mrs. Margaret, Kelowna  
 Caley, Michael & Patricia, Osoyoos  
 Caley, Robert & Penny, Kelowna  
 Cameron, W.J.V., Kelowna  
 Camine, Constance, Oliver  
 Campbell, Mabel B., Vernon  
 Cannings, Jean & Steve, Penticton  
 Carbert, Gordon, Rimby, Alberta  
 Carbert, Maynard, Enderby  
 Carstens, Dr. Peter, Toronto, Ontario  
 Carter, Lorna, Armstrong  
 Carter, Mrs. R.A., Winfield  
 Casorso, Vic & Joan, Oliver  
 Catchpole, Diana M., Delta  
 Chamberlain, Fred & Joan, Kelowna  
 Chamberlain, Trevor, Guelph, Ontario  
 Chapman, Eric W., Kelowna  
 Chapman, Ian, Kelowna  
 Chapman, K.D., Armstrong  
 Charles, Mr. & Mrs. W.D., Summerland  
 Christensen, D.B., Vernon

Christensen, K.L., Vernon  
 Christensen, R.G., Fanny Bay  
 Christensen, Violet, Vernon  
 Chute, Lorraine, Armstrong  
 Clarke, K.D., Kelowna  
 Clarke, Ken & Leola, Tappen  
 Clarke, Pearl, Salmon Arm  
 Clayton, Bill, Armstrong  
 Cleaver, William H., Kelowna  
 Cleland, Eva S., Penticton  
 Clerke, Bob, Vernon  
 Cochrane, Pat, Vernon  
 Coe, Mr. & Mrs. E.W., Kelowna  
 Coe, Fred & Phyllis, Kelowna  
 Colebrook, Jean, Vernon  
 Coleman, R.S., Keremeos  
 Collett, Betty, Kelowna  
 Colquhoun, Gordon, Vancouver  
 Constable, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, Kelowna  
 Cooper, I.L., Armstrong  
 Copeland, George, Armstrong  
 Corner, John, Vernon  
 Cossentine, Jack, Penticton  
 Coster, N. & M., Armstrong  
 Cousins, Verne M. & Joan, Peachland  
 Couves, C.S., Kelowna  
 Cowan, Bob & Joan, Enderby  
 Cox, Doug, Penticton  
 Craig, Alex & Nellie, Vernon  
 Crane, Percy, Vernon  
 Crerar, R.D., Parksville  
 Cretin, Harry W., Kelowna  
 Crook, M., Salmon Arm  
 Crosby, Beryl C., Parksville  
 Crowe, D.A.S., Parksville  
 Crozman, Ray & Grace, Vernon

Daley, Andrew & Elizabeth, Kelowna  
 Dalton, Terre, Kelowna  
 Danallanko, Shirley, Armstrong  
 Dashwood, Pearl & George, Summerland  
 Davidson, Mrs. Jeanette, Westbank  
 Davies, Lorne, Salmon Arm  
 D'Avila, Joe, Oliver  
 Davison, Ruby & Henry, Enderby  
 Dayduke, Dot, Enderby  
 Dean, Murray, Penticton  
 Decyk, Tar, Sorrento  
 Delcourt, Darryl, Kelowna  
 Delcourt, Diana, Kelowna  
 Delcourt, Glenn, Kelowna  
 DeMontreuil, Mrs. John, Kelowna  
 Denison, Eric, Vernon  
 de Pfyffer, Charles, East Kelowna

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

---

de Pfyffer, Robert, Vernon  
Derby, Eleanor, Vernon  
Deuling, Phyllis, Lumby  
Dewdney, Jim & Connie, Penticton  
Dickson, Douglas, Osoyoos  
Dillman, Emily, Kelowna  
Doan, Kenneth, Sechelt  
Doe, Margaret C., Salmon Arm  
Doeksen, Rijn & Bessie, Kelowna  
Domi, Mr. & Mrs. Harold, Penticton  
Donnelly, John, Vernon  
Douglas, George T., Vernon  
Douillard, Leo L., Kelowna  
Downing, Alf & Mildred, Osoyoos  
Downs, Art, Surrey  
Draper, Arlene & Arnold, Kelowna  
Drought, May, Vernon  
Dumont, Jack, Kamloops  
Dunkley, M.J. & N., Kamloops  
Dunlop, Ian & Casey, Kelowna

Eagan, Mrs. C.E., San Leandro, California  
Edstrom, Dr. Daryle M., Kelowna  
Eichinger, Paul, Enderby  
Eliason, Alice, Salmon Arm  
Ellas, Clem & Betty, Vernon  
Ellington, Tammy, Enderby  
Elliott, Doreen, Vernon  
Elliott, Doug, Oyama  
Ells, Judy, Armstrong  
Elsi, Mr. & Mrs. Charlie, Salmon Arm  
Embree, Alice, Vancouver  
Embree, Rev. Bernard, Coquitlam  
Emerson, Marybelle, Kelowna  
Emilson, Anne, Salmon Arm  
Erickson, Caril, Sicamous  
Evans, W. Robert & Olive, Penticton

Farmer, Florence, Salmon Arm  
Farmer, Pat & Joy, Enderby  
Farynuk, Judy, Enderby  
Favali, Marjorie & Mike, Kelowna  
Field, Edna, Kelowna  
Finch, Charles, Keremeos  
Finch, Hildred, Keremeos  
Findlay, Raymond W., Kaleden  
Fisher, Bob & Nancy, Kelowna  
Fisher, D.V. & D.E., Summerland  
Fleming, John, Vernon  
Fletcher, Nora & Phillip, Kelowna  
Flore, Mabel, Salmon Arm  
Foord, Norah, Vernon  
Francis, Blaine & Alice, Oliver  
Fraser, Dorothy, Osoyoos

Fredericks, M. & A., Enderby  
Freeze, Russell, Armstrong  
French, Margaret E., Kingston, Ontario  
Fridge, Anne, Peachland  
Froehlich, Mr. & Mrs. S., Summerland  
Frost, Wayne, Armstrong  
Fulko, Tom & Myrna, Nakusp  
Fuller, Cecil & Nona, Thorndale, Ontario

Gaddes, Joyce S., Victoria  
Gajerski, Elizabeth McCulloch, Kamloops  
Gale, J.L., Penticton  
Gamble, Bruce, Evanston, Illinois  
Gamble, Jennifer, Armstrong  
Gamble, Len, Armstrong  
Garlick, Donald, Vernon  
Garbutt, Evelyn, Salmon Arm  
Garlinge, Beth, Peachland  
Gartrell, Dr. Beverley, Vancouver  
Gates, J. & F., Armstrong  
Gay, Mr. & Mrs. George, Penticton  
Gee, Alan, Vernon  
Gibson, Paul M., Calgary, Alberta  
Gillard, D.A., Ottawa, Ontario  
Gislason, Dr. & Mrs. I.L. Orange, California  
Glaicar, Marjorie, Armstrong  
Glanville, Alice & Jim, Grand Forks  
Godwin, W. Lester, Penticton  
Goertz, W. & S., Armstrong  
Gollan, Joann & David, Salmon Arm  
Goodfellow, Eric & Ruth, Princeton  
Gordon, J.L., Kelowna  
Gore, Robert C., Kelowna  
Gore, Mrs. W.B., Westbank  
Gourlie, M.J., Vancouver  
Graham, Beatrice, Mission  
Graham, Glenn & Vie, Penticton  
Graham, Mrs. Janet E.V., East Kelowna  
Gray, D., Vernon  
Green, James W. & Katherine, Vernon  
Green, Marie, Kelowna  
Green, Dr. Vicki, Vernon  
Greentree, S. Jack, Salmon Arm  
Greenwood, Eric, Armstrong  
Gregory, Dr. David, Summerland  
Grinton, Walter, Couperville, Washington  
Guay, Diane, Osoyoos

Hackstetter, Rene, Toronto, Ontario  
Hall, Dennis R., Osoyoos  
Hall, Mabel V., Kelowna  
Hall, Richard, Kelowna  
Hall, Trudy, Salmon Arm  
Hamilton, G. & R., Armstrong



Hamilton, Kitty & Russ, Vernon  
 Hamilton, W.D., West Vancouver  
 Hammell, T.C., Penticton  
 Hanet, Alf & Sally, Kelowna  
 Hanson, Albert & Ellen, Vernon  
 Hardy, Monica, Kelowna  
 Harkness, Percy, Salmon Arm  
 Harper, H.I. & Reba, Salmon Arm  
 Harrington, Mary, Enderby  
 Harris, Edith, Vernon  
 Harris, Mary E., Vancouver  
 Harris, Marjorie Ann, Armstrong  
 Harris, R.C., West Vancouver  
 Harrison, Dave, Armstrong  
 Harrison, W.T., Campbell River  
 Hart, Suzanne M., Tappen  
 Hartman, Werner, Armstrong  
 Haugen, Edna, Armstrong  
 Haugen, Roy, Kamloops  
 Hawrys, George & Nora, Grindrod  
 Hawrys, J. & K., Enderby  
 Hayes, James & Wilma, Kelowna  
 Hayes, Robert M., Kelowna  
 Hayward, Alvin M. & Ina V., Clearbrook  
 Heal, Alexander, Creston  
 Heal, Edward, Creston  
 Heal, Elizabeth, Port Coquitlam  
 Heal, Geoffrey, Portage La Prairie,  
     Manitoba  
 Heal, Gordon, Port Coquitlam  
 Heal, Philip, Masset  
 Heal, Stephen & Sandra, Salmon Arm  
 Heal, T.R., Armstrong  
 Heiliger, Robin, Westbank  
 Herbert, Doug B., Kelowna  
 Hermiston, Mrs. E. Rita, Summerland  
 Hettler, Robert, Armstrong  
 Hobbs, Rose, Burnaby  
 Hoey, Harold & Flora, Penticton  
 Hofferd, Phyllis, Salmon Arm  
 Holland, Molly, White Rock  
 Holmer, Jean, Burnaby  
 Holt, Mrs. Audley C., Lumby  
 Holt, Sharon, Enderby  
 Holtskog, Betty, Vernon  
 Honkala, Mr. & Mrs. Lauri, Kelowna  
 Hope, Dave & Marion, Armstrong  
 Horn, James T.F., Kelowna  
 Howard, Dudley, Armstrong  
 Howard, Senia, Salmon Arm  
 Hoyte, Mort & Phyllis, Vernon  
 Hucul, Nancy & Bill, Salmon Arm  
 Huggins, A. & B., Burnaby  
 Huggins, N. & M., Penticton

Humphrey, Agnes C., Vernon  
 Humphreys, Jean I., Vernon  
 Hunter, Elsie, Burnaby  
 Hutchison, W.R., Enderby

Idington, Joan, Tappen  
 Imbeau, Irene, Enderby  
 Imbrey, D.M., Vancouver  
 Inglis, Helen, Vernon  
 Inglis, Mildred, Armstrong

Jackson, H.W, Vancouver  
 Jackson, Mervyn, Enderby  
 Jackson, Sheila, Hixon  
 Jackson, Sheilagh M., Winfield  
 Jahraus, Glen, Armstrong  
 Jakku, Mr. & Mrs. Eric, Kelowna  
 Jamieson, Al & Georgie, Salmon Arm  
 Jamieson, Donald & Pennie, Penticton  
 Jamieson, E.E., Vernon  
 Jamieson, Ken & Pam, Nanaimo  
 Jamieson, Mr. & Mrs. R.A., Salmon Arm  
 Janes, Miss Erma, Vancouver  
 Janes, R.E., Winfield  
 Jantz, Ann, Summerland  
 Jefferies, Frank & Lillian, Kelowna  
 Jensen, Rolly M., Kelowna  
 Johns, N. & A., Kelowna  
 Johnson, Dwight, Armstrong  
 Johnston, Jean, Salmon Arm  
 Johnston, Lindsay, Armstrong  
 Johnston, Mildred, Keremeos  
 Johnstone, Linn J., Armstrong  
 Jones, D. & V., Vernon  
 Jones, Mrs. Kathy, Victoria  
 Jorgensen, Mr. & Mrs. A., Salmon Arm  
 Joyce, W. Russ, Kelowna

Kasnik, Mr. & Mrs. C., Vernon  
 Kenyon, Gordon & Nan, Penticton  
 Kernaghan, Bill & Peg, Salmon Arm  
 Kerr, Mrs. Carol, Grindrod  
 Kidston, Jean K., Vernon  
 King, Avery, Penticton  
 King, Rosemary, Kelowna  
 Kinloch, David, Vernon  
 Knowles, C.W., Kelowna  
 Kobayashi, A.T., Winfield  
 Koroscil, Paul, Naramata

Laine, Ellen, Enderby  
 Laitinen, Kay & Oliver, Salmon Arm  
 Lambert, Ben M., Oliver  
 Landon, Peggy, Armstrong

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

---

Large, Alice, Vernon  
Latrace, Ernest & Ethel, Armstrong  
Law, Mr. & Mrs. C.E., Keremeos  
Lawrence, Mrs. George, Keremeos  
Lawrence, Mrs. Margaret H., Vancouver  
LeDuc, Barb & Burt, Kamloops  
Legg, Peter, Vernon  
Lindsay, David & Diane, Oliver  
Lipscombe, Dudley & Moira, Summerland  
Lockhart, Ralph & Jean, Armstrong  
Lodge, Terry, Vernon  
Loomer, Ian M., Penticton  
Lotzer, K., Langley  
Louis, Shirley, Vernon  
Lumsden, Harry, Enderby  
Lundy, Alice, Kelowna

McCoubrey, P.I., Winfield  
McBeth, Ruby, Baldonnel  
McCann, Leonard, Vancouver  
McComb, Margaret, Kelowna  
McCulloch, Mrs. Vera, Vernon  
McCurdy, M., Salmon Arm  
McDonald, Brian, Grand Forks  
McDonald, Colin, Kelowna  
McDonald, Yvonne, Salmon Arm  
MacFarlan, Edward, Calgary, Alberta  
McFarland, June & Dave, Penticton  
MacFarland, Mr. & Mrs. Iain, Balmerino,  
Scotland  
McFarlane, Sheryl, Victoria  
MacInnis, Denis, Kelowna  
McIntosh, R.D., Victoria  
McKechnie, Craig, Armstrong  
McKechnie, John, Armstrong  
McKee, William J., Saint John, N.B.  
McKeever, J.L., Vineland Station, Ontario  
MacKenzie, Mrs. D.R., Mission  
McLachlan, Doris & Joe, Summerland  
McLaughlan, Mr. & Mrs. T., Peachland  
McLaughlin, Kathleen & Dal, Princeton  
McLarty, R. Hugh, Kelowna  
McLennan, Mary & Don, Kelowna  
MacLeod, Len, Vernon  
McLeod, Muriel, Kelowna  
McMaster, Sheila, Saltspring Island  
McMechan, A.D. & M.L., Summerland  
McMechan, Paul & Lynette, Winfield  
McNee, Dorothy, Castlegar  
McNee, Paul, Osoyoos  
MacNeil, Walker, Vernon  
McPherson, Robert L., Calgary, Alberta  
McQueen, Lillian, Enderby  
McTaggart, Ted, Salmon Arm

McTavish, Charles, Salmon Arm  
McTavish, Ian, Salmon Arm  
Maard, Helen, Salmon Arm  
Mackie, Patrick, Vernon  
Mackie, Richard, Victoria  
Maki, Mamie, Salmon Arm  
Mallon, Rev. Peter J., Nelson  
Malpass, Olive, Enderby  
Manheim, Dr. & Mrs. E., Kansas City,  
Missouri  
Manson, Rev. A., Burnaby  
Marriott, Margaret, Vernon  
Marshall, Dorothy, Kelowna  
Marshall, Fred, Kelowna  
Marshall, James, Summerland  
Marshall, W.A., Enderby  
Marty, Arthur, Kelowna  
Mason, Ann & Doug, Vernon  
Mason, Gladys M., Vernon  
Matheson, Don, Enderby  
Mathieson, Gordon, Vernon  
Mathieson, Nellie, Salmon Arm  
Maw, Glen, Armstrong  
May, John, Enderby  
May, Ken & Kathleen, Vernon  
Mayhead, Mr. & Mrs. J.W., Auckland, New  
Zealand  
Maylor, W.A., Neilberg, Saskatchewan  
Medhurst, Richard, Armstrong  
Meidal, Paul, Kelowna  
Meikle, Jackie, Enderby  
Melling, Mrs. Barbara, Eagle Bay  
Mennell, Mr. & Mrs. T., Cawston  
Miller, Mrs. Aileen M., Winfield  
Mills, Mrs. Dorothy E., Kelowna  
Mills, Monica, Vernon  
Minns, Elizabeth, Oliver  
Minshull, Ed, Keremeos  
Moffatt, Doug, East Kelowna  
Molyneux, Jean & Bill, Naramata  
Monford, Ken & Meryl, Kelowna  
Monford, Lorne, Kelowna  
Moody, Mrs. E., New Westminster  
Moore, Miss H.M., Hedley  
Morgan, Howard & Barbara, Kelowna  
Morin, Clarence, Penticton  
Morrison, Mr. & Mrs. D., Castlegar  
Morrison, Miss E.A., Vernon  
Morrison, J.G., Vernon  
Morrison, Mr. & Mrs. J.K.A., Vernon  
Morrison, Rhoda, New Westminster  
Morrison, G., Vernon  
Moubray, P.R., Kelowna



Mulvihill, Father C., Kelowna  
 Munn, A.R., Summerland  
 Munson, Stan & Fenella, Kelowna  
 Murphy, T.C., Salmon Arm

Nahirney, Denise, Kelowna  
 Nahm, Gerry & Irene, Vernon  
 Nahm, Tilman & Mae, Grindrod  
 Naismith, Sandra, Vernon  
 Nakagawa, Ross D., Salmon Arm  
 Naylor, E.E., Victoria  
 Neave, Greg, Didsbury, Alberta  
 Neave, Paddy, Lethbridge, Alberta  
 Needham, Mrs. Joan, Kelowna  
 Neid, Eileen & Joseph, Blind Bay  
 Newton, Jim & Betty, Summerland  
 Newton, Peter, Kelowna  
 Nordstrom, Margaret, Salmon Arm  
 Norlin, L., Armstrong  
 North, Ab & Helen, Kelowna  
 Nundal, Liz, Osoyoos

Obee, David, Calgary, Alberta  
 Oberle, A.M.J., Armstrong  
 O'Brien, Pat, Ladysmith  
 Obstfeld, Mr. & Mrs. F.W., Vernon  
 Odum, Ivan C., Menlo Park, California  
 Olich, Marie, Enderby  
 Olsen, June, Clearwater  
 Oram, Edna, Vernon  
 Orr, Dorothy & Melvin, Armstrong  
 Ortiz, John E., Penticton  
 Osachoff, Mrs. L., Armstrong  
 Osborn, Bill & June, Vernon  
 Oster, Al, Salmon Arm  
 Oswell, Michael G., Victoria  
 Ouston, Jackie, Armstrong  
 Out, John, Enderby  
 Overton, Cyril, Oliver

Page, Cuyler, Keremeos  
 Painter, Mrs. E.P., Campbell River  
 Painter, M.F., South Surrey  
 Pamarenko, Jack, Lumby  
 Paynter, Sheila, Westbank  
 Peebles, Jack, Fulford Harbour  
 Peeling, Jack, Armstrong  
 Pells, Frank J., Kelowna  
 Peterman, Art & Anne, Oliver  
 Peters, Fred & Shirlene, Osoyoos  
 Petersen, Viola, Grindrod  
 Peterson, Alf Allan, Salmon Arm  
 Peterson, Floyd & Barbara, Salmon Arm  
 Peterson, Harold, Armstrong

Peterson, Hjalmar, Salmon Arm  
 Peterson, Hubert, Salmon Arm  
 Philpott, Vesta, Armstrong  
 Pieper, A.W., Armstrong  
 Polichuk, Thomas, Vernon  
 Postill, Brian & Laurie, Vernon  
 Price, H. Alex, Kelowna  
 Price, Harry & Doris, Kelowna  
 Prosser, Alice W., Kelowna  
 Prouty, Minnie, Armstrong

Raber, Joye & Howard, Vernon  
 Rampone, Val & Elsie, Kelowna  
 Regan, Keray, Vernon  
 Reichert, Ed, Tulameen  
 Reid, Dennis, Salmon Arm  
 Richards, R.F., Penticton  
 Ricketts, George W., Vernon  
 Rieger, Guenter & Regina, Armstrong  
 Ritch, Jack, Kelowna  
 Roberts, L. Donna, Naramata  
 Roberts, Lois, Enderby  
 Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. Peter, Enderby  
 Robertson, Pat, Vernon  
 Robinson, Cass, Cawston  
 Roinila, Mike, Brandon, Manitoba  
 Romaine, Pat, Armstrong  
 Ross, Dr. Douglas A., Victoria  
 Rule, Stanley, Kelowna  
 Rutherford, Elsie M., Kelowna

Saddler, Delta, Langley  
 Sahaydak, Jack & Betty, Vernon  
 Salt, Sherry, Enderby  
 Salter, Rev. Derek & Mrs. Jill, Okanagan Falls  
 Salter, Amy F., Armstrong  
 Samborski, S. & R., Armstrong  
 Sanderson, W.B., Peachland  
 Sarell, T.J., Oliver  
 Sasges, A.M., Vernon  
 Saunders, Reg, Lumby  
 Saunders, Yvonne, Salmon Arm  
 Scales, James, Salmon Arm  
 Scargill, Eileen M., Victoria  
 Scherba, John, Vernon  
 Schley, Robert, Vernon  
 Schneider, Mr. & Mrs. D., Kelowna  
 Schoof, Mrs. Lil Archerwill, Saskatchewan  
 Schubert, Trevor & Jean, Kamloops  
 Schuetz, Louie, Armstrong  
 Scott, Richard, Tappen  
 Scott, Ross & Etta, Penticton  
 Seaton, Peter, Vancouver  
 Seaton, William, Vernon

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

---

Sengotta, Bill & Toni, Vernon  
Sengotta, Gerry & Dorothy, Vernon  
Sengotta, Grace A., Vernon  
Sevier, Harry, Westbank  
Sharman, Jim, Enderby  
Sharpe, Grant & Wenonah Finch, Port  
Ludlow, Washington  
Sheardown, Mrs. S.M., Osoyoos  
Shelley, Nan, Kelowna  
Shepherd, C.P., Vernon  
Shepherd, Jean, North Vancouver  
Shilvock, Winston, Kelowna  
Shumaker, Marguerite, Salmon Arm  
Shupe, Ron, Kelowna  
Simard, Isabel, Enderby  
Simpson, Dorothy R., Penticton  
Simpson, George, Cawston  
Simpson, Horace & Joan, Kelowna  
Simpson, Pat, Tompkins, Saskatchewan  
Sims, Mervin G., Armstrong  
Sinclair, Eyleen, Kelowna  
Skyrme, Bill, Grindrod  
Sladen, A. & V., Keremeos  
Sladen, John, Keremeos  
Sladen, R.W., Cobourg, Ontario  
Smathers, T. & C., Armstrong  
Smith, Clare, Kelowna  
Smith, Dorothy, Armstrong  
Smith, Geoff, Kelowna  
Smith, Lorne, Armstrong  
Smith, Mr. & Mrs. M., Edmonton, Alberta  
Smith, H. Neil, Abbotsford  
Smith, Stewart, Enderby  
Smith, Thomas & Ruth, Salmon Arm  
Snow, Pauline, Summerland  
Somerset, H.A., Oyama  
Southward, Mr. & Mrs. A., Kelowna  
Spendlove, Rosemary & David, Ottawa,  
Ontario  
Stanbury, Gaye, Salmon Arm  
Stapleton, Polly, Penticton  
Stephens, Bert & Elizabeth, Armstrong  
Stepowski, B., Canoe  
Stevenson, Mary, Armstrong  
Stickland, Irene, Enderby  
Stiell, Rosemary, Kelowna  
Stirling, Peter, Kelowna  
Stocks, Peter A., Victoria  
Stranart, J.C., Keremeos  
Strandquist, O. Arthur, Kelowna  
Stranks, H., Vernon  
Stubbs, Bob, Burnaby  
Stubbs, John H., Burnaby  
Suckling, Mr. & Mrs. Frank, Penticton

Sullivan, Mr. & Mrs. D., Victoria  
Sutherland, Doug, Kelowna  
Swanson, Mrs. Beatrice, Sechelt  
Swenor, Ruth, Salmon Arm  
  
Tailyour, Joan M., Kelowna  
Tait, Doreen E., Summerland  
Tapson-Jones, M.R., Salmon Arm  
Tassie, Elizabeth M., Vernon  
Thomas, Mrs. Audrey, Okanagan Falls  
Thomas, Gordon, Kelowna  
Thompson, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Penticton  
Thomson, Dr. & Mrs. D.D., Kelowna  
Thomson, Gifford & Brenda, Kelowna  
Thomson, Ken & Dorothy, Kelowna  
Thomson, J., Kelowna  
Thorburn, Herb & Lorna, Kingston,  
Ontario  
Thorlakson, Benedict E., Carstairs, Alberta  
Thorlakson, Margaret, Vernon  
Thornloe, F., Kelowna  
Tidball, William, Kelowna  
Tily, Bill & Ethelyn, Penticton  
Tobler, Evelyn, Victoria  
Todd, Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey, Peachland  
Tomlin, E.V., Oliver  
Topham, Peter, Peachland  
Tozer, Allen, Kelowna  
Tozer, Anita, Kelowna  
Tozer, Tony, Kelowna  
Tozer, William, Edmonton, Alberta  
Trumpour, Mrs. Eleanor, Penticton  
Truswell, Byron Wenatchee, Washington  
Turnbull, Nora, Merritt  
Turner, Ronald, Salmon Arm  
Turner, Tom, Quesnel  
Tutt, H., Trail  
Tweddle, Alice, Keremeos

van Beynum, Ger. H., Vernon  
Vanderhoek, H., Salmon Arm  
Van Ommen, Carol, Salmon Arm  
van Vreumingen, Peter, Kelowna  
Verleg, Anna, Vernon  
Vickers, Vic & Nancy, Armstrong  
Vliet, Doug & Louise, Armstrong

Waddington, J.D., Richmond  
Waddington, Kathleen E., Vancouver  
Walbergs, Kathryn, Armstrong  
Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Harvie, Vancouver  
Walker, W. John D., Victoria



- Walsh, Mr. & Mrs. William, New Westminster  
 Ward, Esther, Armstrong  
 Wardrop, J.R., Victoria  
 Watson, Jean M., Summerland  
 Watt, Elizabeth, Vernon  
 Wear, David, Armstrong  
 Weatherill, Miss A.G., Vernon  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. Bob, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. Brian, Calgary, Alberta  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. David, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. Don, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. Gary, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Vancouver  
 Weatherill, Harry & Stella, Osoyoos  
 Webber, Carolyn & Jeremy, Montreal, Quebec  
 Webber, Christopher, Ottawa, Ontario  
 Webber, Philip & Miriam, Vancouver  
 Weber, O. Melba, Vancouver  
 Webster, Garth, Richmond  
 Weide, Elsie Custer, Washington  
 Wejr, Larry, Lumby  
 Wellbourn, H., Victoria  
 Wells, Peg & Don, Newport Beach, California  
 Whitehead, Frank, Kelowna  
 Whitham, J. Gordon, Calgary, Alberta  
 Whitting, Ivan & Maud, Kent, England  
 Whyte, Betty & Stuart, Nanaimo  
 Wiebe, V.J., Abbotsford  
 Wight, Gordon & Anne, Oliver  
 Wilcox, Ed, Kelowna  
 Wilkinson, Roy, Marysville  
 Williamson, Hilda, Armstrong  
 Willick, Lil & Alan, Vernon  
 Willson, Mrs. William E., Coquitlam  
 Wilmot, Nancy, Kelowna  
 Wilmot, Penelope, Squamish  
 Wilson, Allan, Tappen  
 Wilson, Elsie & Jack, Vernon  
 Wilson, Donald, Peachland  
 Wilson, Kitty, Penticton  
 Wilson, M. Bessie, Victoria  
 Woinoski, Jan, Kelowna  
 Woodd, Henry S., Vancouver  
 Wort, Margaret, Kelowna  
 Wostradowski, Marie, Kelowna  
 Wright, Edith, Salmon Arm  
 Wylie, Doug & Shirley, Coquitlam  
 Yandle, Anne, Vancouver  
 Zamis, Frank, Enderby  
 Zoellner, W.J., Okanagan Mission

### INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS

- Allan County Public Library, Fort Wayne, Indiana  
 Burnaby Public Library, Burnaby  
 Library of Parliament, Ottawa, Ontario  
 Greater Victoria Public Library, Victoria  
 National Library of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario  
 Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois  
 Okanagan Regional Library, Kelowna  
 Penticton Public Library, Penticton  
 Spokane Public Library, Spokane, Washington  
 Tacoma Public Library, Tacoma, Washington  
 Seattle Public Library, Seattle, Washington  
 Vancouver Public Library, Vancouver  
 Victoria Public Library, Victoria  
 Westminster Abbey Library, Mission  
 B.C. Orchard Museum, Kelowna  
 Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary, Alberta  
 Kelowna Centennial Museum, Kelowna  
 Penticton Museum, Penticton  
 Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria  
 Summerland Museum & Heritage Society, Summerland  
 Wisconsin State Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin  
 Enderby & District Museum, Enderby  
 Armstrong-Spallumcheen Museum, Armstrong  
 Vancouver City Archives, Vancouver  
 Kamloops Museum Association, Kamloops  
 Hedley Heritage Arts & Crafts Society, Hedley  
 Central Okanagan Regional District, Kelowna  
 Berge & Company, Kelowna  
 Church of Latter Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Kelowna Genealogical Society, Kelowna  
 Muriel Ffoulkes Learning Centre, Kelowna  
 South Okanagan-Similkameen Health Unit, Kelowna  
 Weddell, Horn & Company, Kelowna

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

---

A.L. Fortune Senior Secondary, Enderby  
B.X. Elementary School, Vernon  
Charles Bloom Secondary School, Lumby  
Clarence Fulton Secondary School, Vernon  
Highland Park School, Armstrong  
Kalamalka Junior Secondary School,  
Vernon  
Kelowna Secondary School, Kelowna  
Len Wood Elementary School, Armstrong  
O'Connell Elementary School, Penticton  
Okanagan Mission Secondary School,  
Kelowna  
Pleasant Valley Secondary School,  
Armstrong  
South Kelowna Elementary School,  
Kelowna  
Summerland Secondary School,  
Summerland

W.L. Seaton Secondary School, Vernon  
Eastern Washington University, Cheney,  
Washington  
Okanagan University College, Kelowna  
Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario  
University of British Columbia, Vancouver  
University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta  
University of Victoria, Victoria  
University of Washington, Seattle,  
Washington  
University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario  
Washington State University, Pullman,  
Washington  
Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut  
Harvard University, Cambridge,  
Massachusetts





Kelowna Regatta

*The Stephanie*

Sky Line Trail

Valecairn Farm

Okanagan Falls

Armstrong  
Legion

Children  
Venturers

Student  
Essays

Book  
Reviews

**Okanagan History**, the Report of the Okanagan Historical Society, has received the following recognition of excellence:

- 1982 Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History.
- 1985 Annual Award for Significant Contribution to the Conservation of B.C.'s Heritage from the Heritage Society of British Columbia.
- 1987 Special Award for the 50th Report from the British Columbia Historical Federation.
- 1988 Certificate of Merit from the Canadian Historical Association.